LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND

HER STORY AND HER GLORY

ARTHUR MEE

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[*See Page* 144

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LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND

HER STORY AND HER GLORY

By

ARTHUR MEE

Editor of The Children's Newspaper and
The Children's Encyclopedia

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THE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD

If you take up a globe of the world, and hold it so that you see the greatest possible space of land, you will see a red spot in the middle. It is Little Treasure Island.

Far away from the Island, out in Saskatchewan, a Red Indian schoolboy was looking at a map. They showed him the British Isles, and he looked with astonishment at the little spots. He could hardly believe so small a space stood for the home of the British Empire.

Moving his fingers across the wide Atlantic Ocean, he said at last, "The men who navigate ships from America to England must be very wise and clever." "Yes, they are," replied his teacher; "but what makes you think so?" "Because," said the Red Indian boy, "it is wonderful that they do not sail past England without seeing it."

So lost on the map of the world is the Island, and yet in all the boundless universe does any speck of earth so thrill with pride? No nobler thing can happen to any boy or girl than to be born upon this precious isle set in a silver sea, from which has gone out to the ends of the earth a spirit of freedom, a love of truth, a thirst for knowledge, a yearning for justice, a faith in God, a hope for immortality, without which the world could never be the happy place it is to live in.

THE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD

As the grain of mustard seed grows till it covers the field, so the seed of the spirit of the Island has grown till it covers the earth; so completely has it covered the earth that if some terrible catastrophe could sink the Island in the sea, or shatter it to dust to be blown on the wind, still its greatness would live on—in the love of home, and freedom, and truth, and justice, and order, and beauty, that the Islanders have planted everywhere.

Looking back through the ages, we find that here and there the spirit of the Island, working always in the lives of its people and spreading quietly everywhere, has at times burst suddenly on the world like a thing from the skies, so that the world has stood and wondered as a child at the opening of a rose or the rising of the sun; and at these times the power of the Island has been the most precious thing on earth, crushing the oppressor, releasing the captive, uplifting the fallen, and bringing new strength and hope to millions of mankind.

Often men have seen it in the past; we who live have seen it; we shall see it yet again. What is it, this eternal spirit of the Island? What is it that she has given to mankind? Why is it that the hearts of men thrill everywhere when the name of England sounds? What is it that she stands for in the world, this rare little beautiful land?

This central glory of the earth, this island like a garden in the middle of the world, this Mother England with her thousand years of Time—here is a touch of her from one who finds her fair to see, and hopes that Heaven is half so beautiful.

A. M.

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I

SCENES IN
THE STORY OF THE ISLAND

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?

W. E. Henley

THE FLAG THAT STIRS THE WORLD

From my Kent hilltop as I write, blown by the wind that comes in from the North Sea, flies the flag that stirs the world.

It is red with the blood of heroes, it is blue with the blueness of the sea, it is white as the stainless soul of Justice. It is the flag of the free, the very breath of life to you and me. If alien hands should tear it down, the life we love is at an end. The life we love! This little land of ours—this free, free land; this land so dear throughout the world!

We are young; only a few years have rolled on their way since you and I came upon this fair earth; but England, these islands, this Land of Home, is like an ancient day. For a thousand years and more she has made a way through Time for you and me, and she is not unworthy of the glory of her hills and dales, of the solemn quiet of her long and narrow lanes, of the rolling downs that sweep from the cathedrals to the sea. She is not unworthy of the silver sea that guards her body like a wall, for she has set her throne upon the sea and rules it with a sceptre fair to all: the sea that has kept her free she has freely repaid in full. She is not unworthy of the heroes who have died for her; she is not unworthy of the thousand years of sacrifice, of patient labour, of quenchless hope and loving trust, that have made these islands thrill with pride throughout the centuries.

Before our yeomen cut their bows from the ancient yews still standing at our churchyard gates, before the acorns were dropped in the earth to grow into oaks for our wooden walls, the spirit of freedom found its home in England. The yews and oaks that mark the age-long hours are not so old as English liberty, and our yews and oaks will perish before English liberty dies. Far out into the world it has gone, far and wide to the ends of the earth, so that there is not a free land anywhere, nor a free mind under the sun, that would not suffer if our flag should fall.

No enemy has ever pulled it down. It has waved on the battlefield that has made men free; it has sheltered the victims of tyrants wherever they have been; it has kindled the fire of heroes who have marched to liberty against great odds. It has been the torch of liberty that nothing could put out. It has been like a fire of freedom sweeping through the ages, or like a wind blowing out of its path whatever hindered the free marching of the human race.

It is not true that there has never been a stain upon our flag. We are poor, frail, human creatures, and we go astray; and the nation is merely all of us together. There have been dark days and bad days in the story of our land; there was that dark day, five hundred years ago, when the sun looked down upon the saddest thing our Island ever did, for we burned the Stainless Maid of France. But it is true that this flag of a thousand years is the noblest friend of all mankind that the eyes of a man can look upon. In all the strivings and yearnings of multitudes of men it has been on the side of everlasting Right. In all the long story of the rise of nations it has

been on the side of freedom with honour. In the coming up of the world from barbarism to civilisation it has been on the side of humanity. It has cleansed the world from many a foul blot, it has hurled down many a blood-stained power; it has sent many a monstrous crown and sceptre rattling to the dust; it has sown the seed of human freedom, not as in a garden or a little plot of earth, but generously and widely in a boundless land, for all mankind to reap.

We will guard it well, this flag in whose folds we live; it is woven with the lives of men and women, and many a boy and girl has died to keep it free. Our homeland has not fallen from the skies, like some great blessing for the world direct from heaven. Slowly it has been built up, and many a tale of toil and sorrow our flag tells. "A thousand years scarce serve to form a State," but often we have seen that "an hour may lay it in the dust." For a thousand years, with only a few breaks for a time, the sceptre of England has been in the hands of Egbert's house, but it has been a mighty thing to bring up so great a family. We think of Alfred and are fond of saying that he made our nation for us, but no man made this nation; only growth and Time could solve its problems and bring it strength.

The village green was the limit of the Anglo-Saxon world; there were no maps to take them farther, no pictures to give them vision, no books to give them thought, no flag to draw them together. A man was a life to himself, as no man can be now, and there was nothing to make him conscious of national existence.

But it has been the mark of England's greatness that she has taken to herself the best the world could give,

and given back to the world the best of her own; and the national spirit came in with the Norman, the only conqueror these islands ever had. A long, slow journey it has been since then, from an England with no English language, from an England with a foreign king, from an England with an enslaved people, to the kingdom of the flag that stirs the world. Think, as you look up at our flag, of the steps by which we came.

The Norman Conquest did for England what British rule has done for India—it drew together the warring factions in the realm and gave them a settled existence. It paved the way for the great achievement of half a century later, when there came about the beginnings of a proper public administration in England, so that fifty years later still—750 years ago—an English king was able to assert himself, and by his strong character create an instrument of government that has partly survived till now. The great barons had grown too strong for the national good. They were like so many little kings, each sitting in his castle with almost royal power over the men who tilled his land and responded to his summons if he should call them to arms.

Almost in the shadow of the flag on my Kent hilltop stands all that is left of one of these seats of power; it stands today, with its bare walls crumbling on the river bank, a remnant of the days of castle rule in England, a monument of nearly a thousand years ago, linking our own days, with their hopes and perils and the beating of the heart of a mighty nation, to the days when these castle walls were the home of the greatest sort of power in England next to the Throne itself.

The power of the barons was checked in time, and

England had in Henry II. a king who saw that power lay in other things than arms. He took away the power of the barons to call the men to war; he set up courts of justice; he checked the dangerous gathering of power in the hands of lords and priests. He left behind him an instrument for good—but he left behind him descendants unfit to use it, so that they seized it for their own ends.

But the English people never allowed this in the long run; they have put one king to flight and led another to the scaffold for using the crown against the interests of the nation. Nor would they stand the tyranny of King John, who was made to sign Magna Carta, in such a temper that he gnawed bits of stick and straw. Most of us think too much of Magna Carta, which was more a return of power to the barons than a gift to the people, but it was a great foundation to build upon, and 650 years ago a Parliament was established in England by a Frenchman.

It was the beginning of the real power of the English people; it developed at last a national feeling; and in the next hundred years the people realised their power; trade, politics, and literature grew; and the rise of industry led to the setting up of towns.

A race that sticks to the land like a limpet, a historian has said, cannot be great, however happy it may be; and the breaking away of the English people from the land was one of their great strides forward. Men came to move about; it was as though Labour was then first mobilised. There were long periods of wars and quarrels for the throne, which do not matter to us now and mattered little then; but all the time the English mind was

broadening, the narrowing power of the priest was broken in the land, and at last came Queen Elizabeth and her Golden Age—so great at home that a law was passed for every cottage to have four acres of its own; so great abroad that Drake sailed round the world and broke the tyranny of Spain. Not yet, however, did our flag fly over a single yard of land beyond the English border, and it was not until the last great fight for national freedom was over, until Charles Stuart had tried and failed to win back the old power of the kings against the people, that Cromwell raised our land so high that it became a great foreign power.

At home and abroad the great building-up went on. In many a cottage were laid the foundations of that boundless commerce which has made Great Britain the richest country in the world. The little house with its four acres seems to us now, as we look back, a true symbol of the future that was coming, for it was the little centre of agriculture and industry in one, embracing the twin pillars of our national prosperity. While the labourer looked after the farm, his mistress was busy at her spinning wheel and his master at the loom. The produce was sold or consumed, and the cloth was sent on a pack-horse to the fair.

While industry was thus springing up, the inventor's brain was thinking out machines, the statesmen were making broader laws, and in the end, with Scotland and Ireland to help her, England was great enough to save Europe from Napoleon, and to win the mastery of the seas. Now, for a hundred years, the power of the nation has been slowly rising, until today our British Isles have nearly fifty million loyal people in them, and beyond these

islands our flag flies over the lives and homes of 400 millions of the human race.

North and south and east and west it flies, over wide untenanted spaces and over crowded cities, over lands emerging from barbarism and over ancient civilisations. On every continent it floats, over hundreds of tribes and races. Not a church nor a faith is there which is not worshipped under the British flag; not a language known among men which is not spoken somewhere in its shadow.

Across the hot desert sands of Egypt, over the broad veld of South Africa, through the spacious bushlands of Australia, by the rivers of New Zealand, in the young British Dominions of North America, over the rich cities of India, the sheltering flag floats as the sign of human freedom, and wherever it floats it is loved and cherished as we love and cherish the things that are all in all.

We have seen what lies behind it in the years that have gone. We can run through the years, in our fancy, and see the striving and fighting, the winning and losing, the labour and sorrow, the long, long hoping and the bitter disappointment, the faith that endured and the patience that conquered. But we can never see the end, for end there is none. The final victory of a nation never comes; it is always coming. We mount higher and higher, we march forward, we win new conquests; but the end lies always farther on.

So our flag flies, out of the ages past into the ages coming. It knows no Time; it is always in the sunshine somewhere. And it carries through Time, waving in the skies for all mankind to see, a message of goodwill to all who are free, a message of hope to all who are in chains.

It bears from age to age, as if it were the very breath of it, the everlasting spirit of mankind.

Nothing less than that it flies for; nothing less than that it is that stirs the hearts of men when they see the red, white, and blue. It is the sign and token that the spirit of liberty lives upon the earth; it is the assurance to the world that mankind shall be enslaved no more. The spirit of the flag is nothing less than that. It stands for what these islands have stood for like a rock throughout the ages, for the right of Liberty and Truth to march wherever they will, hand in hand unhindered.

This flag that the North Sea wind is blowing—what has it done for you and me? This flag that an alien hand was threatening yesterday—what has it done for all mankind? It has opened the gates of the world to all; it has opened the door of the human mind.

When the tyranny of Spain was at its height, when her ships drove other countries from the sea and the Inquisition gripped the human mind as in a vice, the ships that broke her cruel power flew England's flag. It was Francis Drake, stirred to the depths by the insolence of Spain, who laid the tyrant low. It was little England—little then indeed—who shattered the man who sentenced every Protestant in Holland to be put to death. It was Francis Drake—he who climbed a tree in Panama and discovered the Pacific, and prayed that he might sail that sea in an English ship—who first sailed round the world and carried our flag with him.

And in those days, when the power of England was yet dawning, when our ships swept into new ports like stars streaming into new worlds, when our flag flew in the deserts of Asia and the islands of Malay, when our

ships sailed up the Bosphorus and into San Francisco, when an English trading company received a charter for India and William Adams of Kent built a navy for Japan, when the greatest victory of the modern world was won at sea by Englishmen—in that Golden Age, when England threw open the gates of the world which Spain had locked and barred, England sought no territory, and took for herself not one square foot of soil. It is not true that she wants to own the earth; it is true that she wants to win the earth to Liberty.

And in that Golden Age, when England opened the gates of the world and freed the seas, she opened the door of the human mind and set it free to grope its way to the light. The strength of Spain decayed with the breaking of her power at sea, and the desolating tyranny of her war against the spread of thought was broken, too. No longer could Spain stop men thinking by pressing the thumbscrew and the rack; no longer was it a crime to dare to seek the truth. Thinking has always led to power, and the men who would keep power in their own hands have always tried to stop it.

But it is like the stopping of the rolling sea to stop the driving power of thought, and it is the glory of our flag that wherever it flies a man may think the thing he will. Always, throughout our Island story, England has helped the spread of thought and the spread of power; she has been willing for power to spread throughout mankind. She broke the power of Spain that the seas might be free. She broke the power of Napoleon that Europe might be free. She burdened her present and mortgaged her future to stay the hand of the destroyer on a continent of which she did not own enough to dig a grave.

It has not mattered to England where the need and the cry have been; whether some soulless tyrant has devastated the face of some fair region in the depths of Africa; whether a strong Power has bullied a smaller Power that dared to hold up its honest head; whether the sands of the Sudan were running red with blood; whether the glorious inheritance of the millions of India was imperilled by warfare that never ceased: it has mattered nothing where or why the call might come.

If the hot sun has parched the banks of the Great White Nile until the river of life was dry and famine seized upon the people, the spirit that freed the Sudan from the paralysing grip of the Mahdi sends out its engineers to build a dam to hold up the waters and drive back ruin and death from multitudes of lives. If plague strikes terror to the heart of India, the spirit that has brought prosperity to India, and protected its conflicting races, sends out its doctors to give their lives to save the people. If a native population is attacked by some mysterious disease, the spirit that sacrifices without flinching goes out and knows no rest until the enemy is found and conquered.

It is the spirit of the flag. It is the spirit of the plague-stricken village which shut itself off from the world until the plague consumed it; the spirit of the men of the *Birkenhead* who put the women and children in the boats and went down into the sea saluting England; the spirit of Bede, who hastened with his translation of St. John lest his breath should be gone before he finished it; of Kate Barlass, who bolted the door with her arm against the enemy; of a countless host of men and women and

children who have lived and died for England's sake, and whose names shine for ever as stars in the sky.

What is it that they lived and died for? What is it our flag flies for? What is it that stirs the blood of a hero so that he would die to save the flag from stain? It is the something in us all that has come to us from we know not where, that has grown in us we know not how, because it is the very soul of the land we love. It is the invisible fountain from which a nation's greatness springs.

It is the something that made Alfred love the truth, that moved Sir Francis Drake to finish the game before he beat the Spaniards, that kept alive the pride of Walter Raleigh in a traitor's cell, that put in Shakespeare's hand the power the world can never take away, that touched the mind of Milton with the glow of Paradise, that lit the fire in Cromwell's soul, that stirred the vision of John Bunyan, that nerved John Hampden to resist a lawless king. It is the something that moved the men of Cromwell's army who never lost a fight, that gave to England in her hour of need the three stout hearts of Wellington and Nelson and Pitt, that touched the heart of William Wilberforce and would not let him rest until the slaves were free, that went out from the lighthouse with Grace Darling, that haunted the beds of wounded men with Florence Nightingale. It is the something that language has not yet found words for, this spirit that our men are ever dying for, this spirit that our flag is ever flying for.

It flies for all those things that have built up, out of the warring peoples of Alfred's day, the great ruling race of the world. It flies for the spirit that runs through the woof and texture of the English-speaking race. It flies for the government of the people, for the people, by the

people, and for the greatest good of the greatest number. It flies for liberty for all who are able to use it and will not abuse it, and for guiding all others along the road that leads to it.

It flies for the Open Door—a fair field and equal rights for all nations.

It flies for the gospel that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that men shall not be slaves.

It flies for humanity in all things; for the stopping of cruelty everywhere, for kindness to animals, for the love of little children.

It flies for the honour of the spoken and written word throughout the world.

It flies for throwing open as wide as can be the field of human knowledge.

It flies for spreading as wide as can be the field of human happiness.

It flies for letting the truth be free as life itself.

It flies for the toleration of every man's opinion.

It flies for the unselfish pursuit of the good of all mankind.

It flies for the peace of all the world, which no nation ever longed for more.

All these things we read in the flag that flies in the four winds of heaven, and those who truly love our flag love these things too, for they are the living spirit of our race. From these islands to the ends of the earth this spirit has gone out, and nothing has been able to destroy it. It has gone into strange lands, it has been alone in the wilderness; but it has found its way and won. It has found itself crushed for a time in the very home in which it grew, and it has gone out to find new lands where it could thrive.

Driven from the Old World, it built up the New. The spirit that built up our little Island Home cemented the foundations of America, the greatest Commonwealth the world has ever seen. It is not as quick as lightning, but it is slow and sure. It sets out and gets there. It is not as scientific as Sir Joseph Thomson's laboratory, but it muddles through and wins. It has the patience that knows that the dream must come true. It endures to the end. It cares not who dies if Freedom lives.

It has given to the world a glory that will never fade. There is a glory of the sun, and a glory of the moon, and there is the glory of England. Greece and Rome have passed away, but England will endure. She has been true to her thousand years of heroes; she has used nobly the power that came into her hands. Without one drop of blood she freed the slaves. She helped to keep Greece free. She helped the persecuted Huguenots. She gave strength to the Belgian people in their fight for independence. She helped the Liberal cause in Spain with ten thousand volunteers. She helped to break the Spanish yoke in South America. She helped to tear the grip of kings from Italy's throat, and gave heart to Garibaldi and Cavour in making Italy strong and free. She found the money for all who would to fight against Napoleon, and when other countries failed she fought Napoleon alone and broke his power at last.

She saved Europe long ago; she saved Europe in these bitter years through which we all have lived; and she yet will save the world. She will keep the flag of Liberty waving in the four corners of the earth and in every sea. It is not for nothing that her quenchless spirit has gone out and that the work of her hand never

sleeps. It is not for nothing that the sun never sets upon the banner of this ancient land.

Proud and high it flies on my Kent hilltop. A thousand years and more of England's story is here about its base, for it rests in a bed of Roman bricks from a Roman governor's house behind the hill: out of a bit of the Roman Empire flies the flag of an empire such as Caesar never knew. It has the touch of Alfred's England, for it is fastened to a piece of oak that was growing when Alfred laid the first keels of our English ships. It has the mark of Parliament upon it, for nailed to its post is a piece of the ancient roof of Westminster Hall, beneath which there grew up that power of England which broke the might of Spain. And it has the touch of the spirit of Francis Drake, for beneath it lies a cannon-ball from a Spanish ship which Drake drummed up the Channel long ago.

And so the flag flies high. Out of the historic past it flies, waving in the wind that blows across the seas. In its sheltering freedom lives one quarter of mankind; on its side in these great days we have seen the power of those who saved the world. But more than all that is outside it, more than all the men and ships and guns, more than all the vast immensities of empire that assemble underneath the flag, is the deathless spirit in its folds which no power on earth can break. It is as old as the hills, as everlasting as the sun, and it will not fail us now.

THE FLAG—FROM THE PAINTING BY MR. T. C. GOTCH

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IT IS NOT TRUE TO SAY THERE ARE NO BLOTS UPON OUR FLAG—THE SADDEST THING THE ISLAND EVER DID WAS TO BURN THIS STAINLESS MAID

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THE TALE THE RIVER TELLS

Older than the solid earth are the rivers of the Island. The oldest thing men's hands have touched is the liquid beauty that dazzles with new life at every rising of the sun.

Like a vision of eternal youth our little river runs past, gliding by the foot of the hill, through the meadows and under the bridges, going where it will go, stopping for nobody, caring for nothing. The memories of a hundred thousand years are in its quiet flow; the power of mighty engines is pent up in its depths. For age after age it has worn away the earth and never worn itself; it has used its power and never lost it. It is not true that you cannot turn the mill-wheel with the water that has passed, for the water will come back bringing the same power, never spent and never tired, fresh and strong to drive the mill again. Only you must wait, perhaps a hundred thousand years.

Time is nothing to the river. The fishes play in its sparkling waters. The roses grow in the gardens on its banks. The wheat bends down in its meadows until it almost breaks. The boys splash and bathe in the running stream, and old men sit on its banks and think of all that their lives have been. But fishes come and go, and roses fade, wheat is made into flour and flour into living men; and boys grow old, and old men pass away; yet on and on the river flows, the only thing that always moves.

It has been flowing since we can remember, since Kent became a kingdom and England a nation; it was flowing, perhaps, before there was a child in the Island to play on its banks. It knew the earth as we have never known it; it saw the Alps when they stretched from Switzerland to England; it has seen the grinding of the hills and the laying of the plain. For thousands of years it has rolled on its way, wearing down and building up, carrying in its bed from place to place the materials that shaped the countryside anew, and built up the landscapes that we love to see.

It held within its depths, through all these centuries, the power that was to change the modern world—the drop of water that was to meet with fire and drive our engines. It flowed, perhaps, by the first fires that were lit in the Island, but the day of the great meeting was not yet; the ages of the world rolled past, and the river kept its secret still. Empires were to rise and fall before man was to discover that a drop of water, heated by fire, needs 1700 times its space to hold it; and with that discovery the water that had carved the valleys and washed away the hills was to carve out the destinies of men. Fire and water were to send our trains over land and drive our ships over sea; fire and water were to be the kings of the Age of Power.

And a fitting alliance it was, for the partnership between fire and water is the oldest partnership upon the earth. It was the first unlimited company ever formed. From the sea to the sun, from the sun to the sea—that is the song of the waters; and on this ceaseless round, rising towards the sun as vapour and mist and cloud, falling to the earth as rain and snow and hail, the waters have done

their share of the carving and shaping of the earth, and of the furnishing of the world as the home of men. So that our river takes us, when we let our fancies free, down through the ages and up to the sun.

We will walk by a small and quiet river, not by the rushing waters that come up out of the past like some huge giant with his hammer and axe. We will watch the spring that bursts open its prison gates in a beautiful park in Kent, and follow it to the river on which London stands. We shall go but twenty miles, but half of it will be as beautiful as any miles of English earth, and all of it will speak to us of the historic past. Along these green banks has moved through century after century, part of the great procession of a nation's life.

A quiet and gentle stream the Darent is today, gliding slowly through hamlets and meadows and lanes, seeking out the little places, and nowhere touching the busy world until it runs through Dartford to the Thames. Its reverence for the past is seen in its winding ways. Through the silent ruin of the Past it goes, with only the softest murmuring as it creeps by the little church towers it knew in other days. Still it ripples and glides between the banks on which it has seen its proud share of our Island story, but it treasures its secrets in the quiet places, whispering them to ancient trees that stand aloof, to castle walls where sounds of life have long been stilled, to the bishop's palace now overgrown with ivy, to the spirit of the early Britons whose bones lie scattered here, to the home of the Roman soldiers which still lies hidden under one of its green banks.

And so a walk by the Darent is a pleasant thing, through twenty miles of lovely England and twenty

centuries of time. Through a hundred centuries indeed, imagination flies as we stand in its beautiful valley, widening out until the heights of the wooded hills are more than a mile apart. Once upon a time the Darent ran up there; this silver stream, winding its way so quietly now that we almost lose it, must have been a mighty river then. Farther back than the mind can think—perhaps a million years ago—when the Giant Sloth was still eating the tops of trees and the three-toed horse was with him, when the great mass of chalk which stretched from the North Downs to the sea had not yet been washed away, streams of water poured down from the mountains of Kent, carving out tiny valleys wherever they could find a way, and joining at last, after age upon age, in the largest stream of all, the river by which we are walking now.

So the Darent began its excavation of the valley which has been the scene of the lives of generations of men, the workshop of the Stone Age men, the camping-ground of Roman soldiers, the battlefields of Danes and Saxons, the processional way of priests and kings, and, above all, the homeland of a multitude of those simple people whose lives make up the story of the Island. We can trace the history of the river still at the heights where it began; out of my window on the hilltop, as I sit writing this, is the bank of gravel the Darent left behind on its way down the hill. It is the signature of the river written when the mammoth and the mastodon were passing by.

In my wood lie the relics of the men who saw them passing—the stone tools they made, the hollowed-out stones from which they drank the cool water of the Darent;

the very stones they chipped and shaped to look like faces.

A wood is a lovely place to dream in; but a wood is a thrilling place to be in when we pick up in it something a man made a hundred thousand years ago. There it has lain while the world has changed, while the mammoth and the cave bear have passed out of the world, while the hills have been worn down to dust, while civilisation has been built up. It was handled, it may be, by men who could get no food until they had killed a lion, who shaped these stones to throw at wild beasts in the great forests that covered this part of Europe for over a hundred miles.

We are in a world of wonder in the Darent Valley, could we read the book that lies open to our eyes. Hundreds of thousands of tools there must be, preserved here by the river drift, or brought here by the melting of the ice which covered Europe to a depth of hundreds of feet. We can only guess if there were men in Kent in the days before the glaciers filled the Darent Valley, but we know that there were men here, making arrowheads and hammerheads, sharpening knives of stone, boring holes in wood, clothing themselves in the skins of beasts, fashioning ornaments for their wives, and polishing pebbles and making necklaces of pretty stones for their children, when the Darent ran 150 feet above its present bed. We know it because it is written in the book of the river.

And we know that these rough men who lived by the Darent then had the love of something more than killing wild beasts with sharpened flints. They were short men, no doubt, with low foreheads and heavy jaws, gorilla-like men with bushy hair and pointed ears and

chins that sloped backward from the teeth, and they had enough to do to think of the things of the moment and the dangers that surrounded them in days when the wild beasts of Europe had a highway from Russia to Kent; but a love of beauty was growing in them even then. It is seen in every kind of legacy they left behind on the river banks. We see it in the gems of shaped and polished stone that are fit to hang in a Bond Street window. We see it in the high finish they gave to stone tools that would have served their purpose in the roughest state. They are the oldest work of men still existing in the world, and it is pleasant to think that they were often beautifully made.

There is, perhaps, no more striking collection of natural things in England than these relics of the men of the Darent Valley. Our knowledge of the past grows slowly, and is gathered under great difficulties; and—though nobody questions the tools themselves—there are still those who maintain that there is no love of art in these precious stones. But it is hard not to believe in the artists of the Darent.

If time should prove that all these stones were shaped by accident, then it will be incredible that so many accidents of the same kind can have happened in the same place. For there has been found in the old Darent bed, by one of the most patient of all our scientific Englishmen, a collection of images in stone which suggest human intention hardly less than some of the sculptures in a modern museum. For twenty years Mr. W. M. Newton has given his leisure hours to the gravel drift of the Darent, a few miles from the Thames, as our immortal village grocer, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, has given half a century

to picking up stones at Ightham, turning over the pages of human history perhaps a million years ago. Mr. Harrison is over the hills; Mr. Newton is on our river bank; and here we have to do with the witnesses Mr. Newton has found from the Darent. He has moved thousands of tons of gravel. It is a great piece of work for the pure love of knowledge, and the time will come when another age will do Mr. Newton justice, as one of the patient and most unwearying workers in the field Mr. Harrison has opened up. What he has around him now is as curious a collection of faces and figures as could well be brought together. We may call them a Stone Age Art Gallery, for these figures are, if Mr. Newton is right, nothing less than the first attempts of mankind at sculpture, and his precious stones of the Darent are nothing more nor less than the oldest sculpture gallery in the land.

We can imagine the joy the chipping of these stones would bring into a household of the Stone Age. There was little enough to interest the people then, except the strain of the struggle for life itself. Ever on the watch a man must be, ever anxious for his return would be the wife he had left behind; and we read their fear of the great world beyond their own hillside in the clever homes they sometimes made on lakes or up in trees. The finding of a curious stone, that looked like a face and could be chipped to look like it still more, would be a thing to delight in then, and the children would press round the father as he took up his flint knife, or his scratcher, or his borer, and did in his own way what Michael Angelo was to do in his great way when another hundred thousand years had gone. If a stone had a natural chip in a certain place, a chip with a flint would balance it, and lo! there

would be two eyes; another chip would shape a nose, and a final chip would give the mouth. So there would come into the world, partly by man's skill and partly by nature's forces, the first expression of the human mind in stone. So, no doubt, man would learn the need for finer tools than those he used for hunting beasts.

There are those who say they are accidental markings, but there were those who said that men would never fly, and there are still poor people who believe the earth is flat. We must believe our own eyes. In this Stone Age Gallery are hundreds of stones that have been chipped, says Mr. Newton, partly by chance and partly by hand, with the clear suggestion that the Stone Age man, finding a stone with some likeness to a face, chipped it to complete the likeness. Here an eye, and here a mouth, and the Stone Age man had a precious treasure to take home one day. Sometimes there would be a sense of humour and a comical expression, sometimes there would be a striking attitude, as of an animal looking round; sometimes the figure is a fish, or a bird, or a reptile; and sometimes a flint has been cut in two to bring out a good profile portrait. We must leave them all, believing them, if we will, to be accidents, or believing them, if we will, to be portraits from the Stone Age. It must surely be that our children's children will see them in some museum as evidence of the first yearnings of mankind for making pictures of the things about them.

So our river, spanning earth and sky in its dependence on the sun, spans human time itself in the life of its banks. It came down from the mountains that have disappeared; it may have started on its work, for all we know, before men were yet upon the earth. Certain we

are that the earliest men we know came here; here made their homes, here hunted in great forests, here lived their day and died. By the little friendly river, sheltered by the friendly hills, the men of the old days would dwell.

As the years rolled by, as the Darent rolled on, men found fire and metals, and a new age of wonder opened on our river banks. The Stone Age was ended; the Bronze Age was begun. The old, old tales that the poets have found—in the treasuries that only poets know—tell us of the early days of bronze and iron, when men no longer made their tools of stone, but fashioned iron cauldrons, enamelled the hilts of swords, coloured their sharp iron spears, painted their gorgeous shields; and one tale tells of men who went long journeys plying a skilful craft, selling saddles so beautiful that "none could be sold but theirs"; making shoes of hide that all who could afford were glad to buy. It was the dawn of commerce in the Island.

The dark Iberian came here, the first of all the immigrants we know to reach these islands; and after him came the conquering Celt, who had learned to master all the animals we use today, and to use them all—except perhaps the pig and the bee. The fair Celt and the dark Iberian laid for our England the foundations of great prosperity. Cattle and wheat and barley they had in abundance; and life had moved a long way forward by the river Darent before the next men came.

Men were no longer in fear of animals at every step they took outside their habitations; the finding of iron was the finding of power, and at last man was master of the beast. The little wave of immigration that had reached here from the Continent brought with it a new

chapter in our Island story; we may call the fair Celt and the dark Iberian the founders of our social life.

And after them, long after them, came other men: the Roman Empire reached out to the Darent, and sent its sentinels to hold our river for Caesar; a lovely coin of Constantine my gardener's spade turned up the other day, dropped by some Roman soldier fifteen centuries ago. There have been found in fields through which the Darent runs coins of the first century of our Christian Era that may have been spent, perhaps, when Paul was alive. But the most precious thing of all that we know the Darent holds in its keeping is the house of a Roman Governor, the proud seat of an ambassador of Caesar. You will not find it as you walk by the Darent now, but you will wonder, perhaps, as you come to Darenth village, what the green mounds mean in the field where the gipsies camp. They cover the ruins of the greatest Roman house that has yet been found in England.

It is odd to imagine, on the banks of our quiet river, the pageantry that must have upheld the prestige of the Roman Empire here. A proud man the Roman must have been as he stood by the silver stream and looked out on the fair face of Rome's new colony. Behind him, as he looked across the Darent, was a massive pile of Roman bricks, with an unbroken line of rooms reaching for 450 feet, many of the rooms with painted walls. Some of the walls were four feet thick, faced with tiles; one room was 50 feet from end to end; there were separate living-rooms for summer and winter; and the floors were raised on hollow tiles which carried the heat from the furnace-rooms beneath. Flue pipes in the walls carried the fumes and smoke from the furnace to the roof, and

so well conceived was the building that a wall 340 feet long was made to keep back the river in time of flood.

Here, in this pleasant place which is now a silent countryside, was a seat of Roman power in England; under our feet lie its ruins. The massive foundations are all that is left of this scene of Roman pomp, but the earth has preserved them through the centuries as strong and perfect as the day they were built, so that some of these Roman bricks are built into my house today. The mortar is still firm, the bricks are still intact, the little inch-tiles of the tesselated pavement are still in their place. Our English earth holds them fast, as it held the fragments of one of the first panes of window glass ever found in England, rescued from these ruins when the foundations were uncovered years ago. Men found the coins of twenty Roman emperors, with things of use from the Roman kitchen and things of beauty from my lady's boudoir. The soot from the underground fires was still on the floor when the earth was dug away—a strange memory, through all the centuries, of the last night when the fires burned in this great place.

The fires went out for ever when the Romans went away. After three hundred years of Roman government the land had settled down. Now the echo of the tramping of invaders was heard in the deserted halls; the Roman house at Darenth crumbled like the Roman Forum; and around it, on all hands, came wanderers from afar. A fine place the pirates found our England when the Romans went away; up the Thames to London they made their way, and along the Stour, the Medway, and the Darent into the heart of Kent. The heyday of the pirates was long and bitter for the Island folk, and it

was, perhaps, the saddest chapter of the life of our river.

The Picts had come down from the North, breaking over the Roman Wall; the Scots burst down upon the country from the West; Jutes and Saxons seized the eastern coast. The troubled waters of the Darent ran through many a battlefield for a dozen generations, treason and hatred destroyed the unity of the British people, and for hundreds of years the land the Romans had left was afflicted with wars and turmoil. Its relics, if we could find them now, would be broken towers and ruined churches; its diaries, if we could read them, would tell of slaughter without pity, and of dead men left unburied in the fields to be devoured by beasts; its chief figures were the tribal kings who fought for the power the Romans had thrown down. We read of Hengist and Horsa coming up from the South, leading the conquering Jutes, and we know that it was almost within sound of our rippling river, about the time of which the King Arthur legends tell, that the British resistance to their invaders was at its height. But we know, too, that nothing could drive back the Jutes, the Saxons, and the English, and that at last the people settled down in peace to build up what is now the English nation. Caring nothing for the distant memory of the Roman rule, or forgetting it altogether, they pulled down or burned down whatever was left of it.

On the banks of the Darent there rose up the homesteads of the new English people—the gentleman's house with the long low roof, enclosed within a stockade, and a few dozen wattle huts for the bondsmen who worked the land. So the new England arose, and there was nothing

about which the people cared less than they cared about what remained of Rome. They pulled down Roman temples and built their houses with the bricks, and in the valley of the Darent the whole of the great Roman house, except the foundations, was carried away. The river still flows past some of the remains, but they are built into the strong flint walls of little churches, especially in the church close by the Roman field. The valley has no more lovely monument than Darenth church, its ancient walls repaired with the bricks of pagan Rome, its quaint chancel with a sealed-up chamber over it, its font carved by Norman hands, its rugged tower taking us back, we may well believe, to the days when the river still bore away the plunder of the Roman house.

But we must leave the monuments of the valley and all the treasures it has stored up through the ages: what of this river of ours?

From time beyond reckoning we have followed it, to the dawn of the national history in which it has played its part. We can only think for a moment how proud its part has been. The little spring in Squerryes Park at Westerham has justified itself abundantly through the long years in which it has poured its volume into the Thames. It has been worthy of the dignity of its birth and of its noble entrance to the sea. The heavy timbers and arches of Squerryes, its walled-up cupboards and hidden doors, bring back old England to our minds, and of one old chestnut-tree that shades the approach to this great house it has been said that it must surely have sheltered the wolf and the wild boar.

Under these trees, on the shady banks of the Darent, the boy who grew up to win Quebec and found the British

Empire in North America played in his youth, and received his commission as a soldier; the thought of this rippling river must often have been with General Wolfe as he fought for England and thought of home. Not far on the journey beginning at the home of Wolfe, the river passes through a battlefield of King Canute, after whose fight at Otford nine hundred years ago the Darent "ran red with Danish blood." Near this same battleground was lost a battle which ended the kingdom of Kent—older than the Empire of Rome—and joined up Kent with the English nation; and here, to the palace whose walls still stand on this ground so sacred in our history, came Thomas Becket and Cardinal Wolsey and Henry the Eighth, all of them loving the pleasant stream of which Spenser wrote, "Still Darent, in whose waters clear ten thousand fishes play." Here stands still the old tower in which Cranmer wrote the Book of Common Prayer.

Through scenes like these the Darent flows, past houses that have been inhabited since England had a Parliament, past churches in which simple men and women have gathered for eight hundred years. It runs under the old bridge on which the people stood to hear John Wesley preach, close by the cottage built when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne and Sir Walter Raleigh was on the sea. It runs by the church, in Dartford's old street, where lies the man who brought to England the first lime trees and perhaps the first paper; it runs under three railways to the last home of one of the first railway dreamers, poor Richard Trevithick, who, while George Stephenson was hoeing turnips, was running a steam carriage late at night in the country lanes of our Island, but met with no reward except to be snatched from a pauper's grave

by the men with whom he had worked as a Dartford engineer. It runs past ruined castle walls, by gardens in which children played when Charles the First was young. It ripples through the fields in which the common founders of our English nation sleep. It runs by tiny churches until its waters join the river that glides in the shadow of St. Paul's. It flows by the silent emblems of the far-off past to within sound of the city where the life of men is never still.

It runs, our little river, throughout the life of the world. It has known the distant past with all its ancient glory; it helps to make the newspapers of the present, with all their modern story. And it flows, within its green and peaceful banks, out into the bustle of the wide, wide world, until it joins the mighty river and the boundless ocean.

Its memory is laden with the wonder of our island home; its destiny is mingled with the sea that keeps us free.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS TO THE ISLAND

The sweetest sound that ever reached the Island came from the pleasant land of Galilee.

Quite when and how it came we do not know, but the news that the Light of the World had dawned on Bethlehem can hardly have been long on its way. It would travel to Rome, and from Rome to Britain, and it is even possible that a traveller who had looked upon the face of Jesus in Jerusalem may actually have reached our shores.

There are those who believe that Paul himself came to England, and the legend still lives that Joseph of Arimathea, who laid the body of Jesus in the tomb, planted a thorn that flourishes at Glastonbury. What we know to be true is that Christianity came here in those very early years, almost certainly before the last man who saw the Crucifixion could have died.

That we may be almost sure of from one fact alone, a fact we may remember with a thrill. It may or may not be true that the Apostles came to Britain, but more deeply fascinating still is that picture of a lady of Britain who is mentioned in the Bible, to whom Paul, in writing to Timothy, sent his greetings. She was Claudia, wife of Pudens, and their house was open to Paul and the believers in those days when to believe brought ridicule and peril. We may stand today in Rome in the house of this British

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE CLIMBS UP INTO A TREE AND DISCOVERS THE PACIFIC, PRAYING THAT THE DAY MAY COME WHEN HE MAY SAIL THAT SEA IN AN ENGLISH SHIP

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A GLORY OF THE ISLAND THAT HAS STOOD 700 YEARS—SALISBURY CATHEDRAL AS PAINTED BY CONSTABLE, THE MASTER ARTIST OF OUR COUNTRYSIDE

lady; and her praises as a hospitable matron in Rome were sung in poetry over eighteen centuries ago. We may be sure she would be with those who visited Paul in his prison cell, where the captive conqueror of the human mind talked freely with the Roman soldiers standing by.

So that, even had there been neither traders nor soldiers to bring the news of Christianity to Britain, there was Claudia, and we may be sure that, holding the fort for Paul in Rome, this great lady would not have left her friends at home in ignorance of what had happened in a far-off Roman province. For the first three hundred years we know little or nothing—the world moved slowly then; but when the fourth century opened there were British bishops present at a Council in France, and a historian writing at that time speaks plainly of some of the Apostles having been to Britain.

So it is not true that Augustine first brought Christianity to the British people, as many people still believe; it had been there for centuries when he came, and one of the first problems Augustine had to settle was what to do with the British bishops. Even then there were separate and rival churches in the four points of the compass; even then the churches were governed in anything but the spirit of the Prince of Peace.

The bishops were obstinate and Augustine was stupid, and they met like enemies at war at the extreme western point of the kingdom of Kent. In the end the British bishops consulted an old man full of wisdom, who told them that if Augustine came to them like a gentleman, generously and with plain goodwill, they should make peace with him; but if Augustine received them haughtily, sitting in his seat, they should have nothing to do with

him. Augustine remained seated, and the war in the Church went on.

But it is true that the coming of Augustine was a landmark in the story of the Island. One of the first stories we learn at school tells of this time. It is of a Roman market-place in which some little English boys were being sold as slaves. Rome at the height of her glory was not too proud to build up its pleasures on slavery as Athens had done, and when the demand for slaves was no longer met by captives brought home from the wars there was a regular traffic in slaves between Britain and Rome. On the day of which our story tells English merchants stood in Rome, selling English boys, when Gregory passed through the market-place.

The bright faces of our island boys must have pleased him, for Gregory asked what race they were, and on being told that they were Angles he said that they were fit to be made angels; and he resolved to make them so. Gregory had power in Rome, for he was one day to be Pope; and he bought these boys and taught them, training them as missionaries. He ordered other boys to be bought for him in England and sent out to Rome, and at last this Pope who loved our boys, buying them as slaves to send them back free to their homeland with the great news from Galilee, sent Augustine into Kent and laid the foundation of one of the noblest temples that have ever been set up on the face of the earth, that glory of our Island which for centuries has brought travellers to the pleasant town of Canterbury.

Augustine came from Rome to a kingdom that had once been a province of Rome, but after the Romans had left, having ruled here for three or four hundred years,

the Church that had been slowly growing up was almost blotted out. The clergy lived evil lives, and plague at last swept most of them away; Saxons would steal across the North Sea and slay British priests at the altar; the priests fled to the mountains or were murdered in heaps; and when Augustine came he found Christianity struggling for its breath in Britain, holding up its head here and there, but in peril of being entirely swept away.

But there were on the side of Christianity in those dark days two noble women, a mother and her daughter, and they are among the rarest figures in all our Island story. One was Bertha, wife of Ethelbert, the King of Kent; the other was her daughter Ethelburga, wife of Edwin, who ruled from Yorkshire to the Forth. Both their kings were pagans, but these queens welcomed the good tidings that Augustine brought anew, and in those early years of the seventh century the most dramatic thing in the history of our Island was the dauntless chivalry of these two women. They never wearied in well-doing; they believed in those who brought the glad tidings; and they threw all the quiet power that a queen can wield, all the devotion that a woman can cherish, on the side of the invisible God and against the visible gods of wood and stone to which their lords bowed down.

Ethelbert listened to Augustine and believed, and there stands to this day in Canterbury, priceless among the treasures of our land, that little church of St. Martin which Bertha restored—the first English queen to build a church, the oldest English church of which we know.

But Edwin came slowly out of his old ways. He was the great king who founded Edinburgh, and was not easily persuaded to give up his old powers; but he loved

the daughter of Queen Bertha, and it was made a condition when he married her that he should not be obstinate concerning the new religion, and should not shut the gate against it. The day came when he had a great battle to fight, and in a critical hour King Edwin promised that if he won the battle he would cast off his idols. He won, and the solemn time had come.

But it is hard to cast down idols, to break a habit woven through our lives, and Edwin would sit alone often and long by day, and would lie awake at night, thinking. Every influence for good was brought to bear upon him. The Pope sent him a letter from Rome, and sent to his wife a silver mirror and an ivory comb inlaid with gold. He sent also Paulinus, a bishop whose eloquence he hoped might persuade the King; but still Edwin held out, and at last they called a solemn council of the wise men of the realm. They were to decide for Northumbria the question that Constantine had decided for Rome—whether the worship of the idols should be abandoned in the kingdom and the worship of the invisible God should take its place.

Thirteen centuries have passed away since then, and many solemn spectacles our Island has seen; but which among them all is half so moving to us now as this Great Council of Northumbria, accepting or rejecting God? The everlasting treasure of our English books has been built up since then, but where, in any page in any one of them, is a story more lovely than that of the wise old counsellor who seems to have swayed the anxious King, to have sounded the death-knell of the idols, and to have fixed for ever the influence of Christianity from end to end of our northern realm?

The argument had gone this way and that; Paulinus had pleaded for the new, and brave old men had pleaded for the old; the Chief Priest had spoken half on this side and half on that; when there rose in the hall an aged man who had the gift of poetry, and surely our English tongue has not made sweeter music through the centuries than the music of these words he said.

What came before life, and what comes after, all is mystery. The life of each man—that is all that each man knows.

The King and his chief captains and Ministers are sitting in council on a dark winter's day; rain and snow without, and a bright fire within. Suddenly comes a little bird; a sparrow flies in at one door, tarries a moment in the light of the fire on the hearth, and then flies out at the other door into the winter darkness whence it came. Whence, none can say; whither, no man knows; and so is the life of man.

What is before us, what lies after, we know not. If this new doctrine will tell us anything of these mysteries, the before and after, let us follow it.

The King was moved that winter night, and, if not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's notice, what joy that little sparrow must have stirred in God's abode as it flew through the King's great hall, tarrying a moment by the blazing hearth, and, all unknown, stirring up this vision that must have pleased the King and may have fixed his mind! For Edwin was decided now. The Chief Priest of the idols finally agreed with the King. Nobody, he said, had worshipped the gods more diligently than he, yet he remained poor, when, had the gods been good for anything, he might have been rich. The very man was he, Coifi, for what was now to happen, for the day had come to overthrow the ancient gods.

We who are a thousand years or more from that great day can hardly understand how great it was, but one of the things that leap to the mind out of history is this ride of Coifi through a country lane to break up the gods. Coifi had made the gods his trade, and he may have felt that they were bits of wood and nothing more; but Edwin had believed in them, his Ministers and captains had believed, his people had bowed down and worshipped them. All the powers of heaven and earth they had believed these idols to possess. We who believe in God Invisible can hardly think of the solemnity and awe with which these people long ago looked on their visible gods. In these mute, inscrutable figures standing there they saw the powers of life and death, of good and evil fortune, of victory or defeat in battle and prosperity in peace, of storms and fair weather, of hope fulfilled or broken.

And now they believed in them no longer; they were to smash them into bits. No wonder Edwin was persuaded slowly. He was one of the greatest kings our Island had before the Normans came, and under him Northumbria flourished and was wisely governed. Wherever Edwin went they bore in front of him a banner of purple and gold, for no king before had had such power over Britain as he. Highways and byways were safe, and it became an English proverb that in Edwin's day a woman and her babe might walk scatheless from sea to sea. His people loved him, and he loved his people; it is said that wherever he found a good spring of water on a country road he fixed a stake near by, with a brass cup from which the passing traveller might drink.

And the great King Edwin had believed in his gods; he had believed that all things had come to him through

them. No wonder he waited; no wonder he was afraid. It was as if we were tomorrow to destroy our temples, burn our Bibles, and recant our faith in God. We can think of Edwin trembling lest, after all, the idols should be true, and their power should overwhelm him when it was all too late.

But Coifi had no fears. "None so fit as I," he said; "I taught the people to worship them; I will destroy them;" and he called for a spear and a horse and set out. We know the way he went; we can ride up the very lane ourselves, for Coifi galloped on his charger up Goodmanham Lane, near Market Weighton in Yorkshire, and rode like a madman up to the temple door. He thrust his spear through the door itself, and he who had led the people in sacred worship here now called them to follow him till every vestige of the temple was destroyed. They burned it down with the idols and all it contained, and, as no calamity befell them, Edwin and his chiefs went to York and were baptised, on Easter Day in 627. They were baptised in a little wooden church that Edwin built, the beginning of the noble minster that towers above the roofs of York today. The spring from which the water came lies under the minster still, and the stone of Edwin's bigger church is part of the foundations.

Edwin died, unhappily, while the stone church was building, and at the death of this strong man the kingdom and the Church broke up. Everywhere was strife where had been peace, and those who had accepted Christianity lightly now lightly gave it up. For very safety Paulinus and Queen Ethelburga fled by sea to Kent, taking with them to Canterbury a cross of gold and a chalice of gold, which may still be among our buried treasures there.

Paulinus lived on at Rochester, but his work in Northumbria crumbled, for when he fled with the Queen every pillar of the Church fled too, all but one sweet singer who stayed behind in York and finally took refuge in the village we call Akebar, through which still runs the stream where he baptised his converts.

As for the church in York that was to grow through the centuries into the mighty minster, it fell into ruin. The timbers of the roof broke up so that the rain fell in and the birds flew in and out. In at one door would come a little sparrow, tarrying a moment by the altar, then out through the window, and whither no man knows. So is the life of man, and this strange, eventful story.

The great work of the kingdom of Northumbria was reaching its zenith when Edwin died. It had been for half a century and more at the head of England's life. Its monasteries were the treasure-houses of whatever knowledge had accumulated in the nation, but chief of all its services to the English people was its influence in securing the beginning of unity among them, and in saving them from heathendom. For still religion had its seat in York, with centres at Jarrow and other places on the Tyne; and from these homes of faith and learning the missionaries of Northumbria would go throughout the land, spreading their message far and wide, until it was so firmly planted that no storm could uproot it.

But half a century after Edwin died the supremacy of Northumbria passed away, and the northern kingdom settled down to lay the great foundations of social peace. Its fame stood high, and well might her sons be proud of it. Two centuries come between the death of Edwin and the birth of Alfred, and in these critical years for our land

OLD TIME LOOKS DOWN ON A NEW TRAVELLER

stand out three noble lives. There was Aldhelm, a bishop of royal race; Bede, the choir boy who became immortal; and Alcuin, the schoolmaster friend of Charlemagne and tutor at his Court.

Bede, whom we call the Venerable, was the middle link in this great living chain, and he stands out in our national memory because he is the first shining example of the way in which the coming of Christianity transformed the nation's life.

A treasure truly beyond compare was Bede. He was born about the year 673, somewhere about Monkwearmouth; and, though men still vividly remembered the reign of the idols, he grew up in an atmosphere aglow with religion, for every day he heard the hammers of men who were building monasteries, and he saw rising the monastery at Jarrow in which he was to spend his life. We can still see at Monkwearmouth a porch through which he may have passed. Travellers from the Continent were bringing holy pictures, craftsmen from Italy came with rare and beautiful glass, artists were making pictures for those who could not read, and Bede must have been stirred by all the earnestness about him.

We know almost nothing of his early life, and, though he wrote more than any other living man in his day, he tells us little or nothing of himself. He was too busy making knowledge known. But we have one little picture of him in the monastery, where he was brought up on fish, cheese, butter, beans, meats, and home-brewed ale, for we read that when plague swept across the Tyne, sweeping away in the monastery all who could read or preach, "except the abbot and one little lad," this lad, who was Bede, was a wonderful comfort to the old man.

It was an age of superstition beyond anything that could now be believed, and Bede, scholar though he was, believed in the miracles that were reported everywhere.

He believed like a child the story that somebody told him of the Abbot of Lindisfarne, who had been in a boat to Farne Island to see a hermit there and was caught half-way back in a violent storm. The hermit came out of his cave and called upon God to stop the storm, and it stopped while the boat got safe to shore, and then raged again for a day.

He believed the story the Abbot of Beverley told of a dumb man who lived in a hut, to whom the bishop came one day and made a cross on his tongue. "Say A," said the bishop, and the man said A. "Say B," said the bishop, and the man said B. So they went on through the alphabet, and at last into syllables and words, until the man could not be stopped talking all night long.

He believed the story of the earl's servant who lay dying with a coffin at his side, who, when the bishop gave him his blessing, got up and joined the party at dinner and lived for many years.

He believed the story of the man out of his mind who slept all night on a saint's tomb and woke in his right mind the next morning.

He believed the story of the crows banished by a saint for carrying off thatch from his hut, but allowed to return in three days, when they hung their heads in submission and brought tribute to the monks in the form of a lump of lard for greasing boots.

But we must not belittle the mind of Bede because he believed in things that may seem foolish now. Francis Drake and Shakespeare believed things quite as wild. The truth about Bede is that he was perhaps the wisest man alive in the England of his day. He loved know-

ledge and music and beauty, and he worked like a man who could never grow tired. He was never more than a mile or two from home, but he met thousands of people who called at his monastery, and he learned chanting from the principal chanter of St. Peter's, who was lent to the monastery for a year by the Pope, and sang so sweetly that people came from everywhere around to hear him.

One of the greatest English writers has said of Bede that he was the father of English learning, and when we think how rare learning was, and how difficult it was to build it up, we realise how tremendous an achievement was this good man's life. "I am my own secretary; I make my own notes; I am my own librarian," he said. He had six hundred monks in his school at Jarrow, and the text-books he wrote for them were the wonder of his time.

They contained all that was known in England about astronomy, meteorology, physics, music, grammar, arithmetic, medicine, and philosophy. He was master of the whole range of science in his day, and the work he did is almost beyond belief.

His greatest book, the *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, must have taken him at least two thousand hours merely to copy out, apart from all the thinking and research of it. One of his essays on Time fills two hundred pages, and he wrote essays on such subjects—quite remarkable in those days—as why the sea is salt, rainbows and volcanoes, lightning and thunder and the winds, and the working of the calendar. He was a sort of Children's Encyclopedia man a thousand years and more ago. It is said that he made himself blind by his writing, and it is no doubt true that he killed himself at last by stooping to write.

The number of books he left behind was seventy-nine, every one written laboriously with his own hand or dictated when he could write no more; and when death came to him at last, on the evening of Ascension Day, it found him writing still.

He was writing out the Bible in the language of the English people, and is it not a striking thing that this first human scene that comes into our literature, the pathetic chapter with which the tale of our books really opens, is the story of the book that has survived all other books, and will survive whatever books may yet be written? This old man writing out the Bible for the first time in our language is the oldest picture we have in our English literature, and there is nothing more pathetic in the twelve hundred years that have passed away since.

For weeks the old man had been short of breath, but every day he gave thanks to God and was wonderfully cheerful, reading and singing psalms. He knew that he was dying, and he hastened on with his translation, "for I do not want my boys to read a lie," he said, "or to work to no purpose after I am gone." On his last day there was still a chapter to be finished, and he said to his boy, "Get out your pen and ink, and write fast," and they went on till afternoon. Then he remembered some things he wished to give his friends before he died, and he called them round him and gave his little gifts; he had neither gold nor silver, but in his chest he had stores of pepper, napkins, and incense, and he gave them to his brothers as if a king were giving each one a jewel from his crown. Then he told them they would see his face no more.

That evening they reached the translation of the last chapter of St. John. Bede bade the boy write quickly, and after a while the boy exclaimed, "One sentence, dear master, is left unfinished." The old man summoned up his strength and gave him the translation. "It is finished," said the boy, and Bede said, "True, it is finished," and closed his eyes, and died.

Thus passed from our Island, out into the universe, one of the rarest figures of whom our history tells, and one of the noblest lives that Christianity ever gave our race. In him, says our most interesting historian, English literature strikes its roots; he was our first great scholar, our first historian, and the father of national education.

We do not know exactly when or where he was born, and no man knows where he now lies. He came into the world somewhere in the countryside in which he spent his life; he was buried in that same countryside and was afterwards moved to Durham Cathedral; but his bones have long been scattered, and none can say where they are resting now. Out of mystery he comes into history, out of history he goes into mystery again. But we know that he sowed such seed as still bears fruit in this old land, and the fruit it bears is something rich and rare, that all may have but none can take away.

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL OF THE ISLAND

LIKE a garden of roses our Island is in June; like the very gate of Heaven it shall be ere our race is run.

But the way the Island came, the long, long trail of her children—where is any tale like that? Out of tragedy and pathos and pity unthinkable has come our little land. The centuries have rolled away since the wolf prowled down our roads, but how many lifetimes have gone since human barbarism prowled through England in the high noonday? Not more than two or three, and if we go back only to Shakespeare's day, the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth and her immortal seamen, the days when children still heard tales of Drake and Raleigh from the men who saw them, the days when Milton would sit playing his organ with Cromwell listening—even in those near days we find that the life of our Island was so pitiful and tragic and sad, so cruel and appalling, that as we read of it we can hardly believe that truth is true. Let us look back very quickly to those days, the world that Shakespeare lived in.

When Shakespeare stood at the playhouse door in London, holding the horses of the lords and ladies who threw him their coppers, he must have seen poor people passing by with little white rods in their hands. Without these rods the people dared not leave their homes, for they were the sign that plague had visited their houses within forty days. For three hundred years plague

raged in England, bursting out now and then in a frightful holocaust of death. For a time it would die down, but England lived in constant peril of this messenger of death, which cut off hundreds here and thousands there, and at last destroyed one-fifth of the people of London. The floors of houses were strewn with rushes, often undisturbed for years; the streets were spread with filth which only rooks and ravens and jackdaws ever thought of carrying away.

Nobody in Shakespeare's day seems to have had the courage or the knowledge to face this spectre of disease that grew before their eyes, stalking through the country unopposed, cutting down princes and people; yet the plague was simply the child of ignorance and neglect. But we must not be hard on these doctors who were not so wise as we are now. Nobody was, and even Shakespeare believed in witches. So did Bacon, so did Milton, so did John Wesley. The stories of wizards and goblins that we read now are as nothing to the stories kings believed in then. The Parliament that made Cromwell Protector hanged or drowned or burned three thousand women for witchcraft, and even the children of the Pilgrim Fathers, who left their homes for freedom's sake, put witches to death across the sea.

Everybody believed in them. The King of Shakespeare's England decreed that anyone who should take advice from an evil spirit should die. Cromwell's troops spent the night before the battle of Newbury in drowning a poor old woman. All over the country were these poor women, whose evil powers were supposed to be the cause of whatever went wrong. Old Moll White was blamed for everything; there was not a maid in her parish, it

was said, who would take a pin from her though she offered a bag of gold with it. If a horse was lame, Moll White had done it; if the milk went wrong, Moll White was in the churn; if the hounds were going out, the master of the hunt would send his servant to see if Moll White had been out that morning. If they were not burned, these women were drowned. They were wrapped in a sheet and dragged through a pond; if they sank they were innocent; if they floated they were guilty. A good old man who had been fifty years the vicar of a Suffolk village was tortured till in his pain he confessed that he had employed two imps to sink a ship at sea. So great was the fear of the supernatural over the land.

Several strokes with the lash was the doctor's cure for a lunatic in those days, and the sure cure for certain diseases was the touch of the king. "Hamlet" was in the world, and Shakespeare and Cromwell and Milton were in their graves, when six people were crushed to death in trying to get their children near enough to the King of England for him to touch their bodies and cure them. It is hard to believe it now, but fifteen centuries after the woman pressed through the streets of Jerusalem to touch the hem of Christ's garment, mothers were pressing through the streets of London that the King might touch the hem of their children's garment and bring them healing.

And in those days, too, when Shakespeare was writing that "the quality of mercy is not strained," the quality of mercy in English law was utterly unknown. Even strong men must shake a little when they read some pages of our nation's story. Three hundred of the noblest men and women in the Island were burned alive in three years

DOWN THESE OLD ROADS THERE PASSED THE ANCIENT BRITISH CHIEFTAIN WITH HIS COAT OF SKIN, THE ROMAN PASSING WITH HIS COAT OF MAIL, THE SAXON AND THE DANE, AND THE NORMAN PASSING FROM KEEP TO KEEP

[*See Chapter 7*

THE ANCIENT MEN OF THE ISLAND SET OUT ON A VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION: A SCENE ON THE RIVER PERHAPS A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO

[*See Chapter 2*

because they were faithful to God. If you will look in your Bible you will probably find there a page which disgraces the men who put it there and the Church which keeps it there—a dishonest dedication to a craven king, and it was this King of England who, with his own hands, tortured an old man for causing a storm at sea. There is an old book with a picture of a woman and her baby "tied together in a bag and thrown into a river in Scotland, and four men hung at the same time, for eating goose on a fast day." The drawing of blood in a quarrel was punished by cutting off the right hand, and if a man exported one of his own sheep his left hand was cut off. A beggar was whipped the first time he was found, the second time his ears were cut off, the third time he was killed. Even under George the Third the common law of England punished people by slitting their nostrils and cutting off their ears, and for a long time men convicted of treason were dragged to the block at the horse's tail.

Marriages at five years old were not rare, and marriages at ten were common. The Duke of Buckingham's daughter was a widow at nine, and we read of her romping in an orchard in her widow's veil. Hardly anybody read a book, and hardly anybody travelled. Even if a traveller dared to cross the Channel he found it swarming with pirates. The Bible was a new book then, and the few copies supplied for the people were chained in churches.

Parliament was corrupt. Oxford offered to elect a candidate who would pay the debts of the town, and the Duke of Marlborough accepted the offer. Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son that he had offered £2500 for a seat in Parliament, but could not get it because the rich India merchants had bought up all the seats in the market.

William Wilberforce, who freed the slaves, paid £8000 for his seat in Parliament.

With Parliament so corrupt, how could honesty be expected in the country? In ninety years forty million acres of common land were stolen from the people. The prisons were let out to contractors, who ran them for profit. Open sewers poisoned the air of London. There was no sort of light except in winter, and those who went out by night hired link-boys to bear torches in front of them. It was as probable as not that in walking through the streets of London a lady would receive a pail of water on her head from a window above. The debtors' prisons were full; one misfortune could doom a man to lifelong confinement. People refusing to plead at the Old Bailey were put in low dark chambers, where heavy weights of iron were laid on them till they were willing to plead, when they were given brandy and carried back into court.

The conditions of the British Empire were unthinkable. A man sent to Australia said to a magistrate in 1800: "Let a man be what he will, when he comes here he is soon as bad as the rest. The heart of a man is taken from him, and there is given him the heart of a beast." Those who dared to write against kings had their books burned by the hangman, and were put in the pillory with their ears nailed; when they were set free the ears were often left behind. Milton's books were burned; the author of *Robinson Crusoe* was put in the pillory; a brave English writer was in prison two years for speaking the truth about a German blackguard who happened to be our Prince of Wales.

But it was the traffic in human beings that was the great blot on the Island then. It is strange and terrible

to reflect that while John Wesley was riding through the Island, preaching the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, British ships were carrying millions of people from their homes in Africa, chaining them between low decks with no room to raise their heads, and landing them as slaves in the New World. Great families owned slaves, and thought it right; it was largely owing to the profits of the slave trade that Mr. Gladstone was born rich, so that out of Slavery, we may say, came the opportunity of that great builder-up of Liberty.

John Wesley must have seen in shop windows, again and again, handcuffs and iron collars sold for slaves; chains of slavery were bought and sold as openly as watch-chains now. Between the birth of Shakespeare and the death of Wesley about six million slaves were shipped from Africa to America, and in one century 250,000 were thrown into the sea, alive or dead, from British ships. Our English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent missionaries to West Africa and owned slaves in the West Indies, and so little did it occur to them that slaves were human beings that this Gospel Society never dreamed of giving them any sort of teaching. When Wilberforce was able to raise his protest against this trade it took him twenty years to win for these poor slaves the rights of human beings, and there are men still living who remember the day when England washed her hands of this terrible crime.

That is how England treated black men: how did it treat our own countrymen, the toilers of the Island?

It treated them for four hundred years and more under laws which made every labourer a slave. The men who listened to John Wesley in the villages of England

were let out by the parish to their masters. A farmer would turn off his men, whom nobody else would engage, so that they would be driven to the workhouse and then go back to the farmer at pauper wages. The farmer would get them back cheap. No man dare save a penny; thrift was the sure way to beggary and despair. The man who had a little money saved was considered a danger to his master; he could ask for wages enough to keep his family alive. And so the thrifty man was turned away till he had spent his savings, when the master knew he would come back again, let out on hire from the workhouse at cheap rates. From Bannockburn to Waterloo something like this was the lot of the English working man.

We talk proudly of how the Island beat Napoleon long ago, but how many of us know how we really beat Napoleon? A proud story it is as we read it in the history books; as it will read in the Book of Judgment there is nothing more terrible in the story of the world.

The time came when the burden of the war was too grievous to be born, and at last the employers complained that the high wages for men and women made it impossible to pay the heavy taxes. Then it was that those who should have known better encouraged the manufacturers to use the children. It seemed, an old writer said, as if there fell upon the manufacturers the terrible words—*Take the children.*

They seemed to fall upon England like the voice of doom, and the masters listened to them. They took the children. They crammed the factories with machines so close that there was just room for little bodies to slip in and out of belts and wheels and spinning shafts. They took children at nine years old, they took them at six,

they took them at four; and they kept them in the factories thirteen hours a day. They kept overseers to whip them if their little bodies became drowsy or slow after ten hours of work; they kept blacksmiths to rivet and chain them if they tried to run away. They made them clean the machinery while they ate their porridge mixed with water; they made them walk as much as thirty miles a day about their work; they killed and maimed them in thousands.

Down in the mines, too, these children went; they stood fifteen hours without a rest in the cold, dark mine, opening and shutting trapdoors, or harnessed to heavy trucks, or standing in slime from five in the morning till six at night, pumping water at the bottom of the shaft. In these mines, often overrun with rats, these children would spend the few years of their unhappy lives. They were cheaper than horses; if a horse should die another must be bought, but if children should die there were plenty to take their places in the iron chains with which they dragged the coal which was making England great.

We are not reading pages from a novel, or from a history of China : we are reading of the life of an ordinary child in our Island in days that many still remember. When the invention of machinery changed the face of industry, bringing homework to an end and setting up the factory system in its place, slave-dealers, called by a prettier name, went up and down the Island and arranged to buy the workhouse children for the factories. The guardians were glad to get rid of them, and some bargained that with every twenty children the contractors should include one poor little child that was out of its mind. When the contractor had collected the children,

he would ship them in barges to the cotton towns, where they were kept in cellars till the millowners came and picked out the strongest. If a contractor went bankrupt, the children were put up for sale as his property.

Nobody seemed to care about all these things. There were great men living, your heroes and mine, but they seem to have been unmoved by things that make us shudder now. Shakespeare was writing the *Merchant of Venice* while the King of England was inflicting torture as cruel as Shylock's. Cromwell slaughtered people without mercy. Milton wrote in burning words of the poor people of Piedmont " whose bones lay scattered in the Alpine mountains cold," but he wrote no word for the poor women burned as witches at his door. And it is odd to think that Daniel Defoe, who has given us all such happy hours with *Robinson Crusoe*, boasted of the happy state of things in which little girls of four could earn their living. Robert Southey wrote, to his eternal honour, that the slave trade was mercy compared with the child trade in the factories, but Parliament took no notice until it was afraid—when the children were dying so fast that there was no room in the churchyards, so that the manufacturers in the House of Commons feared the people if the truth were known. Then they passed an Act limiting the work of children to twelve hours a day. Parliament, we may say, stopped the killing of children because there was no room to bury them.

But what Parliament did was almost nothing, and soon it all began again. Mothers carried their babies to the mills at four in the morning, and things were worse than ever. The manufacturers had friends everywhere, and when an Act was passed forbidding the employment of

children under nine they cried out that they would be ruined. Manchester would become a tomb, said Daniel O'Connell; and, as one in eight of its people lived in dark cellars, he might have added that it would not matter much, for a tomb is a fitting place for a slum. At a Parliamentary Committee a doctor who was asked if amusement or recreation was necessary for a child said that he did not see that it was necessary at all, and another doctor, when asked if a child could work twenty-three hours at once, would give no answer except that " perhaps it could not work twenty-four."

Happily for England, Lord Shaftesbury came, and he fought like a hero for the children, so that in 1842 little girls were saved from the slavery of the mine, and no boys under ten were allowed to go down. In that year one-third of all the workers in our mines were children; for every two men who went down, one child went too. Lord Shaftesbury saved the children who were being slowly murdered in our mills and factories; he saved the children whose eyes were hardly ever allowed to see the sun. He saved the little sweeps who were forced up chimneys from three in the morning till ten at night, and allowed to sleep the other five hours on a sack of soot in a cellar. If they did not climb the chimneys fast enough their masters would burn straw behind them, and the Bill to stop this took a hundred years to pass.

The British Parliament which freed the negro slaves cared little for the child slaves of England, and the truth is that Lord Shaftesbury saved the children of this land from a slavery which the leaders of the nation for a hundred years were quite willing to impose upon them. They were ground into gold to fill the pockets of the manu-

facturers, and there is not in all the world a story of more woe than the story of the saving of England's children while most of England's great men looked on, or passed by.

Like a fearful dragon selfishness rose up in the path of those who tried to make our Island great and happy; but more powerful than selfishness has been ignorance and superstition, and the prejudice against new things. Science has brought New York nearer to London than Edinburgh was in the coaching days, but how did the railway come to begin this work of opening up the world? The truth is that the man who made the railway possible was saved from a pauper's grave by a handful of workmen, and the world waited twenty-five years for a man to carry out his work.

The whole country scoffed at the penny post, the Postmaster General denounced it as the wildest scheme he had ever heard. The Post Office did its best to kill the telephone, as the Admiralty tried to kill the telegraph. Sir Walter Scott called the inventor of gas-lighting a madman, and a scientist said you might as well try to light London with a slice of the moon. The great Michael Faraday, the cleverest electrician of his age, pooh-poohed electric light. The President of the Royal Society ridiculed the idea of steamships.

The men who wrote new pages in the book of knowledge, who brought us light out of darkness and gave new powers of happiness to mankind, were treated as if they were criminals or madmen. Jenner, who led the way out of the plague of smallpox, was bitterly opposed. Sir James Simpson, who discovered the use of chloroform and saved the race from infinite pain, was denounced as an infidel. William Harvey, who revealed to men the most important truth about their bodies, was bitterly perse-

cuted. Sir Isaac Newton, for revealing the great fact of gravitation, was condemned as a wicked man.

But it is a wretched thing, you may think, to look back so far, to go in this way through the miseries of the distant past. Well, let us look at the world that many still remember. It was still a world of ignorance. Out of twenty-six barons who signed Magna Carta only three could write their names, and six hundred years after that half the men and women of the nation could not write. For a generation after Waterloo it was as if there hung over the gate of the Island a notice that no education was wanted here. Half the children were growing up without any learning at all, and knowledge was taxed in every way. So was health. There was a tax on windows, which kept the sun from the houses of the poor; there was a tax on insurance, which hindered thrift; there was a tax on advertising, which hindered business; there was a tax on tops, which hindered play. Worst of all was the four-penny tax on newspapers from 1815, as if the nation which had beaten Napoleon could not endure cheap newspapers.

All through the first half of last century knowledge and education were kept from the poor, and even Lord Shaftesbury, who had saved our children from slavery, declared that the idea of national education was dangerous to the State and against religion itself. He who had saved the bodies of our children was afraid to save their minds.

No wonder our prisons were crammed. Elizabeth Fry found men and women and children huddled together in Newgate like wild beasts, and the scenes of prison life frightened even strong men. The Governor of Newgate dared not go into the cells until Elizabeth Fry had done her work. For years innocent men lay in gaol, women

and children with them, because they could not afford to pay the warders for the little bit of extra food, or the light from a tiny window they had had; and they stayed on, growing deeper in debt, until the life that remained to them was not worth living. So, from year to year, this pitiful condition of our Island remained.

We talk with admiration of the men who won the Great War, but how did the Island treat the men who broke Napoleon's power? Let us look back. None of us would have taken into our homes the average soldier at Waterloo. Fourteen years after Waterloo the Duke of Wellington said of the man who enlisted in the British Army that he was generally the worst drunkard and probably the worst workman in his town, and less than fifty years ago the Minister for War told the House of Commons that it had come to be a question whether the British Army should collapse or not. We could not get men. We never could get enough men for our last war in Europe. Why? Let us see.

After the French wars were over, when large sums of money were being voted to Wellington and the officers, it was proposed to reward the men too, and what do you think was to be their reward for Waterloo? It was proposed to reward them by limiting their flogging to a hundred lashes! The flogging of soldiers for all sorts of offences was so bad that the floggers would take it in shifts and a doctor stood by to say how much a man could stand without dying. It is hard for us to believe it, but the Government opposed this "reward" for the men who beat Napoleon, and the flogging went on; sometimes a man would get a thousand lashes. At last a soldier was flogged to death, and Parliament then

reduced the flogging to fifty lashes. And when do you think this barbarism was stopped by the Mother of Parliaments? Even within your father's time Queen Victoria wrote to Mr. Gladstone begging him not to stop flogging, *as it would take away from the officers the only power they had of keeping young troops in order.* Every generous heart is proud today that the English humanity of Mr. Gladstone prevailed over the German cynicism of Queen Victoria, and the abolition of flogging was followed by a rush to the colours. The Army at last had a character, and men were not ashamed to belong to it. A soldier was treated like a man, and was no longer a cringing creature under a lash.

That is how we treated our Army, and the story of the Navy is worse. Columbus took men from Spanish prisons to find America; we sent out men from prison to win Trafalgar. The Navy could never get enough men to beat Napoleon, even by offering £70 apiece, but at last every county was ordered to supply its share, and they sent their beggars and vagabonds out to sea. Two out of three men ran away from the Navy in Nelson's wars, and we do not wonder, for most captains flogged the men continually with cat-o'-nine-tails, and a sailor's mates would generally make him drunk before the flogging, as a doctor makes a man unconscious before an operation.

So, looking back on the long, long trail of the Island, we see by what a strange dark way we came. It may seem incredible, but it is no doubt true, that the peace of those days was as cruel and hard for our people as the war of these days was for the people of Belgium and France. Few things could be worse than war, but at least we know it, and all men long for it to end; but this terrible Past

was the life of peace, from year to year, from generation to generation.

Yet all through those far-off days there were those who saw the vision, rare minds who knew that all these things would end; and we know that in the end their dreams came true. Out of the depths of the universe comes the strength of those who fight for the Island. They pass through the fires, but the armour of faith will save them. Darkness and fear encompass them, but the stars in their courses beckon them on. Storm and tempest will press and rage about them, but the Everlasting Arms will hold them up. They who fight for the Island fight for the Living God who leads us on; they have those mighty allies that never yet have failed a noble cause. Did we not see, at Gheluvelt and many a place in the Great War, the things that cannot be explained unless we say that some invisible ally intervened?

All through history men have seen it. We have come out of a Past that was darker than night; we have come out of a Peace that was worse than war, but we know that nothing yet has beaten liberty, nothing has overthrown the power of righteousness. And so we march, with faith unquenchable, to a future nobler yet, lifting up our hearts and crying to the sun with Robert Browning the poet of our unconquerable hope—

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

THE MATCHLESS HERO OF THE ISLAND

Ah ! the heroes of the Island, the long, long line of those who died for you and me ! Though the Island should be swallowed up by the sea, their names, with the things they dreamed of and the things they did, will live on in the deathless story of the human race.

Not one of us who does not share the splendour and the glory of Sir Walter Raleigh. He made the Island famous in the world, he raised her high, he set her marching through the centuries, guardian of liberty and leader of mankind. No story in the world can match this great adventure of the British Empire through 400 years of time, and it began as an idea in the mind of Walter Raleigh.

He was the first of all the men who dreamed of it; as Alfred dreamed of an English nation set in these narrow seas, so Raleigh dreamed of an English Empire beyond the raging main. And yet the story of this man who made us great, and flung our fame throughout the world, and founded all the British Empire Queen Elizabeth ever knew, is a tragedy too deep for tears, enough to break a heart of stone.

He was born in that great seamen's little world of Devon, in that great age of freedom when the Reformation burst the prison walls of thought. The minds of our Island were opening out. They dared to think and speak, and there were things to think and speak about, for a

beggarman from the streets of Madrid had found another world, and America, like a magnet, drew all ships into it. By the rivers of Devon, and on its rocky coast, this tall, dark, handsome Walter Raleigh, with the face of a lover and the soul of a poet and the heart of a dreamer, and the light of far-away in his blue eyes—this proud man prayed that he might sail the sea and build up power and honour for the land he loved.

If we call men pirates who swept the pirate off the seas and built a fleet for England at their own expense, who tramped over our Island night after night to man their ships, who paid for it all out of their own pockets, who risked their lives and their families and their fortunes that the glory might be ours—if such men as these are pirates, Raleigh was poet and pirate too. He loved riches and fame and power, but who does not? He loved riches for the power they brought him, and he spent them to make his dreams come true.

He was a mighty figure in an age when mighty men must hang about a throne if they would realise their dreams, and Raleigh trod the open road to power. We may believe that it was not for nothing, not for the chivalry of it only, that he threw his cloak in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on. A man who wanted royal charters to seek new lands must have a friend at court, and if the friend sat on the throne itself so much better for his royal charters.

He rose rapidly at court, and obtained great powers and privileges. He lived like a lord in his palace at Adelphi. He walked through the streets wearing a hat-band of pearls and a jewel worth £400. He became one of the greatest landowners in the kingdom. He was one of the hardest-working men in the kingdom, too. He

worked like a giant. He would sleep for five hours, read for four, play for two, and work for the rest, whether day or night. If he graced the court and sought the favour of Elizabeth, it was not for selfish purposes. He was courtier, poet, historian, soldier, sailor, explorer, scientist, orator, philosopher, and trustee of a great estate, and he loved England more than all. Rare patriot and lover of learning, it is said that he longed to set up a bureau of knowledge where anyone might come for information—a dream that many men have had, but have had so far in vain.

The truth is that Raleigh had the mind of a thinker and of a man of action too. The rarest elements mixed in him. His ideas were bold, and his faith in them was boundless. He had that wonderful thing imagination, as rare then as it is now. He was three hundred years before Darwin, but even in his History of the World we find the dim vision of that idea of Evolution that came into Darwin's mind. It was not in the nature of things that Raleigh should grasp its meaning, but he wrote of the transformation that takes place in living creatures in the course of ages, and of the daily witness of the garden to the changing nature of fruits. But for the inhumanity of the English king, the glory of English history and English literature might have been enriched beyond our dreams by this faithful, dauntless, far-seeing man. It was the love of a queen and the hate of a king that spoilt his life.

Across three centuries there comes to us today the thrill of the vision of Sir Walter Raleigh. Who can think of Virginia without the stirring of a great emotion? There were laid the foundation stones of the English-speaking

world beyond the seas, and it was Raleigh who laid them. He obtained from Queen Elizabeth a charter which must be for ever remembered as the first great document in the archives of the British Empire. It gave him power to organise a fleet and go to sea, but charters had done this before for other men; what was new in Raleigh's charter was that it contemplated the permanent occupation and settlement of the new country he discovered, and the guarantee to all settlers of the privileges and rights of citizens at home.

It was the beginning of the colonisation which has spread to the ends of the earth, and it began in that part of the new-found world which Raleigh named Virginia, after the virgin queen. She would not let him go, and he sent his ships out under other men, but she was glad when this great dreamer's dreams came true; she was glad that while this man was about her court his ships were seeking new lands, so that, as Raleigh said, the queen should have "a better Indies than the King of Spain had any." And so it came about that Raleigh's expeditions sailed without him. It was one of his griefs that though he organised his fleet, he himself must stay at home to entertain the great Elizabeth.

But no court could contain the strength of such a man. Regions Elizabeth never knew his daring spirit swayed. The reports from Virginia enthralled him, and, though tragedy on tragedy befell his expeditions, nothing could destroy his faith that Virginia would become a mighty place. We look back to all that Virginia is and all that it has been, and there is something that burns like a prophet's fire in those words of Raleigh long ago: "I shall yet live to see it an English nation."

A NECKLACE FOR A LITTLE MAID—A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER

[See Chapter 2

NINETEEN CENTURIES AGO ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER—THE ROMAN GENERAL DIRECTS THE BUILDING OF THE ROMAN HOUSE NOW BURIED UNDER A FIELD IN KENT

[*See Chapter 2*

THE CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD IN CHAINS—IN THIS PRISON CELL CLAUDIA, THE BRITISH LADY WHO BEFRIENDED PAUL IN ROME, WOULD COME TO TALK WITH THE CAPTIVE IN THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS BROUGHT BEFORE AGRIPPA

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ONE OF THE GREATEST DAYS IN THE STORY OF THE ISLAND WAS WHEN THE HIGH PRIEST COIFI RODE UP GOODMANHAM LANE TO SMASH THE IDOLS

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His expedition left a hundred people in Virginia. They found the climate good, the soil rich, and boundless areas of country stretching away they knew not where. It was like a Golden Age to these hundred people, until some petty crime aroused the anger of the Red Indians, who refused to cultivate the land; so that food ran short and the little settlement was menaced with starvation. Suddenly Francis Drake appeared and gave them passage home, and they had hardly left when Grenville arrived with ships and stores. Not finding the Englishmen there, he left fifteen volunteers as an outpost of Roanoke Island, the only foot of territory then held secure for England. Those fifteen men stood for the British Empire. Raleigh sent out a new expedition, but could not find these men. They were probably slain by treachery, and we may think of them, that lonely group of Englishmen on the edge of an unknown world, as the first martyrs of the Empire.

But there was no despair in Raleigh's heart, however sad it was. The American coast had been explored for 250 miles. He had found friendly peoples, he had found potatoes and tobacco and mahogany; but, more than all, he had found new inspiration for his dreams, and on and on he went. Five expeditions to Virginia he equipped, and they must have cost him a fortune.

The first expedition was murdered by Red Indians. Captain John Smith, in charge of the second, was saved by the pleading of Queen Pocahontas. She became friendly, married an Englishman, and helped to build up Jamestown. She came to England with her baby boy, she went to see a Shakespeare play, she died and was buried in a church by the Thames. Let us think of her

kindly, this first queen over whom the British flag flew oversea, all the more kindly because her son went back to her kingdom and married an English girl, from whom descended, through many strange times and many strange scenes, the wife of President Wilson.

It is pathetic, in looking back to that great story of Virginia, to see how true was the instinct of Raleigh. He saw the light, however dark it was; he kept the faith. When he sent out Captain John White to look for those fifteen men at Roanoke, he sent also another group of settlers, so that when White left to come home for new supplies, and to report that little tragedy, he left behind him there eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children. One of the women was his daughter, Mrs. Dare, who became the mother of Virginia Dare, the first child ever born in the British Empire oversea. Virginia Dare! How great a name, how true! Virginia stands to all the world for daring; there was nothing Raleigh would not dare for Virginia; there is nothing Virginia has not dared to face for her high place in mankind.

"I yet shall see her an English nation," the unconquerable Raleigh would say, and from near God's throne he may yet look down on Virginia, where the British flag first flew; Virginia, which gave George Washington and President Wilson to the world; Virginia, which raised the first voice ever raised against the German kings of England; Virginia, which under Washington wrung her freedom from our German kings, which under Lincoln fought and bled—though on the losing side—in the war of freedom for the slaves; which under Wilson lived to see America, in the tercentenary year of Raleigh, hand in hand and heart in heart with Raleigh's English nation.

It was the finding of Virginia that was the first great dream of Raleigh's life. He had another—the breaking of the despotic power of Spain. He was perhaps the first man who wrote in a book that England's defence must ever be by sea, and the best energies of his life—almost all his strength that tragedy did not consume—he gave to building up our sea power. Freedom was in his blood, and he hated the tyranny of Spain, vaunted abroad in the world "as if the kings of Castile were the natural heirs of all the earth." It was to break this power of Philip, which threatened more and more to overwhelm these islands, that Raleigh planned his expeditions. We need not follow him through them all. Again and again he sent them out, and at times he went out with them. He loved his little Ark Raleigh; he thought her the best ship in the world for all conditions. "We can see no sail great or small," he said, "but how far soever they be off we fetch them and speak with them."

He was setting out in her on one of his expeditions when Frobisher came up behind to fetch him back. He had dared to fall in love with a maid of honour at the court, and his fond queen sent him to the Tower. It was the beginning of his miseries. It did not suit Elizabeth that her brilliant captain of the guard should transfer his admiration to her maid of honour, but Raleigh was happier in his wife than in his queen. She staked her all to win him, and he once wrote to her, "I chose you and loved you in my happiest times." Their letters move us still across the gulf of time.

It was happy for them both that, while Raleigh lay in the Tower, the expedition from which he had been withdrawn came home again, bearing the richest prize

ever landed on our shores. The bringer of all this wealth could not be left to languish in the Tower. Elizabeth let him out to look after the unloading, and down at Dartmouth Raleigh was received with joy by his own people. He gave most of his share of the treasure to the Queen—more than any man had presented her as yet, he proudly said, and with this price he bought his freedom.

He sailed again for Guiana two years later, with full powers to do anything against Spain, and to that unfortunate adventure we may trace the source of half his woes.

A strange world it was in those days. We read of a king aged 110 who came to meet them mourning the death of his son, "whom he most entirely loved"; we read of races of mysterious people "whose heads did not appear above their shoulders"; we read of a distant mountain formed of crystals with a mighty river thundering from its summit like a thousand bells; and we read of Eldorado, the fabled land of gold. Raleigh believed in it. He believed the stories of gold mines which Captain Keymis brought him, and he came home to fit out a new expedition to find the mines.

All the time the Spanish menace grew. Broken in the Armada, Philip sought revenge, and we find the dauntless Raleigh again and again in those sea fights which at last established our supremacy. We find him at Cadiz, inspiring that great fight in which the power of Spain received its mortal wound. We find him at Fayal, capturing the town alone before his commander, Essex, arrived on the scene—greatly to the exasperation of Essex, who made no mention of Raleigh in his report

of this supreme achievement, and never forgave him through all their years of rivalry at court.

Of all these battles Raleigh left his own accounts. He was not only a fighter of battles, but historian too. It was his description of the last fight of the *Revenge* which inspired Lord Tennyson's immortal poem. The more we think of Raleigh, the more the wonder of him grows. This man would build his ships at his own expense and tramp about in lanes for men to man them; would take them out to sea to find new lands, to bring home treasure, or to drive the Spaniards from Cadiz; and would come home and write a history of his fights that men would read in ages yet to be. There is a letter in which he tells how he hunted round the villages of Kent for runaway sailors, dragging in the mire from ale-house to ale-house. "As fast as we press men one day," he wrote, "they run away another, and say they will not serve."

Such was this man, such was his zeal for England, such were the blows he delivered to Philip of Spain, with much toil and without much glory, for he never had an independent command, and his life at court was harassed and chequered as, one after another, new favourites came and went. And then Elizabeth went, to that great bourne from which there is no return. Now the poltroon James comes on the scene, and from this hour there is no happiness for Raleigh.

We need not claim for him that he had all the virtues; we need not claim that he was free from vice. He was a part of all that he had met, as most men are. He was a man of his time and a man of the court, subject to all the influences and desires and temptations that swayed the great men of his day. Let us believe that Raleigh had the

virtues and the vices of humanity, but let us believe the truth, at least; and the truth is that the treatment of this founder of the British Empire is a stain on English justice that eternity will not blot out.

He, Sir Walter Raleigh, who lived to break the power of Spain for England's sake, was accused by some loafing lord in a fit of temper of being a traitor to England and a friend of Spain; and on the strength of this, and nothing else, he was sent to the Tower, suffered blow upon blow, and lay year after year in his prison cage, while the glory of his name was besmirched in treason. The Stuarts were beginning well. James had come down from Scotland hating this great Englishman. He sent Raleigh to his trial, but he was determined on his doom.

Let us pass quickly over this dark scene. In vain the prisoner begged to be confronted with his accuser; not once through all the years of suspense and agony were they brought face to face. The injustice of this trial fills us with anger still. Raleigh's bitter enemy, Sir Edward Coke, sat among his judges, and would say to him: "Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face but a Spanish heart;" and when Raleigh burst in with, "Let me answer; it concerns my life," the Chief Justice would pass on. Coke would call him a viper, and it has been said that the coarse brutality of the Chief Justice in passing sentence goes far to justify the story that the judge had stolen purses in his youth. One who saw the trial said: "When it began I would have gone a hundred miles to see Raleigh hanged; before it closed I would have gone a thousand to save his life."

This is the sentence passed upon this man—that he was to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution,

to be hanged and cut down alive, to have his heart plucked out and the head severed from the body, to have his body divided into four quarters and disposed of at the pleasure of King James. Raleigh, the man of Virginia, the man of Cadiz, begged to say a few words to the lords, and pleaded that he might die like a soldier, and that his death might not be ignominious. What they did was to set him at a window, where he watched the other prisoners walk up to the scaffold and walk away reprieved, and at that last moment Raleigh also was reprieved and sent back to the Tower.

For twelve years he was there, a captive in a cage, and it is said that these twelve years made Raleigh popular. A great wave of national sympathy gathered about him. From the terrace on which he was allowed to take his walks he watched the river running to the sea, and his mind would travel with the waves far out on the voyages of his dreams. There little groups of people would stand and watch him, and a sense of the cruelty of his captivity would grow upon them. The oppression of it all in the mind of such a man was relieved by the companionship of his wife and their boy, who were allowed to share his prison, and he had the great Ben Jonson as a fellow captive for a little while. Rare companions they must have been, whose quiet talks behind their prison bars would have been worth today the memory of an eternity of kings like James. It was James's son, the young Prince of Wales, who loved this noble prisoner in the Tower, and came to see him often, and it was he who said, with that contempt for his father that all posterity shares, "Only my father would keep such a bird in a cage." Yet in his cage his spirit was not broken; stone walls did

not a prison make for him. He turned a hen-house into a laboratory, and amused himself with scientific experiments. He had been in the Tower ten years, and was sixty-two years old, when he started to write a history of the world. It is thought he may have written it for the young prince who loved him.

Such a labour in such an age was an amazing thing, but Raleigh worked on until he had written over thirteen hundred pages for his first volume. He wrote like a man whose business it was to write. He wrote of a hundred things, and he did it all so well that after his death it was said that this book, written in his prison, gave him a greater title to fame than all the work of his active years. John Milton published some of Raleigh's work; Cromwell esteemed his History as second only to the Bible; and it was said by Charles Kingsley that this volume was the most God-fearing and God-seeing History ever known.

But the History was never finished; it was suppressed because it "dealt too saucily with kings," and Raleigh may have tired of wasting his few remaining years. He did something else: he woke up one morning and bribed two poor relations of a new favourite who had come to court, and he was set free from the Tower to go on a war expedition to Guiana to find the mine that Captain Keymis knew. The old dream of Eldorado was on him again, and he was free to follow it.

He came out of the Tower and walked through the streets of London for the first time in twelve years. He must have been a broken man, and he was sixty-three. We can imagine the familiar figure making his way through the streets by the Thames, startling little groups of people as he passed, turning into Adelphi, the scene of his great

days, past Charing Cross, down Whitehall, and on to Westminster, where he would turn into the solemn twilight of the Abbey to live again through memory by the grave of Queen Elizabeth.

But his doom was hastening on. He was fifteen months preparing for his expedition, and the knowledge that Raleigh was free and fitting out his ships again set Spain a-thinking. Philip was not yet dead, and he had not forgotten Elizabeth and the great Armada. With an idiot king on Elizabeth's throne the last of the Elizabethans could be hunted to his doom. And so the Spanish ambassador protested to the king against the freedom and activities of Raleigh, and in the end this man who helped to smash the great Armada, the last of those great men who spent their lives in fighting Spain, who made the English throne safe for this king to sit on and gave the English power at sea—the last of this great company of Elizabeth's immortals was handed over and betrayed by James himself, who had done nothing much fouler since with his own hands he tortured a poor old man for causing a storm at sea. He set Raleigh free to organise the expedition and allowed him to organise it on the basis of war, and behind Raleigh's back he gave the Spanish ambassador all the secret plans and this solemn promise to Philip—that if Raleigh offended the might of Spain he, King James himself, would send the founder of the British Empire back to be hanged in Madrid.

We need not follow Raleigh out. He was away a year, and when he came back to Plymouth, on a glorious June day in 1618, his faithful wife was waiting for him. It must have been too much for her much-tried heart to bear, for Raleigh had failed. The dream of Eldorado was

not true. The treacherous Spaniards had attacked his unarmed men; Keymis had slain himself in his cabin, and, bitterest news of all this woeful tale, their boy was dead. So Raleigh met again this woman he had loved in their happy days at Sherborne; so they met once more in this most desperate hour.

And there, beside them, stood a kinsman, the scoundrel Stukely, sent down by the King of England to arrest this man in the name of Spain It was misery on misery. Stukely set spies to watch and trap his prisoner on the road to London. Soon they passed Sherborne, and Raleigh, looking on the scene of his early married life and thinking of the tragedy of the faithful woman at his side, burst out: "All this was mine, and it was taken from me unjustly."

In London he tried to escape, and Stukely pretended to aid him. He left his house in Bread Street with Stukely and a faithful servant. They took a boat for Tilbury. The great Sir Walter Raleigh, who loved his life and had given it all for England, was fleeing from his country. This man who loved the sea and made it free for England was hurrying to it as a fugitive. They passed the great black mass of the Tower in the dark; soon, if all went well, he would be beyond the reach of his old prison-house, and Raleigh, old and weary and forsaken, might die in peace.

But black treachery was waiting a little down the river. Another boat came up, and the fugitive was arrested in the name of the King. Not even then did he suspect the treachery of Stukely. He bade him farewell, and gave him his last few personal possessions as a mark of a kinsman's affection; and yet this traitor was the miserable tool of the infamous powers that were closing

fast round Raleigh. They put him in the Tower again on the plea that he had offended Spain, though over his head still hung the charge that he was a friend of Spain. It did not matter what they charged him with; his enemies were determined he should die.

In vain he pleaded for his life, in vain he protested he was loyal to the King, in vain he called to be confronted with his accusers; the vengeance of Spain pursued him ruthlessly.

The Spanish Ambassador was at the elbow of the King, sneering at James that Raleigh and his men were in England and had not been hanged, and James had no time to listen to the founder of our Empire. And then, in a letter which still quivers with emotion, Raleigh wrote to him again. If he had spent his estate and lost his son and suffered a world of miseries, he said, if he had resisted the spoils with which his crews would have made him rich, if he had surrendered his liberty when he was master of his life, if he had brought his ships to England when he might have sold them, he besought the King to believe that all this he had done that it should not be said the King had trusted a man who had betrayed him.

But James was busy writing essays on the Lord's Prayer, and could not listen. They took the founder of the British Empire and rushed him from the Tower, shivering with ague, and condemned him to die the next day.

He was " broken in his brains," he wrote in his despair. " My services, hazards, and expenses for my country, plantings, fightings, councils—malice has all covered over." On the night of October 28, 1618, his wife went to say farewell. They parted for ever in this world as midnight

struck, she who loved him with the love of women, he who would have died for her, and in her last words she told him through her tears that they had promised her his body, which would not suffer the ignominy to which it had been condemned twelve years before. Lying then in the Tower, waiting his cruel fate, he had written to her " with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, now alas overthrown," a letter that we may well remember here. " Time and death call me away," he wrote, while waiting for the scaffold, and the words he thought would be his last were these : " The everlasting, infinite, powerful, and inscrutable God that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true life and light, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false accusers; and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy; pray for me. May true God hold you both in His arms."

Now death was beckoning him indeed, and they met no more. They took him the next morning down to Old Palace Yard, and there, in front of the Houses of Parliament, they sacrificed to the enemies of his country as noble a man as ever served a king.

There was a fire by the scaffold, but he would not linger. When the end came he was glad to be gone. The tragedy of his life had lasted long enough. Three lords came to the scaffold to shake hands with him, and he made a speech in which he prayed that God should blot him out of the Book of Life if he had ever been disloyal to the King. He entreated that all would join with him in prayer to that great God in heaven whom he had grievously offended, " being a man full of all vanity, who hath lived a sinful life in such callings as have been most

inducing to it," for he had been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, all of them courses of wickedness and vice. "But I trust He will not only cast away my sin, but will receive me into everlasting life," he said; and then, looking for the last time on the faces of his countrymen, he said, "I have a long journey to take, and must bid the company farewell." Two blows from the headsman, and Raleigh had passed into his immortality.

The crowd turned away with a thrill of anguish and shame. His widow buried his body in St. Margaret's Church across the way, but his head she embalmed and kept through her long years of widowhood.

So perished the victim of Philip and James, the patriot and dreamer of the English-speaking race. As for those who slew him, they lived on. Stukely lived an outcast, shunned by all, and died a maniac, haunted by the face of Walter Raleigh, in the lonely island of Lundy, where he hid himself from men. Lord Cobham, who betrayed him for a thousand pieces of gold, died in poverty and filth, being long kept alive by an old servant who fed him with scraps. James, of whom Macaulay said that he was a nervous, drivelling idiot, continued to degrade the crown until he died.

Such were the men who hounded to his doom the matchless hero of our Island, the founder of our British Commonwealth. They lie in the dust of oblivion, while he shines eternal, like the very stars of God.

THE VERY HEART OF THE ISLAND

What do they know of England
Who only England know?

THEY know little indeed, for would you know England you must know not only these little islands, this little patch of red that is almost lost in the map of the world; would you know England you must know more than these few millions of people cut off from the mainland of Europe when the waves of the Atlantic gathered about these hills a million years or so ago.

Would you know England? Then look across the world; follow the sun by day and night, for his shining glory never falls upon the earth but it lights upon some work our Island did. Round the whole planet you must go would you know England, and all that she has done for men.

But for all of us who can walk, and are healthy, and can see, there is one great thing we can do; there is one glorious hour that we can live in the very heart of very England, in the most sacred piece of English earth enclosed within the seas, the little piece of earth made holy for ever by the feet of the dreamers and founders and builders of the Island and all that she has meant to men.

We can come to London on some golden day in June, we can go to the foot of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square, and we can look down Whitehall to Westminster.

We are looking down a great highway where angels would tread lightly if they came, for here, in the few hundreds of yards of earth before our eyes, is packed more of England than in any other space so small. Here is enshrined more of the life of her immortal men than anywhere else on earth; here for a thousand years has beat the heart of this free land that nursed and cradled Liberty. Let us take a walk down Whitehall.

Behind us, in the long low galleries that mark the northern boundary of Trafalgar Square, Art reigns in its proud realm. Great pictures that men will look on for ever are here; and here too, close to this very heart of England, we can walk about for an hour and see our great men as they were—Tennyson as he walked on the heather at Blackdown; Cromwell as he stood not far from here and refused the crown; Darwin who watched the flowers grow in his garden and read Nature's secrets in them. But we leave this kingdom of fine things, we leave the great space and the splendid fountains, we cross the shadow the Nelson Column throws across the road, and we are in Whitehall itself, and at the very first inch of it we are in touch with the power that has grown up in these islands through a thousand years.

It is the power that guards the freedom of the world. Here, in the building with which Whitehall begins as we go down on the right, is the hand and brain that controls the British Fleet. A quaint old-fashioned little building it is, but come round the corner, through the glorious Arch that runs into the Mall and the little Green Park. Now we feel that old times have passed away, for on our left, as we look down to the King's palace half a mile away, the old-fashioned Admiralty grows into a great

modern place, rising magnificently in the wide space behind the Horse Guards, and we feel that this home of the Fleet is something like the Fleet itself. For our fleet began with little boats pulled with oars; it grew up with the curious sort of ships that carried Martin Frobisher to unknown seas and Francis Drake around the world; it grew strong in the days when Robert Blake would call to see Cromwell in the Council-room still standing in this street; it came sailing with the wind into the Age of Steam and grew to be the greatest power the hands of men have made; and today the kings and governments and peoples of the world bow down to it as the guardian of liberty and the saviour of mankind.

And so there is something not unfitting in the way the old Admiralty creeps out into the park and becomes a fine place there. It keeps watch there over the Prime Minister's back garden and the King's front gate; it guards the people's great highway; it looks across to the room where ambassadors from all the world consult our England, and it bows down, as it were, to Nelson's Column, for he looks down from his height as if for ever he were keeping watch upon his own. It is said that in the little old building, long ago, a man going in to see " My Lords " passed another man coming out; and the man going in was Wellington and the man coming out was Nelson, but neither knew the other then; and it is said that these two men, so near each other in our Island story, were never again so near in life as on that day, in this old place, when neither knew the other. Today their spirit rules in Whitehall.

When England forgets her Drakes and Blakes and Nelsons she will be forgot by history. Times have changed

"THAT LITTLE SPARROW, FLYING THROUGH THE GREAT HALL, HELPED TO SHAPE THE COURSE OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY"

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BERTHA, WIFE OF ETHELBERT, KING OF KENT

ETHELBURGA, DAUGHTER OF QUEEN BERTHA AND WIFE OF KING EDWIN

IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY THE MOST DRAMATIC THING IN THE ISLAND WAS THE DAUNTLESS CHIVALRY OF THESE TWO WOMEN

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and nations and navies have changed with them, but still the British Admiralty stands on the rock of liberty where Drake and Nelson founded it. It is not for any selfish cause that these little islands, through long toil and years of sacrifice, with the courage of men who died for things greater than life, have built up the power that has swept the pirate from the seas for ever. We must be free or die, but it is not for us alone that we have fought for freedom through these centuries. We would share it with all other peoples, and the British Navy, if it has saved the liberty of our homeland, has been no less the friend of all mankind.

It seeks no territory from other nations, it imperils no man's freedom, it endangers no man's life; it guards the fortress of liberty here in England and the boundaries of liberty wherever they may be; it keeps open the ocean highways for all, and it protects the ships that pass in thousands night and day. There is no freedom for any nation if a tyrant holds the seas; and until the fleet of the League of Nations does this work for all, the British Fleet will do it without fear and without complaining.

In a thousand ways and more the Fleet has changed since the days when Drakes went out as pirates and Nelsons freed the seas. A ship was a simple enough thing then, an elaborate sort of box with a sail driven by the wind; but what is a ship today? It is something more than power, it is something we may be proud of however great our ideals are. If all the nations were to pass away, and all the things that men have made, and if we had power to leave behind us just one thing to let the future know what we could do, we could leave the future nothing better for our purpose than a ship, for this great

thing is a sort of concentration of all we know and all we can do. Those days of war have passed away, we hope, for ever now, but do you remember the wonder of them all? A man saw a little black thing in the sea twenty miles away. He was moving at one speed and the little black thing at another; but the little black thing was the enemy of freedom, and it must go; and so a gun was aimed and timed to create an explosion at the point where the heart of the enemy ship would be in half a minute. Winds had to be reckoned with, and the friction of steel tubes, and the wear and tear of steel itself, and the pull of the earth, and the speeds at which the ships were moving, but the gun was fired, the shell flew twenty miles, the explosion took place, and the little black thing was doomed.

So near perfection is a ship that it works with the exactness of a watch. It is the organisation of knowledge, of science, of laws and matter, the regulation and control of mechanical powers beyond all reckoning. There is in it the mind of the chemist and the astronomer, the physicist and the engineer, the biologist and the doctor, the mathematician and the carpenter; there is in a ship, indeed, a little bit of everything; it is the most astonishing visible manifestation we have of the pure brain-power of a nation.

Let us look up, as we leave the Admiralty, at those thin wires that hang above the top of it. They puzzle us as they would puzzle Nelson, but we can use them in a way he never dreamed of, for up there, in that thrilling little dome that Mr. Stead used to call the Conning Tower of the Empire, the First Lords of our Admiralty can sit and be in instant touch with every British ship that sails within a thousand miles, and the day is coming fast when

men will sit in this small Conning Tower and talk to an admiral on his bridge wherever he may be. If the ships of the Admiralty enshrine the knowledge of the past, these thin wires above its roof, humming and swaying in the wind, enshrine the promise of the future, for they speak to us who pass by of the days that are coming when men will talk to anywhere, when the power of the human voice, and perhaps the power of human vision, will throw itself across the earth. Then distance will no longer add confusion to our views; we shall talk with each other and understand, and there will be no more wars; and the great building with the lovely domes that we now reach in Whitehall will then be no more a War Office, but a Peace Office. We stand looking at it from the barracks of the Horse Guards, on the spot where Philip Sidney used to tilt before he died for England's sake; and we know that in this place there was achieved, in those red years of war, an amazing revolution. In twenty months it turned a peaceful citizen nation into one of the military strongholds of Europe.

If the catastrophe that overtook the world found the War Office unequal to its task, that was hardly more than could be said of any other human institution. It is the genius of Whitehall that its instruments of government are ready for the people when they want them. There may be something wrong, screws loose and handles missing, but there is that in freedom that will take these instruments of government as they are and use them well. The Machine is here in Whitehall, the power to drive it is in the liberty that runs through every town and hamlet in these islands, and somehow England with her liberty muddles through to everlasting fame.

But we must guard our liberty unceasingly, and Whitehall speaks for ever of the lengths to which this nation will go in guarding what is all in all. Looking down Whitehall is the figure of a man on horseback. There are men who would go a thousand miles to see it, so famous is it as a work of art; it is said that Cromwell's Parliament ordered its destruction, but that somebody hid it and brought it out again in safer days. Now nobody throws a stone at it; we are so strong in our freedom that we can look a traitor in the face and not be afraid. And Charles Stuart was a traitor. He lied to the nation about its solemn affairs as a thief about his gains. He gave his word again and again and broke it like a kaiser. He accepted mercy from a trusting Parliament and paid it back in bitterness. He exhausted the patience of all good men and made the government of England impossible as long as he was alive.

And so he had to go; and here he sits on his horse, looking down on the very room from which he passed to die. He walked down Whitehall in a long black coat and with a rich red waistcoat; he walked into the Banqueting Room of old Whitehall Palace, standing to this day as it stood then; he walked under the doorway and through the hall where anyone of us can walk for sixpence now, and through the window of this hall he walked on to a scaffold. There was a great groan from the thousands of people in the street, but Cromwell's soldiers soon dispersed them; and, whatever doubts men may have had then, there are no doubts now that Cromwell was right. It is said that he came into Whitehall in the dark of night, a stern and muffled figure, made his way to the room where the dead king lay, and stood for a time

by the coffin. "A terrible necessity," he muttered to himself, and history knows that it was true.

Across the road from this tragic window a little office stands between the people and the throne. No man has yet been born on earth who should have power to rule a nation by himself; and so there are gathered about the king the members of the Privy Council, the men we call Right Honourables. They are chosen by the king to serve him while he lives, and they pledge themselves to guard him and advise him, according to their wisdom and discretion, for his own honour and the good of the people, without bias through affliction or need or doubt or dread; they pledge themselves to keep his counsels secret and to avoid corruption; to help and strengthen the good work of the realm, and to withstand its enemies; and to observe, keep, and do all that a good and faithful councillor should do to his sovereign lord.

It is this council of about a hundred men, with its little office in Whitehall, that proclaims the king on his accession, and makes known his wishes to the nation. As laws are passed for whole nations and may be hard sometimes on individuals, so they are passed for general purposes and may miss particular cases; and so there is sometimes issued an Order in Council.

The Privy Council which issues these Orders is like a little Parliament gathered about the king. Its power is very limited, and can be exercised only by permission of Parliament itself; the Order in Council is, indeed, the way in which the British Parliament acts quickly in emergencies. There may be cattle plague in Europe, and it is of profound importance to us all that stricken cattle should not be landed at our ports. But such a law,

clearly, cannot be made by Parliament: there is no time, and in any case such laws as these must change from week to week or day to day, for plague may be in Norway one day and not there the next; and while it may be safe to import cattle from Belgium it may be dangerous to import them from Sweden. So an Order in Council is issued to cover such emergencies, or to add particular cases to general laws that Parliament has already passed. Parliament has, for example, declared that certain birds shall not be shot or robbed in certain seasons, and an Order in Council may add new birds to the list.

It is easy to see how there grew out of the Privy Council one of the best known of all our instruments of government. If we walk down Whitehall just a little farther we come to the narrow way on the right which is called Downing-street, and in it are two shabby houses built of red brick, with the dust of perhaps a hundred years or so upon them. Nobody would choose them to live in because they are good houses. They tuck themselves away behind the great magnificence of Whitehall, and they have little back gardens such as you find in Brixton; and yet a man would rather live here than anywhere else in the Island, for in the first of these houses lives the Prime Minister, and in the next lives one of his right-hand men.

In the Prime Minister's dingy house sits the Cabinet, the twenty men, or thereabouts, who hold the chief offices in the Government. It is often said that the Cabinet has no place in the British Constitution, but there is little in that, because no man has seen the British Constitution. It does not exist in any form in which it can be shown. It has never been printed, it has never been

written; it has grown up, with Jack and Jill, and music, and the love of animals, and the story of the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe. Nobody can tell you where they came from or how they came, but they are here, and they will stay. Perhaps we should not be so free if everything were written down; perhaps we should be limited and confined and in a sort of cage if we were ruled by a written constitution which would have to be re-written as times and manners changed.

The Cabinet is the governing body of England. The people elect the Parliament, and the leader of the party that is successful at the polls becomes First Minister. He chooses his chief ministers from members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and from these he chooses his most trusted advisers, who form the Cabinet. With the majority of the House of Commons behind them they rule the State; they can close our shops at six o'clock, compel our children to stay at school till they are fourteen, make us insure against sickness, double the price of matches, set up parish councils or pull down parish pumps, and raise an army of four million men to fight our enemies. They have more power than the king, for the king does as the Cabinet tells him.

Perhaps once a week when Parliament is sitting the Cabinet Council meets, and in anxious times the spirit of the nation is reflected in the Council room. None of us will ever know the whole truth about those fateful weeks in the summer of 1914, when twenty men in Downing-street met day after day in the shadow the Great War cast before it. The strain of the terrible decision was almost too great to bear. This Cabinet had the power of England in its hands, the power of the British Empire,

the power of a quarter of the human race, and the whole face of the earth was to change if it threw it in the scale. If it chose Peace, the brutal power of Prussia would be dominant in Europe, and the attack on the Island would come when we had no strong allies; if the Cabinet chose War, millions of men must die.

That was the alternative for the Island, and in all its story there has been no sadder day. We have thought of the British Fleet as the concentration of the brain power of the nation: we may speak of this British Cabinet in those days as the heart of a nation bowed down. It did what the nation expected it to do; it carried on the great tradition of a thousand years; it answered tyranny with liberty, it hurled defiance at dishonour; it set out into the Valley of the Shadow of Death because it could do no other.

So the beating life of a nation reflects itself and organises itself in one little room. We come back from Downing-street, on into the spacious ways of Westminster, and about us rise the great offices of government. The members of the Cabinet leave the Prime Minister in his dingy little house, and come back to these enormous buildings with the stately fronts. Behind these walls the government of the United Kingdom goes on; nor does the work stop here, for beyond these islands is an empire, outside the empire are scores of States and nations, and here are happening things that matter to them all.

To those of us who think of England as she will be the last great block of buildings in Whitehall brings up a vision that thrills us through and through. You will find on one door *Board of Education* and on another *Ministry of Health.* More perhaps than any other block of buildings in these islands, these offices shape and mould

HIS MIND WOULD TRAVEL WITH THE WAVES FAR OUT ON THE VOYAGE OF HIS DREAMS

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our destinies. The minds of little children are in their keeping; it is their sacred trust to guard the bodies of the people, too. What we think and what we are, whether we are strong in mind and strong in body or feeble in both, is largely for these offices to decide.

The Board of Education has control of our schools and the spending of millions of money—though not nearly millions enough—for developing the mental power of the little men and women who will rule this land tomorrow. All over the country are our schools, with thousands teaching and millions learning, and it is here in Whitehall that the presiding mind of this World of Mind looks out upon it all and sees that the things we teach our children are great and broad and good and true. There is much that the Board of Education has yet to do: it has yet to stop the tragic mistake we make of driving our children from schools to mills and factories and mines just when they are really beginning to learn; but Whitehall moves only very little faster—or is it very little slower?—than the people, and a governing machine will only move with the power a nation puts inside it.

One great example we have had of this in our schools. For years, in this rich country, millions of children have been at school with weak and hungry little bodies, with disease creeping into them, sapping the strength that these offices are supposed to be building up; but it was not until the War Office found our men unfit for war that it woke up the Education Office across the road to send its doctors through the schools and put things right. And now that splendid work is being done. It is the business of the Ministry of Health to make this land a clean and decent place to live in, to clean out our foul

slums, to see that babies do not die from ignorance or neglect, to see that the water supply is pure, that fresh air runs through houses, that streets are paved and clean, and that the laws for guarding the health of the people are properly kept. It is to have, in the years to come, a register of health for every British citizen.

Close about these offices the wheels of other machines go round. If a nation's work is to go on, the Treasury must find the money, and we must be at peace. The war that goes on everlastingly within a nation must be kept in bounds; those enemies of their own country who kill and steal and destroy, who abuse the liberty of which they are unworthy, must be kept in control. So we must have our police, with our network of courts and prisons for deciding justice and punishing the guilty. And not only must a nation guard itself against its conscious criminals, but it must guard its people against the selfishness of those who wrong their country without thinking—men who would keep people working in an unhealthy mill or in a dangerous mine, or who, to save the cost of buying a new machine, would allow a woman to lose her arm. Somebody must see that buildings are safe, that theatres and halls have plenty of wide ways out, that fire appliances are ready in good order, that bridges are strong, and vehicles well made, and railways tested every day.

The world seems quiet and safe to us in ordinary times, but it is quiet and safe because somebody is always watching, always keeping guard, driving back a thief who may creep up to our house or plague that may creep up to our ports, and saving us from carelessness that may lead to pain and death. It is the Home Office who looks

after most of these things, and with the Home Secretary, in this realm of law, we must think of the Lord Chancellor, the keeper of the fount of justice. It is he who guards the Great Seal which is fixed to our laws; he appoints all magistrates, and shares with the Prime Minister in appointing all judges; and once a judge has been appointed the king himself cannot remove him, nor the Government itself, without direct permission from Parliament. Perhaps the greatest thing in any land is the love of justice, and it runs from end to end of ours; it follows the flag wherever it flies. There is something beautiful in the thought that the Lord Chancellor is the guardian of all infants and helpless people; it is his trust to see that justice and mercy are shown to all who cannot appeal for themselves.

Through the whole world this British spirit runs. There would be no end to our walk down Whitehall if we stopped at every place and thought of what it means, but we must call, however long it takes us, at those great offices which stand for the thought with which we began—the great work of the Island in the four quarters of the world. Here is the Colonial Office, which must change its name for one more worthy of this wider and stronger and deeper empire. Here is the India Office, with its splendid rooms and its spacious courts, worthy of the splendid empire that more and more becomes the crown of Britain overseas. Here is the Foreign Office, looking out on Peace itself, on perhaps the loveliest natural scene in London that any Government Office looks upon.

They come together in one mighty sweep of buildings at the end of Whitehall, and facing them, behind shabby walls unworthy of its greatness, the Board of Trade peers out from across the road.

England has well been said to be a mine, a factory, and a market-place. Here trade has grown to bounds undreamed of. It covers the whole wide world, it deals in all known things. Not a thing the earth produces, not an article that men make, not a coin that people use, is outside our British market-place. Our ships sail all the seas, our ports receive the ships of all the world, and in our docks the world exchanges goods. It is the Board of Trade that deals with these things, that keeps accounts with other countries and controls our merchant fleet, and does a hundred other things that most of us would hardly dream of. It will organise an exhibition, will put up a new lighthouse, will send a lifeboat to a wreck, and will send out regulations for controlling mussel beds or Mauretanias. But the great work of the Board of Trade is the work that takes it out into the world, and so it shares our Empire dreams as it looks across at this fine range of buildings that embraces all the British Empire and the world without it.

Across the way is Parliament, with Cromwell guarding it still. The great shadow falling on its walls on a summer's day comes from Westminster Abbey, the solemn gathering-place of England for these thousand years. Here, on this earth that lies about us, behind these very walls, men have fought and thought and prayed and dreamed for England : here, in these homes of government that line the way through Whitehall, men are working and dreaming for her still.

For our Great Mother goes on and on, and through the ages, while lesser spirits come and go, her soul will be strong, her spirit will be free, and her power will ride the seas as in the days of old.

II

SCENES IN

THE GLORY OF THE ISLAND

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England!
Take and break us—we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky;
Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!

W. E. Henley

THE GATEWAY OF THE ISLAND

A million men of the flag sleep out in France, the brightest, noblest, fairest manhood of our Island race.

Down the roads of Kent they went, the flower of our manhood, to guard the Island once again. What a way they went, and what a thrill of glory must have come to them in their last hour of England!

The last piece of England they passed through, the last of the Island they saw, the gateway through which strong men passed with tears and pride and faith and hope—what kind of place is this Kent? What did they see, these men, in their last hour of this enchanted land?

They saw as fair a sight as God has given to men on earth—the pleasant, spacious plain of Kent. They saw a land that was a kingdom before a Caesar ruled in Rome. They saw the ancient heart of England that never yet has beat except with pride, through all the thousand years of England's story. They saw the face of our Island as fair and sweet as it was yesterday, undimmed by tears through all the trials of the years.

They saw her gazing proudly from the hills, and resting gently in the valleys, brooding, in her ancient haunts, over the long, long Past that has made her and shaped her and strengthened her for all that may betide; they saw her smiling in the fields of gold that lie in the setting sun; they saw the towers that rise to heaven and seem to call her upward when her heart is heavy and

bowed down. They saw the great unfolding of the ages past, the great unrolling of the map of Freedom's Island. The wind blows through the trees, the cattle low in the meadows, and children are laughing at their play; the countryside endures, and the call that comes to us all is to see that, through good and ill, the happy days of the Island shall go on.

He who loves England and leaves it by the gate of Kent takes with him where he goes a memory that will not pass away. In foreign lands he will remember these green fields and pleasant ways. Among strange scenes he will think of this wide plain with its quiet homes, its winding streams, and the pastures Sidney Cooper loved. Far away, at the foot of some great campanile, his mind will come again to these grey square towers that have seen the centuries go by, and he will think of the life of the Island that has gone quietly on from age to age; of the little children who played among the daisies, of the boys and girls who grew up and loved each other, of the men and women who toiled and built up happy homes, and of those who lay down to rest in the little churchyard believing that all is well.

Nowhere is the thread that runs through England's life more plain to see; nowhere more than in Kent does the heart leap up when we behold the sunshine in the sky. Between two lines of hills it lies, between two spurs of the distant Alps that stretch towards us through the narrow sea, and encompass, within themselves and about themselves, a million people in a million acres of the loveliest region of our earth.

Stirring and splendid it is, fit gateway for heroes to pass through, instinct with the softness that sets us

TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO OLD BEDE SAT IN HIS SCHOOL AT JARROW, TEACHING THE BOYS OF THE ISLAND THE THINGS THAT WERE TO MAKE THE ISLAND GREAT

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OLDER THAN THE FLAG ARE THESE WORKS OF MEN'S HANDS THAT STAND ABOUT THE ISLAND—ST. MARTIN'S CROSS, WHICH HAS STOOD ON IONA ISLAND SINCE THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY THERE

[*See Chapter* 1

dreaming, yet with something as of a giant refreshed after long sleep. How there comes to us, down these old roads of Kent, the call to be great and strong! How we seem to hear, down these ages of Time, the echoing tramp of the armies of the people!

Across the valley, almost the other day it seems, I stood and watched a long white line: it was a train crowded with heroes. They were on their way to win the noblest crown that war can give a man, and they had come down the road that saw the Romans pass, through the heart of a hill that knew Canute and threw its shadow on the field in which he fought the Danes. Hardly were they out of London when they were in the battlefields of Kent, riding through the great scenes of our Island story to write the greatest page of all in her solemn and wonderful book. Along these ways from London to the sea, off the roads that lead to where Kent touches nearest France, the first battles of the English were fought. Here were driven back the first invaders; here grew up that spirit of the English people which has guarded these islands and kept them free. Here the men of a kingdom older than Caesar drove armed chariots into the sea and hurled back Caesar's army. Little we know of these men, but they laid the foundations of society in these islands, and the mark of their lives is on the face of Kent to this day.

And so our warriors passed out by the Warrior's Way. By a roadside, as they ride towards Dover, they might have passed the oldest soldier's grave in England. Standing in a field, on the slope of a mighty hill, are four great stones, three upstanding, and the biggest of all on top. They are part of the long story of the Island; they raise

the sense of wonder in our minds as the Pyramids of Egypt do; and we have no doubt that there lies here an ancient British general, fighting and dying among his people before Christ died on Calvary.

And so Kit's Coty House, this wayside tomb that marks our Warrior's Way, is like a thrill from the past to the hero who goes by and understands. It is among the oldest works of man in the Island; perhaps it may be the very oldest monument now standing on our soil. The miles of stone that made an avenue from this monument to another tomb at Addington have disappeared, but the ancient tenant of Kit's Coty House sleeps in a worthy tomb. Behind him rise the great North Downs; below him runs the river; at the foot of his hill lies the battlefield on which the blood of Englishmen first mingled with our English earth.

So there is gathered about this Warrior's Way a storied past that moves a man to solemn thought. Kit's Coty's soldier—who was he? At the foot of the hill where he sleeps, an old stone bridge has carried men across the river for nearly five hundred years. In this red-roofed village of Aylesford, as picturesque a place as any Island river ripples through, are many things to stir a traveller's thought, and this old bridge not least; but the thing that gives Aylesford its immortal place in the history of the world is a thing invisible, a thing that happened one great day, long after Kit's Coty's soldier fell asleep, when Horsa, having landed at Ebbsfleet with Hengist, reached this ford.

No man then had heard the name of England, but the Britons who had seen the Romans come and go were faced now with an invasion that was to change their

land for ever. The conquerors of Britain had arrived; in the plain below Kit's Coty House, where Aylesford Bridge crosses the Medway and Aylesford Church sits high above the gabled roofs, the English fought and won. Horsa fell in his hour of triumph, the first great English soldier to lie in English earth; but Kent was conquered, and the conquest of the Island was begun. There was sown that day, in the beautiful garden of Aylesford, the seed of English power that has grown and spread throughout the earth.

We cannot wonder that the very air of Kent should seem to beat with pride at the thought of England and all that she has been. The birthplace of English power, the one province of Britain that has always kept its name, Kent may be proud without apology. She is old, so old that the sea has run out from some of her ports and swallowed up some of her towns; so old that her island of Thanet has ceased to be an island through the drying up of a river; so old that there lived here, at Galley Hill on the Thames, one of the oldest men whose remains have been found; so old that on the hills of Ightham Mr. Benjamin Harrison has found the oldest witnesses upon the earth to the handiwork of man. But Kent, if she is old, is more beautiful for every year that goes; no county in these islands has made itself so famous, has clothed itself with such great glory, has brought to its gates such an assemblage of immortals, as this kingdom of wonder called Kent.

If we think of her natural glories, her heights, though they may be matched, are unsurpassed. The great platforms of the North Downs, at Westerham and Wrotham, at Charing and Sevenoaks, open up for us impressive

views of England that fix themselves for ever in the mind. And who that has been through her country lanes can forget the peeps through her hedges and gateways, like glimpses of heaven itself to the passer-by in a motor-car? The ride through the narrow lanes, with hedges standing like houses, with the engine panting as if such a hill made even an iron horse tired, is something to live for in Kent, where the sudden turning of a corner or a break in the hedge opens out before us a hundred miles of woodland and pasture and heath, with commons perhaps ablaze with gold, with bracken and broom that seem unending, with clematis and wild roses and ragged robin near at hand and spacious fields of waving corn beyond, with beeches and birches and oaks from the days of the great forests, with the sunlight dancing on the rivers, with the grey church towers and the yews of a thousand years.

You should have seen that long hill range
With gaps of brightness riven,
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven.

Rivers of gold mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains,
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains.

The great forests have gone from Kent, cut down for the iron furnaces that have also gone, but there are a hundred thousand acres of woodland still, and we may wander freely through most of them. But it is the great spaces that surprise the traveller in Kent; one-half of all Kent is pasture land, and there are more cattle and sheep grazing on it every day than there are people in Kent houses.

And if we think of the glorious things set up by men, where on British soil have men built more splendidly than in Kent? Here built Gundulf the Norman; here Lanfranc set up his mighty works; here we meet Chantrey and Inigo Jones; here are barns which once were palaces; here rise houses and towers and village halls enough to make a whole country envious. Is there any little walk in England more moving in its appeal than among the ruined walls of Canterbury, with the sun falling on the Gothic arches, and on the solitary columns that rise from the green lawns in the cathedral close? Is there any structure more imposing in its dignity than the Keep at Rochester, older than the Conqueror? All along the Warrior's Way lie these noble ruins, broken halls of kings and prelates, and they stand in the fields as if to mark the passing of the centuries as a clock marks the passing of the hours.

Time has been gracious to the glory of Kent. Her ancient towns stand still as they stood in ages beyond the memory of man; in Maidstone and Rochester and Canterbury we walk and wonder if modern Time is really twenty centuries old. We should hardly be surprised at Rochester if the Frenchman who founded Parliament in England rode into the cathedral on his horse as he rode seven centuries ago; or if a chest were opened in this great place and found to contain the muskets and powder-flasks of Cromwell's men, as one was found in other days.

But if Rochester is old, what shall we say of Canterbury? We can say only that it is old beyond our thoughts, and beautiful beyond our dreams.

No words can tell the glory of the sight that comes into our gaze as we walk through the old cathedral gate. A

temple not made with hands alone is here, set up between heaven and earth, a gigantic monument of stone as lovely as a little child. How it has woven itself into our history all the school books tell: how Thomas Becket walked one night through these very cloisters into this transept, and was seized and murdered by the king's men on this very spot; how the king came here, on the bitterest journey ever taken by a King of England, and was flogged for all the world as if he were penitent of his crime; how pilgrims from all Europe came to this famous shrine, with Chaucer and his merry story-tellers along the Pilgrim Way.

We have seen the birthplace of the English nation at Aylesford, half-way on the road from London Town to Canterbury; now we see the chief birthplace of Christianity in the Island. This Warrior's Way is rich in the most sacred soil we tread.

Rich is it, too, in homes, in houses great and small, that seem too splendid to be true. They stand and stare at the modern world like giants and children of another age; they look out across parks to the great main roads, and burst upon our sight with startling suddenness. They give a sense of wonder to the old, old road, as if the feudal lords had come again, or as if some magic story had come true. He who rides by road to Dover, though he may go through Maidstone by the Warrior's Way and come to the heaven that men call Canterbury, has no moment more impressive than that when, on the rise of the hill, above a low stone wall on the right, the great trees open out, and there stands before him, for a moment, a wonder that has stood five hundred years. It is the moated castle of Leeds, built about the islands used by Ethelbert

as forts, and looking, as we pass it in a flash, like something that is not of this busy working world. It is one of the things we gaze on with amaze.

And all within our reach from here, in a day's ride through this ancient land, lie the great houses of Knole at Sevenoaks, sheltered by age-old trees and packed with rare and precious things; of Penshurst, where Philip Sidney played as a boy and grew to be a man; of Hever, where we may fancy we catch the merry laugh of a little girl named Anne Boleyn; the small house at Westerham, where Wolfe grew up; and that perfect piece of building that we call Ightham Mote. If we would sit and dream of lovely things and beautiful places until there comes into our mind the vision of an earthly paradise, the vision of this world as it shall be when there are no more wars and no more sorrow and no more sin—if we would dream of earth as angels dream of it perhaps, if we would see its haunts of ancient peace as perhaps they once have been and may be once again—we have but to turn the corner of a lane which brings us to Ightham Mote.

It may be strange to say of a building that it looks silent and still, but so still is the world at Ightham Mote that we tread as in a cathedral aisle, lest the silence of ages should be broken. Like a jewel set by Nature among her trees and hills, the Mote has stood five hundred years and more, a home through all these centuries and still a home today, perhaps as beautiful a house—not too big, not too forbidding—as any country in the world can show. Small enough to be homely, Ightham Mote is still a home rather than a mere museum, and its dainty drawing-room is not less comfortable because it is a cameo of perfect beauty. Its Chinese wallpaper, hand-painted centuries

ago in the mysterious East that had not yet met the West, is still on the walls where it has been two hundred years.

But it is the view that all the world can see that draws the traveller here, the sight of this enchanted place that seems to have grown up with the hills. No picture can show it as it is, rising from its moat of ever-running water in a natural setting that nothing can surpass. The glorious yews and firs, the green lawn bordered with its timbered cottages, the beech hedges twenty feet high, the sheltered lake that holds the water for a while as it runs to the Medway—in scenes like this stands this old home, seeming to belong to Time itself.

Through these great scenes our heroes passed, often not knowing; and perhaps, forsooth, a man on his way to France or to Gallipoli was hardly in the mood for scenes like these. But he could hardly fail to love the cottage homes, the white timbered cottages with the thatched roofs, the old houses with the red gables, the houses with the long, low rooms, in which, as probable as not, a huge trunk of oak from Kent's great forests stretches across the ceiling from one end to the other. And he would love to see the people at their gates, the old men who have loved this countryside since they were boys. The world has gone by since then, but they have seen little of it; they have been sowing these fields, or mending these roads, or trimming these hedges, or pruning these trees, or leading the cattle home, as their fathers did before them. From age to age the annals of the poor go on, and the spirit of the simple folk mingles with the spirit of the great.

The old road teems with the life of ages gone; go where we will, the world is like a book for him who reads.

Here lies an old man who saw his daughter Queen of England, saw her led to the block for no sin of her own, and died a pitiful broken man. In Leybourne Church, so sweetly resting in the shelter of the woodland, is a niche for hearts—for those whose bodies lie away, but whose hearts have loved this place. Over there lived the first man who thought the life of Cromwell worth writing in a book; across those fields a strange man fumbled about for weary years with the electricity from which he believed great things must come; in this church sleeps a brave old man who suffered greatly because he dared to petition Parliament to make haste about its business, for "the men had sown their corn, and the enemy was coming to reap it." So memories crowd upon the road that leads out of the Island; so in cottages and palaces men leave their mark and are remembered.

Into this Kent of ours, by this Warrior's Way, comes all the world. Her splendid roads, her ancient towns, her noble houses, her treasures from antiquity, bring into Kent all who can come in quest of happiness and inspiration. And her hop-fields, stretching for miles and miles, feeding the breweries that grow rich on the ruin of the bodies and souls of men, bring into Kent the least lovely of all unlovely people. She is the great highway of communication between England and Europe; in thousands of sacks the mails go out through Kent each week to the countries of the Continent. She is the window from which we look out on the gate of Europe; from her high cliffs we see the coast of France; standing on her historic soil we see the ships that come from every corner of the earth. Nowhere else on earth can we cut ourselves off more completely from the world; nowhere else on earth

does the great world traffic meet as in the tide that washes Kent. Down her rivers ride the world's great ships; by her winding railways come to us the peoples of the earth; along her matchless roads the ceaseless motor-cars fly past on their way to the sea; over her fly the aeroplanes that link the Island with the Continent.

Summer days may end, but Kent is lovely still, and he who leaves our Island by this way, through the gate of Dover, leaves her with that vision in his mind that Caesar and our heroes saw. But he leaves a kingdom Caesar never knew, for he leaves a land inviolate and incomparable. He who goes out by Kent's White Gate sees as he goes the natural fortress of the freedom of the world.

A HILLTOP ON THE ISLAND

It is something to have the world at your feet; it is something to be a king and sit on a throne. We have only to live on a hill.

Who can stand on the tops of the Island and not be moved by the rolling majesty before him—hills piled on hills, the woodlands creeping up, the spacious fields that spread until they touch the sky? Who can stand on these great platforms and not be thrilled by this ever-changing world—the light of the sun that falls never twice the same, the haze on the hills that seems to have touched the rainbow, the morning light on the eastern hills and the light in the west as the sun dips down beyond the edge of the world? Who that loves the busy town can help loving the busy country, with the pageant of life that is never still, the air throbbing with music that never dies, the ceaseless round of a million things that make a hilltop thrill from the rising of the lark in the cornfield to the wheeling round of the bats and owls when the moon is up.

It is sad that there should be pity in the world for those who live on the hilltops; yet pity there is. "How lonely it will be!" said everybody; and Mr. Punch has pitied us, too. "Don't you find it lonely up here?" Mr. Punch asked at some hilltop house, and he must have been surprised to find how small a number may make a company. "No," was the answer; "there was

a man and a horse yesterday, and there's you today." But he might have been answered as Emerson would have answered him:

> When I would spend a lonely day,
> Sun and moon are in my way.

There is always the sun and the moon, and the tulips nodding to the daffodils. There is the partridge bringing up her little ones at the side of the terrace path, the goldfish leaping into the sun, and the cuckoo gossiping with the nightingale. If we would be lonely we must go to London, and hide ourselves among the red-brick houses and the streaming people who never speak a word.

And so it came about that the house was to be set on the hill, on a high hill, where no house was nor had been. Up above the village, high above the steeple, rising from a touch of Saxon England, looking down on fifty or a hundred miles of earth, we would live where the viper had lain undisturbed, where the fox had prowled by night, where the rabbits and stoats and weasels had hid in the growth of wild, neglected things. Out from the lane we would make a winding way, and at the top, when the way got there, it should find itself in a little kingdom of delight, where we would live, in sun and shower, in silence and storm, close as a comrade to the heart of Nature, far from all stress and strife and sense of wrong.

So we dreamed (it was in the happy days before the Shadow came); so simple folk have often dreamed before; so, in the house at the top of the hill, we dream still of what might-have-been. It is always a dream—a dreaming and a dreaming and an ending in perhaps half of what we wanted. We are only human, and we should be

divine if all our dreams came true. But we aim at a high thing, and at least we hit a low thing, and so, in the end, the house crept up the hill; and the roses bloom in the old sea-bed, the fire burns on the hearth in winter, and the little lead windows look out across the valley. There are always compensations.

And for such a task there should be compensations. It is not an easy thing to take a house to the top of a hill. The men and the horses must work as hard as they have ever worked, and it is not inspiring to see them deep to the knees in the ploughed hillside that is to be turned into a garden. But it is best to begin in the winter, to see the worst and know that the better is to come. In climbing up the hillside of this life we need all the hope that we can have to sustain us, and in climbing up the hillside with a house we have need of something all the time that will seem to say, " We are a little nearer to the roses and the dining-room today."

How slowly the ploughed field takes to itself the feeling of civilisation! It is worse, if that is possible, than the buying of the land, the probing into the old and yellow papers tied with red tape in the lawyer's cupboard. Who really owns the land? Was it really sold so many years ago, or may some owner of other days appear, and claim it when the house is up? The forty-eight people who owned the land in little lots so long ago—did they knowingly and deliberately and lawfully sell their pieces and stamp their papers at Somerset House, and put the seal of the Island into them?

A bothering and wearisome thing it is for a man to buy a piece of England for his own; yet how wonderful a thing it is, this law of ours, this machine that runs

from room to room at Somerset House in the Strand, driving a plain man almost out of his wits, yet in the end, when all the enquiries have been made and all the papers searched, fastening his bond with the strongest seal on earth—the seal and sign of the thing that holds together our British nation, the public law, the sense of justice, the right of a man to his own. We have a greater respect for British law and order, for the strong foundations of society, when we have bought a little bit of the Island for our own.

But how slowly the ploughed field takes its shape! How long it takes the horse to climb the hill! That way up will never do; we must buy another little strip of England, after all, and go up round the wood. And so the lawyers must open their cupboards again, the red tape is undone, the papers are all gone through once more, and we must ponder over what this word means, and whether there should be a comma here, and if it is safe to go on building while the lawyers talk and write. We go on, at any rate—for who can wait for lawyers? we rough out a sort of road up by the winding wood, and the hundreds of tons of brick and stone, the miles of wood, the sackfuls of lime, the trucks of sand, the long steel girders, the thousands of tiles, creep slowly up to the top, pulled up at times on a chain by an engine the horses must be thankful for. And at the top of the hill, where foxes and vipers and weasels have lived as if it were their own domain, the transformation scene goes on. A little band of patient men are moving the earth.

Most of us have not moved a ton of earth, or ten tons, or a thousand; perhaps we have not climbed to the top of a hill where there is not a foot of level earth to stand

upon, and begun, as these pioneers of the hilltop did, to lay out a home and a garden there, to dig and shape the hillside into terraces and table-tops. Perhaps we have not trudged up a hill higher than a church steeple at six o'clock on three hundred mornings, and dug and dug, and rolled and rolled, and sown and sown, and planted and planted, and watered and watered, and weeded and weeded, with a few inches of soil and a thousand feet of chalk beneath our feet. It is a trial of human patience that only a gardener can stand, and it is born of his touch, day by day through many springs and winters, with the long, slow processes of Nature that have never failed him yet.

Through wind and rain, in the streaming heat of flaming June and in December when frost almost snaps his fingers in two, he must plod and toil. In summer he must dread the drought that parches up plants like paper, and must pray in vain for the water that will not run uphill; in winter he must pray that the rain will not wash his few inches of soil down the hill, or soak his skin till he shivers with the cold that may bring his gardening to an end. Let us be thankful to the men who make our gardens, who bring the rainbows out of heaven and spread them for us at our feet. It is something to make a garden; it is a great thing to do what a gardener did on Eynsford Hill—to dig up an old sea-bed *which had never seen the sun*, and cover it in a year with lawns and roses.

A marvellous thing is the life that creeps about the earth, climbing or delving where it will. How many million times, one wonders, has the earth been round the sun since our hilltop was laid down in the darkness of

the ocean? Millions of years before man the hilltop must have been alive; its countless myriads of inhabitants lived and died and sank to the depths of the sea, and the layers of chalk were laid down. They were formed in the ocean deeps—vast cemeteries of once living creatures; they were born and lived and died in the waters that covered what are now green hills and valleys. They never saw the sun. For ages the sun was shining, and its power was falling on the earth; but the chalk on the hilltop was hidden below. The sea had gone, but over the chalk was spread a little layer of earth, enough to cover it; first brought, perhaps, by the river that flows today a hundred feet down in the valley. And yet, when this chalk was brought to light, a few oats dropping from the horse's bag sank into it, took root, and grew so well that in a month there would soon have been a little harvest if we had left it there. The first rays of the sun that fell on the old sea-floor were rich enough in the marvellous wealth of Nature to turn a few seeds from a horse's nose-bag into a small harvest for these patient friends of man without whose help our hilltop could not ever be a home.

On every mountain height is rest, says Goethe, but there is little rest on the hilltop while the house is creeping up; for men and horses, too, it is hard labour from morning till night, from Monday to Saturday, from one month to another, from the beginning of a year to the end of it. How many homes, one wonders, has this home kept in the building of it—kept, let us hope, in comfortable enjoyment of the good things of this world? The great work of the world goes on, and the good workman sets up his monument and leaves his mark behind him. We

FOR EVERY VICTIM OF THE GREAT PLAGUE THERE WAS A VICTIM OF THE WITCHCRAFT LAWS, WHOSE TERROR IS OVER THESE POOR WOMEN, BROUGHT UP FROM LANCASHIRE TO BE EXAMINED BY THE GREAT WILLIAM HARVEY (WHO SET THEM FREE)

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IN THAT WORLD IN WHICH OUR GREATEST ENGLISHMAN LIVED AND MOVED THE ISLAND STOOD IN CONSTANT TERROR OF DEATH, AND PLAGUE STALKED THROUGH THE LAND, CUTTING DOWN MEN AND WOMEN AND LITTLE CHILDREN

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are not all artists now, but every man who loves his work and does it well may call himself an artist if he will. The man who does things well—whether he is making a garden, or hanging a door, or fixing a stone—is a friend of the race, and serves it faithfully. A king can do no better than his best, and bad kings will stand beside bad builders at the Day of Judgment.

The great problems of life are worked out on the hilltop; here, among the loveliness of Nature, men work happily and well, each contributing his share to the little kingdom that is shaping round him, each leaving a mark on this little bit of the Island by which he will be known for good or ill. It is pleasant to think of their hammering now, when the hilltop is so still. Perhaps the *doing* of this big thing was the very best of it—who knows?

It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive, a wise man said, and we travelled hopefully on our journey up the hill. It was always a looking forward. The very beginning of it, when the bed of the house was made, and the foundations were laid, and the great stones of the doorway were ready to fit in their place, was the thought of the ruin of it in the days we shall not see; and so we found a good tin box, and sealed it tight with such things in it as seemed worth leaving there for a thousand years, and built it up inside the wall. And on some far-off day, when the Great War is forgotten, and men are brothers, and there are no more poor, and no more sick, and men love knowledge more than gold, and life and duty more than all, a child of the Island, perhaps, will be playing in the ruins of the hilltop and will find this box, and in it will find some tokens of the world we live in now—the first pages of *The Children's*

Encyclopedia, some memories of a red, red rose we pulled that morning, and a message from the Island of these days to the Island of those days to be. How strange it seems now, that message of Peace, written when the Shadow had not fallen on the world; and how like a mocker it lies there in its stone fastness, hidden in darkness in the happy days, waiting for the light of Peace that one day will shine so brightly that nothing on earth will put it out again.

Now the house is slowly rising; the hillside will never be the same again. For miles around the landscape of this part of the Island is a little changed; a man can stand twelve miles away and see this new thing rising stone on stone. They are the greatest days of all, these days when the house is really on the way. How quickly the walls run up now! Here is the dining-room, here the library, this ladder runs upstairs; surely it will all be finished in a month? But he must be patient who would build a house, and the slow time comes. But days are never dull. The great game of house-building goes on, and the fertility and resourcefulness of these men astonish all who watch them. Their clever ways of doing things appear to have no end; the book of rules for building a house must be a very big one.

Life could hardly be dull with him who builds a house. There are all the letters to throw on the fire from the ruffians who want to lend us money; there are all the letters from the people who want to insure our lives until the house is finished; there are all the people to listen to who know that we shall freeze in winter and roast in summer, that the rain will wash our banks away, that nothing will ever grow on all this chalk. Life is

crowded with variety. There are a thousand things to do, and a hundred things to wait for, and—surely this door is in the wrong place, this ceiling is too low, and these tiles will not match the curtains? Can we really do without a fireplace there? Did we really want these red-tiled window-sills? Does that window spoil the court-yard, and does the other open the right way? Was the balcony a pity, after all? Will the corridor be dark? So the problems crowd upon us morning, noon, and night; and we pull down and put up, and put up and pull down, and wonder how and when it will all end. And for weeks and weeks it seems that nothing happens.

Then, almost suddenly, the floors appear, the doors are hung, and all is well. The plasterer is here, the walls begin to look like walls; soon we can open a window and shut a door, learning two of life's great lessons.

It is something to stand in an actual room and look through an actual window, but the thing that makes life worth living now, the joy a man has never known before and perhaps will never know again, is the boundless sense of freedom to do what he will in his own home. An Englishman's house is his wife's castle, but no man has really known what freedom is until he has used the drawing-room walls as writing-paper, or scrawled a note on a door to say that the door must go to the other end of the room, or ordered a fireplace to be pulled out as a protest against an ugly thing.

But not for long can we taste this boundless freedom to do the thing we will, for the noise in the house is dying down, and the day is coming when we shall no more write our letters on the walls. The door no longer opens with little bits of string; we have a lock and key, and a

sort of feeling of civilisation is creeping in. Water is running from the taps—a thrilling thing is that! For the man who builds on a hill, unless he is lucky indeed, builds beyond the reach of what we call our wonderful civilisation. Neither water nor light will follow him up here, and he must build up a kingdom of his own, with a power-house of his own, to do for him the things the great world down below buys by simply paying rates and taxes. Nothing do a man's rates buy for him on a lonely hill; he must pay them and get no return. Not even the road climbs up the hill; he must make his own, and take up his engine, his dynamo, his pump, and whatever other things are needed to make human life worth living. It is the price he pays for a throne.

Not all the scientists there are have yet discovered how to make a stream of water run uphill itself wherever they want it, and not all the taxes that a man must pay can bring him water to his house if the pumps of the Water Board are tired and old-fashioned. And so we must have a little pump, to carry 500 gallons of water up the hill each day. We are not so clever as Mr. Edison, of whom it is said that he has a gate very hard to open somewhere on a hilltop. "Why don't you ease this gate?" asked somebody, tired of pushing it open. "Not likely," said Edison; "every time you open that gate you pump up two gallons of water!"

It was not quite so simple as that on the hilltop, though now we can bring up 500 gallons of water in an hour by touching a switch. I touch the switch, and my fine little Pelapone engine is running as true as the steel it is made of; it floods my house with light and fills the tanks with water. How the water runs through thousands of feet

of pipe, pulled a little way, pushed a long way, and driven up by an engine when we need it to run higher still; how we tried this way and that way and the other way; how we dug a pond high up above the steeple and found the pump too small and the pipe too narrow to carry the water up, and how at last we emerged from all our troubles, it would fill this book to tell.

In the end, the thing a man wants, if he wants it very much, can be done by thinking. If the water will not come up the hill itself, fire will bring it up for us; if the Water Company will not bring the water, a little flame of oil will turn a wheel and bring it up. If the Gas Company will not bring the gas, the little flame of oil that drives the wheel that drives the dynamo will make electric light worth gas a hundred times over. The time has not yet come when the natural power of a hilltop can be used as it falls, or the power of the sun on our five acres—equal, it is said, to the power of over thirty thousand horses—would do all the work of our engine for a year while we walk to the gate; but it is something that we can snatch from the invisible treasury of Nature, high up on a lonely hill, power that will work for us when and as we need it, cooking our dinners, cleaning our rooms, pumping up the water, lighting the house by night, and keeping it cool by day.

Science, if we will bid it be our handmaid, will make life pleasant for us. It will keep our houses warm and sweet and clean, with a stream of hot water running round them in winter, and a stream of fresh air running through them every hour; every moment the sweet air of the hilltop comes into the house through a hundred ways, flowing through the hollow walls, in the hollow

foundations, and into every room. In the house and all round it, over the house and under it, the fresh air runs, warmed in winter as it enters. We live in a moving stream, though every window in the house be shut.

A triumph of brain-power is the modern house, and a triumph of energy, too. Who can measure the work, the thought, put into it? Who can imagine the hopes and disappointments it involves? We may say it took the toil of men for fifty thousand hours to make it, but what is fifty thousand hours of human labour? It should make us pause when we think of it. A great tax on mankind is this, the using up of fifty thousand hours of work. What right have we to use up so much time when there is so much work to do that matters more? And what might not be done in all this time if men were free to do the thing they would, or able to do the thing they should? It is something to think not lightly of that all this life is put into our homes. The homes of the men who made this home—are they happy and clean and sweet like this? In spirit and in truth our homes are paid for with the lives of men.

A house is a familiar thing, and we think of it, perhaps, with little imagination, but it reaches in its interest, if we could follow it, deep down into human life and far out into the world. From every corner of the earth something has come to it. There are not many countries, perhaps, that would not come somehow into the true map of a house, and all the feelings that come to men have centred round it in some way.

It has been a source of joy and sorrow; it has brought into the world a host of memories that some will be glad to remember and some will be glad to forget. It has

touched the hearts of men and drawn upon their brains. It has enlisted, for its varied purposes, almost every sort of workshop, almost every sort of process, that we know. The bricklayer lays a brick, but the brick has a history he knows little of. The engineer welds his pipes together, but the things he handles have come through fires that he has never seen. The carpenter nails his boards together, but thinks nothing of the distant forests oversea where the boards once waved so gloriously in the wind. The electrician plays, as a child with a toy, with an unknown power that is reshaping the world. The glazier sets his little panes into grooves of lead that may have once been radium—so cheap today that poor men can afford it, so rich in ages past that kings, had there been any, could not have paid for it then.

So, out of the heart of the great world, a little world has risen on the hill—a home of which we know every inch and corner, in which nothing at all, however hidden and covered up, is unknown to us—a home, let us hope, that will be worthy of this natural throne. Half a million things have gone to make it, half a million separate things that must be handled one by one, each put well and truly in its place. Still there lives on the hill, we may fancy, the echo of the ringing and singing and swinging of men who were happy at their labour. A happy home to every one of them!

They laid, one upon the other, 180,000 bricks. They moved, to make the bed for these to rest upon and the garden to surround them, four thousand tons of chalk. They handled, these diggers and builders, a weight of over five thousand tons. You have not weighed a house, perhaps. The walls as they stand weigh five hundred

tons, and they carry on the roof the weight of fifty tons of tiles. There are twenty tons of wood and twenty tons of stone, and one hundred and twenty tons of ballast in the foundations. Look up at the roof of the next house you see, and imagine the number of tiles; there are nearly forty thousand on our roof, and twenty thousand more indoors. There are two miles of roof boards and three and a half miles of wooden laths to hang the tiles on—nearly six miles of timber altogether in the roof. There are five hundred square yards of felt between the timber and the tiles, so that no storm that beats on the hill will find a way through there. There are a mile and a half of floor boards, and tucked away under them, and in the walls, is a mile of electric wire. There are hundreds of iron ties to hold the hollow walls together, and somewhere in the house are a quarter of a million nails. There are seventy bushels of cowhair in the plaster, to keep it firm and strong; how many of us think that a cow gives anything to a house? There are three hundred tons of gravel and flints and stones, which the splendid horses drew slowly up the hill; they brought up also fifty tons of soil, and thousands of pieces of turf, and endless things that somehow had not come into our dream. It is good we should not know the full meaning of our dreams; perhaps, if we did, we should hardly try to bring them true.

Yet who would not live with Nature on a hill? Who would not have a house to which Nature comes unbidden, in which all these immensities of things are used and fashioned so that they seem, not to keep her out, but to bring Nature herself indoors? We are up

> and up, where Nature's heart
> Beats strong amid the hills,

and our hearts beat with it. The sun pours down on the hill as it poured when Saxons and Jutes and Romans came this way, and in the days when the mammoth roamed the Island. But the sun pours now on other scenes. The hilltop is lonely no more. We look out from the windows and see

> The world that was ere we were born,
> The world that is when we are gone.

The red, red roses are blooming, sweet alyssum is looking at her best. The laburnum has gone, the hollyhocks have come, and the larkspur is out in full bloom. Something new has happened on the old, old hill, and in the wood and in the valley the birds and trees and flowers are singing of the time when the new thing shall be old.

And we think of it, too, and wonder where all our dreaming will be then. We do not know. We must do our best, and leave the hilltop better for our having passed this way.

WHERE GOD LIVES

I HAVE found where God lives; He hides in my wood.

The sun comes peeping through the trees, and life pushes on to the summer. The bluebells are bursting through the earth, and the primroses are out. Life is keeping her promise; God who never broke His word is plainly in my wood.

But the other day the snow lay on the slopes and in the hollows, and now the earth is opening up her treasure. The trees are tipped with life. Spring is here with her messengers, and soon it will be May, and soon it will be June. Those heavenly days that cannot die will come again with roses. The garden will be filled with beauty and the wood will be filled with song, and we shall lie in this place, looking up through the tree-tops to the sky, and shall feel that God in truth is hiding here. Up through the tree-tops, down in the earth, away across the valley, the chain of life runs unbroken. The face of the earth is changing—now white with snow, now yellow with the primrose and the daffodil, now glorious with the bluebell and red with the rose; but the great heart of life beats on eternally. From day to day and year to year, down in the depths of it, up in the heights of it, is God.

You cannot sit among the bluebells without knowing that; you cannot see the daffodil come to greet you spring by spring and not know that He who made the heavens is hiding there. You cannot spend a morning

in my wood and not know that it is holy ground. The very trees would cry out if men did not proclaim it. Nature has many tongues for those who understand her, and one speaks through the wood; and in this little bit of English earth, in these trees that clothe the ridge of the great North Downs, the voice we hear is not to be mistaken. It bears the message of Eternal Life.

Lie down in this ivy bed with me and look out across the hills. This little patch of mine, this place where even a poor man may be king, is witness unto all the world of the great everlasting things. A little patch, but packed with power; not very wide and not very long, but eight thousand miles deep, with page after page on which the hand of God has written the story of the earth. We see the wonder of a thousand things that lie about us, but above us and beneath us lie the future and the past, and we can only dream of these. Through the spacious heavens roll world on world that men will come to know in other days; under this ivy bank, under the roots of the old gnarled oak, lie the remnants of the ages of the earth.

Knock softly at the door of the daffodils, and slip down in your fancy through the living world from which they bring their power and glory, down past the longest runner of the deepest root of the trees, and you come to the bed of an ancient sea. You go through what was the surface of the earth in the days when men lived in caves and fought in this place with the lion and the bear. You reach the very footprints of inhabitants of the world in the days when man was rising from barbarism and clothing himself with his mighty powers, and when this little wood of mine lay under ice and snow. Down we go

until we find the surface of the earth as the mastodon knew it, and we shall find here, perhaps, the quaint little creature with three toes from which all our horses have sprung, lying in a bed where he died about a million years ago, after a life in which he must have fought, here in this peaceful Kent, the tiger and the crocodile.

The birds are singing as we lie a-thinking, but deeper down lie the graves of the first birds that flew; and down beyond the birds lie what remains of the gigantic reptiles that were kings of the earth in the days when there were flying dragons but no men. Perhaps we might find their footprints down below, and remnants of old trees that grew; certainly we should find remains of those enormous trees that grew before the reptiles came, that grew old and fell, and covered enormous areas of the earth, and in the course of time were changed in wondrous ways to coal. We have gone through the chalk down to coal, and through the coal, perhaps ten or twenty million years ago in time, we go and find still older, stranger forms of life, the remnants of the first living things that ever had a backbone running through them, the corals and the trilobites that crammed the ancient seas. And even beyond these we may let our fancy run down underneath the wood, for farther still there lies whatever may be left of the early days of Life, when the earth was slowly cooling down and shaping into something like the world we know, forming its atmosphere and oceans.

We have gone a long way down for a man to dig; no man has ever dug so deep, nor ever can; but there, beneath my daffodils, these wonders lie—Life with all its memories, glimpses of the earth in all its great adventures, and down beyond them all, if we could go, the earth is doubt-

less as it was when red-hot rains fell on its surface and nothing living could endure. Deep, deep down in my eight thousand miles—or does only four thousand miles of it belong to me and four thousand to him who lies on another bank eight thousand miles through the earth, somewhere in New Zealand?—deep down is the earth as it was in the beginning, hot as a roaring furnace; and we lie on the outer crust among the bluebells, with the sun looking on as it looked on all these ages that have passed. We greet the sun and know that he has been there all the time; we know that he will still be there when age after age has passed, when men find bits of battleships and motor-cars lying buried in the earth as we find bits of bears and mastodons. So old is the sun, and yet so young in his career; and this very day he summons up the daffodils and touches them with gold. He seems to say to them:

> For some shall bear the may-flowers fair,
> And some the violets blue,
> But white and gold is what I'll hold,
> And hold unstained for you.

From the beginning of the world till now the sun has poured down on this place; from the beginning of life till now the great living chain has continued here; nothing about us can we see that is not packed with power, and most of it lives and grows and is moving onward to its destiny.

I hear a gun as I lie in the wood, and I know that the rich man with the land next to mine has his gamekeeper busy at his killing. I do not want a gamekeeper for my little patch of earth; I want a lifekeeper, some-

body who will keep watch in my wood for me and take a note of everything that happens here. He should make a map that would show me every tree, and the homes of all the birds, especially the homes of the builders of the wood, those lovely jays whose ancestors, they say, dropped the seeds from which these oak trees sprang, and who drop seeds still, so that little trees spring up, and Nature's great cathedral goes on growing. This map should show me all the rabbit-holes and mole-hills round about it, and there should be a little plan of the doings of the underground architects and their marvellous corridors and chambers. I would have marked in the map some of the chemical laboratories in which the daffodils are made beneath the soil, and all the beds of bluebells and wild violets, and the long lines of forget-me-nots that we would not exchange for any number of pictures in a rich man's house.

The map would never hold the millions of anemones, but the primrose clusters would be there, and the blackberry bushes, and the wild cherry-trees that throw out their branches until they turn round as if they would go back to the earth again, and then curl up and hang like heavy-laden baskets all about the tree. It would show all the walks and all the sloping banks, and the little places where the sun peeps through, and the gate through which we slip into the strawberry field in June, and the ways the fox comes in at night, and of course the sanctuary beyond the pond, where in summer the nettles and brambles and traveller's joy will be so thick that nobody can disturb the birds. Clearly we must have a map of these things, and of all the nooks and walks and paths I would not change for Bond Street.

And then the watcher in the wood would surely take a census for me. He could not count up all its population, for that would be a greater task than counting the United Kingdom; but he would make some reckoning of the tenants of the wood—those who work in it and those who play; those who steal about meaning to do no harm at all and those who steal about seeking whom they may devour. More busy lives have I in my wood than there are men and women in all the countries of the earth, but all this host works on unseen, seeking neither reward nor praise, but raising up before my eyes a monument not less enduring, a structure not less noble, than Christopher Wren raised when he built St. Paul's. Down in the dark earth, in partnership with the sun in the heavens, they shape and scent and colour the bluebells and the daffodils; they weave my ivy carpet, lay it on the floor, and fix it down for me; they throw green ivy wrappings round the trees, turn old stumps into things of beauty, and hang their curtains on the hedgerows.

Down in their dark laboratories they make a thousand different things, all blending in the wood as if some conscious mind had planned and thought it out. They will take a heap of rubbish if you will leave it, and one day you will go back again and find it beautiful to look upon, carpeted and massed with colour. They will throw things up from the earth as delicate and dainty as the workings of a watch, or more fragile still; and they will throw up, beside these, mighty pillars as in some great cathedral. They will draw power from above down into their dark chambers, take it out in grains and atoms, and pass it through their wondrous processes and make it into timber; and they will shoot it out into the earth

to be a mighty oak, or a slender ash, or a far-spreading beech, or a stately elm. Hundreds of tons of these splendid timbers they will build up and throw high in the air. We need not be less grateful for their labours because we do not see them; and with their constant labour, their wonderful chemistry, their engineering achievements in raising great masses of timber to such great heights, they must clearly have an industrial section of our census for themselves.

Then we must put our robins down, especially little redbreast, who comes about us whenever we make fires in winter; who will hop on to the barrow, or even on to the spade as we are using it, and who, I know, will hop on to my hand whenever I can find an hour to sit and wait for him. I want to meet the little beetle who lives in the bark, the little mother who brings up her children there and guards the entrance with her body till she dies, protecting her little ones from invasion while they bore their way out. A hundred friends like this we must put down.

And he must be an artist, too, this Lifekeeper of the wood. He must keep his eye on all the changing scenes, on all the changing shapes and colours; he must find the best points of view and make a note of them. Very important are the points of view; they may mean everything in the world to us one of these days, and it will help you if you have a wood like mine. How many times have I wanted to cut down a tree, or part of one, but first have walked all round it, and looked at it this way and that, so that the branches that looked like cripples before have suddenly become graceful and lovely. There are more ways than one of looking at most things, and

"THE DAYS WHEN MILTON WOULD PLAY HIS ORGAN WITH CROMWELL LISTENING"

[*See Page* 46

THE PAGEANTRY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH WHILE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, THE NOBLEST FIGURE OF HER ERA, LANGUISHED IN THE TOWER

[*See Chapter 5*

these words of Wordsworth's come to mind again and again:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

And if you have a wood—especially if you love it so that you do not mind putting on old boots and old coats in winter and going through it with a billhook and a rake—you will learn to look at things from many points of view and see how one thing balances another; and you will see how things that seem useless or even ugly in themselves may be splendid as part of a whole. You will learn, too, if you would read the lessons of a wood on any winter's day, one of the greatest truths of all—that even Nature needs the helping hand of man.

You may touch a whitethorn which has been growing a year or two under an oak, and it may come away in your hand; the water falling from the oak has sapped away the root, and the young tree has rotted through neglect. So you will find trees with hollows filled with water after every storm, and if you love trees you will empty these hollows of water and seal them up and save the tree. As we murder children in our slums by our neglect, so we murder trees, and it is pitiful to see a great tree die for want of a thing a child can do. The man in the wood will keep a note of all repairs like these, and of all the danger-spots.

Let us hope he will actually be an artist when we get him, for there are things in woods that should be joys for ever. The shafts of sunlight pouring through the tops, the tips of the maple-buds in the sun, the twinkling light

on a million leaves, the carpet stretching away with its ever-changing tones, and the swaying and bending of the trees—there must be immortal pictures of such things as these. We shall want a kinematograph, perhaps, to catch the trees as they bend and sway. Who has not watched them in the wind, when the topmost branches bend to kiss their neighbours? Side by side they have grown through many winters and summers; they have climbed up together towards the sky, but although so near they never touch, save when the wind comes rushing through. It is the only time they come together. Through March and April gales they lash like enemies, but in the summer breeze they clasp like friends.

Have you thought of that idea of Herbert Spencer's, who used to wonder about the swaying of the trees, and who thought of it so long that at last he made up his mind that it had something to do with the rising of the sap? What a mysterious thing is the circulation system of a tree, the stream of life flowing through it, rising from the root to the topmost branch, spreading to the end of the thinnest twig and the tip of the tiniest leaf! Who pumps it up, and by what power does it rise? From what source does it come, the power of these engines that go on ever working—and who shall measure it? It is one of the things our woodkeeper must meditate about; he must be very good at thinking mysteries out.

And the noises in the wood—he must surely make a list of these. There is nothing quite like the way of a wood. It seems to be as still as death, but suddenly, as you listen to the stillness, a noise breaks like an engine throbbing; you have startled a pheasant or a partridge by a movement of your hand, and it bursts up through

the trees with tremendous energy. And then there are the noises that strangers do not hear; you must know the wood well to understand its sounds. A hundred times in a wood you will turn round suddenly, expecting to see someone coming, but there is nobody there. It is only the trick of the trees—perhaps a springing branch, a falling twig, the rustle of dry leaves, the splitting of dead wood. Often you will hear the very clap of death. Listen to two live branches as they clap, and then to the clapping of two dead ones, and you will feel that you have found out something of the difference between death and life.

Even walking quietly through a wood will often cause a curious sort of movement in the trees. Try it in the winter, when the trees are heavy and white with snow. Nothing on earth is more lovely than a wood is then, and if you will put on your snowshoes and your Burberry, and walk even lightly through the wood, the trees will often scatter their snowdrops over you, and sometimes they will cover you with snow as if for all the world they have been waiting for your coming. So lightly balanced is everything about a tree that the movement of treading underneath may shake it. But come into a wood after a storm, when everything is still elsewhere, and here it will still be raining; the rain collected on the trees will fall long after it has ceased beyond the wood. And so the wood rains in winter, too, when there is no rain outside; often during a rapid thaw the unfrozen moisture in the trees will fall like showers of rain.

All these little ways we must have written down in the story of the wood, and I hope we shall not forget the little trick a tree has at times of taking off your cap

for you if you should forget the sacredness of woods and happen to keep it on. Again and again it will happen in an old wood, where swaying brambles, or a swinging branch of quickset, or a long streamer of wild rose clambering about a tree, will take your cap and toss it into the air. If it be the wild clematis that plays this trick with you, you may have to fight for your cap as this fierce plant fights for its life. It will grip you like a serpent if it gets a chance; it will wind itself about you, and often, however you try to disentangle it from the tree up which it creeps, it will not come down. A hundred times it will break before it will come down. At other times you may pull and pull till you are tired, and still the wild clematis will come and come until what you have pulled, all growing from a single root and all entwined about a single tree, may be as long as a street.

But there is much to do in Little Treasure Island and we cannot lie for ever dreaming in a wood, feeling, in this stillness, how far the world has wandered from the path laid down for men. We are very near to God in this great silence. We feel that we can almost hear the heart of Nature beating—we feel that the secret of life is found in scenes like this, and not in the tumult of battle.

Very near is silence to the heart of things; very near to the Power that rules the worlds are the quiet, incalculable forces of the wood. A great and blissful thing it is to be alive, but near the very heart of life how solemn! So deep, so wide, so universal is my little wood that it can hold the glory of the Island and the wonder of the world, and God Himself is here.

SHAKESPEARE

We who were born in the Island were born to a noble heritage; we were born to treasures that the wise among us would not sell for the crown of a king. For us is the great inspiration of those who made our land the home of freedom, for us is the treasure laid up where moth and rust have not corrupted it. It is not the king alone who wears a crown; we have, each one of us, a crown of liberty and very gold that we should cherish as life itself.

More than ever in the years to come we shall love these precious things that nothing on the earth can take away from us. The Great Peace may find us poorer; we may live in smaller houses, work harder and longer, and the burden of life may be heavy to bear, but we shall have great consolations. Always there will be for us the stainless glory of our land, the memory of the things that it has done for all mankind, and always there will be Shakespeare.

We are not growing up, we who are his countrymen, with that thought of Shakespeare that all the world outside us has. He stands to the world as its greatest man, a man in whom the human mind reached nearest to its Maker; but to us he is our countryman, the man incomparable who came among us to make us great and lift us up. He stood up in the Island, he walked in England all unguessed at, he gave a glory to the earth that will not pass away, and we dare not be unworthy of our king of men.

He is not too great or high for every one of us. He lived our life and spoke our thoughts; he left behind a priceless gift for every boy and girl born in his land. We come to him, a great writer has said, as we come to works of Nature, knowing that, like sun and sea and stars, like frost and rain and dew, we are to submit to him in perfect faith that he is right. But we come to him, all the same, not fearfully, as to some mighty being, but with confidence as in a friend. He understands us; we understand him.

We can hardly think a thought that Shakespeare cannot match; we can hardly imagine a situation that something he said does not fit. His language fits all times and his thought all places; no part of existence, no depth of the universe, no problem of human life, seems to be outside his range. A poet is no rattle-brain, said Emerson—he does not merely say what comes to him first, but he speaks from a heart in unison with his time and his country. But the wonder of Shakespeare is that his heart beats in unison with all times and all countries.

Nothing came amiss to him. A story of a thousand years ago in Shakespeare's hand was fashioned into something that will thrill the world a thousand years from now; he will fit tomorrow morning's paper as he fitted yesterday's. He will move us now to laughter, now to tears. Never in real life has come together such a marvellous crowd of people as Shakespeare's, and there is none among them that he does not seem to know as he knows himself. He makes us feel that we know them, too. He puts us down in this great crowd of people and introduces us, and while we sit and read we win a friend or make a foe.

It is all very real, and they are all real people. They are not here merely for a story, though you will find no more exciting stories anywhere, for every kind of man you ever meet in stories is in Shakespeare—clown and fools and knaves, drunkards and madmen, kings and pedlars, merchants and thieves, cardinals and statesmen, great ladies and country wenches, beautiful children and degraded creatures, fairies, witches, ghosts, and goblins—we meet them all in Shakespeare. But, though they move in thrilling stories, they are there not only for the story. So great a master of himself is Shakespeare that he will end his story in the middle and go on—a way that would kill most other books but makes no difference at all in his, for these people of his plays are in the ceaseless round of life, reflecting the life and feeling of the world, the beating of the hearts of all mankind, as a diamond reflects light. His next-of-kin in the world of books, our great John Milton, soared up into the heavens for the play of forces that make up the everlasting interest of the world, but Shakespeare found them here on earth.

His mind is in the heavens—he takes a truth and carries it to its greatest height and sets it there for all mankind to see—but the life he pictures for us is the life that goes on all about us. His people are such people as we know, and his thoughts are such things as our dreams are made of. We can get into Plato's brain, said Emerson, and think as if we were there, but we cannot get into Shakespeare's. We may say that his mind came nearer being infinite and illimitable than the mind of any other man. How far it reaches out, how marvellous are the images it conjures up, and yet how familiar it all seems, and how much a part of the workaday world!

It is the humanity of Shakespeare, his touch with the world at all the points at which our own lives touch it, that brings him close to us, and keeps his words alive. It is not something far away from us and beyond us. It is your life and mine that lives in Shakespeare, for the hearts of men have been the same since Adam lived in Eden; and Shakespeare goes out seeking men, finds them in their good and evil hours, and penetrates them through and through, as if his pen were some magic thing that could pierce their inner lives, and come out touched with their subtlest motives and their most secret purposes. There are some clocks that tell the time and show the mechanism too, and it seemed to Goethe that Shakespeare's characters were like that. We see the actions of a man, and seem to see the working of his heart and mind.

And it is this power, piercing down beneath the surface of life, like the Röntgen rays, that Shakespeare will give to you if you will take it. He who listens to Shakespeare enriches his life and strengthens himself for his battles with the world. Shakespeare is no preacher; he sees things as they are, and paints them so. He shows us human causes and their consequence; he shows how little passions grow to great and lead to tragedy; he shows us how dishonour leads to ruin and evil overwhelms the lives of innocent and sinful, too; he gives us the sure foundation of worthy lives, loving our country and our neighbours, cherishing friends, and bearing ourselves in dignity against an enemy.

Shakespeare knew well the ways of selfishness, the friends who come and go as fortune comes and goes:

> Every man will be thy friend
> Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;

But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
. . . . .
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;

Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

"A friend should bear a friend's infirmities," he tells us, and we may every one accept those well-tested words of Hamlet:

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

A mingled web it is that makes up human life, for none of us is wholly good nor wholly bad:

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
Good and ill together; our virtues would be proud
If our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would
despair
If they were not cherished by our virtues.

And so there are few of us who may read without profiting the worldly wisdom of a father to the son who is leaving home.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposéd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

We must "be patient, for the world is broad and wide," and we must beware, as we go about the world, of false friends everywhere who would deceive us. "All that glisters is not gold," and even Satan can quote Scripture for his purpose:

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

We must beware, too, of evil talkers: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." We must guard ourselves also against all those people whom we find wherever we go, the weary talkers of infinite nothings, creeping into our conversations and wasting our time; such a one as Gratiano, who talked more rubbish than any man in Venice:

His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Modesty and caution become us all; you are to

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.

We are to be ashamed of ignorance, and to love knowledge, for

> Ignorance is the curse of God,
> Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

We are to be kind, remembering that "ill deeds are doubled with an evil word"; we are to speak gently, remembering that

> Curses never pass
> The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

We who know the better are not to follow the worse; he who sins knowingly is the most offending of all:

> For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

We must do all the good we can:

> How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Especially we must bear with those who may not think as we do. That liberty we claim for ourselves we must willingly give to others. How much of the world's sorrow, how much misery in the lives of men and nations, might have been saved by the wide tolerance of Shakespeare, who thinks no worse of a man who may earnestly hold opposite opinions to his own! We should learn by heart that moving outburst of passion in Shylock, a lesson for all time to all who bear the name of Christian:

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we

not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.

We may be strong in opinions and numbers, but we must remember that

> It is excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant.

Clothed in justice, we can face a world of enemies, for

> Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

And yet in any quarrel, however firmly based in justice we may be, let us remember that highest above all is mercy:

> The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest—
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
> His sceptre shows the force of temporal power—
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings—
> But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
> It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
> It is an attribute to God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.

So the qualities that make up greatness will come into our lives, the elements of nobility will mix in us, so that it may be said of us as Antony said of Brutus:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man."

We must be brave and honourable, that conscience may not hurt us at the end, so that we may be like him of whom "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." Honour more than all else we must love:

> Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
> Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Money, compared with honour, is as nothing:

> He who steals my purse steals trash,
> But he who filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him
> And leaves me poor indeed.

Nothing that life holds is worth an evil name:

> The purest treasure mortal times afford
> Is spotless reputation; that away,
> Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay . . .
> Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
> Take honour from me, and my life is done.

And courage, too, we must have; we must face whatever stormy winds may blow, not sitting down and weeping, for

> Woe doth the heavier sit
> Where it perceives it is but faintly borne,

and "when sorrows come, they come not single spies but in battalions." We must be of good cheer, for "a light heart lives long," and

> A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Let us face with a stout heart whatever adversity may befall us:

> A plague on sighing in grief;
> It blows a man out like a bladder,

and there is no strength in bladders. Rather we must remember that

> A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest
> Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

There is no chance in this world for the coward :

> Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once.

There is very little chance even for Mr. Timidity, always afraid, dreaming uneasily in the night and waking up every morning with a tremble :

> Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good we oft might win
> By fearing to attempt.

He will succeed in his great adventure who bears this truth in mind :

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

But in all our ventures we must remember well that more even than to command success is to deserve it. We must do no ill that good may come; we must suffer no stain to come upon our name to justify an evil conscience afterwards, for " conscience doth make cowards of us all." We must be free from its reproaching voice.

It's a dangerous thing. It makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; he cannot swear but it checks him. 'Tis a blushing, shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it

beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and to live without it.

To all who help us in this world we must be thankful. To God Himself, who gives us all, we must be filled with daily thankfulness:

> Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
> But still remember what the Lord hath done.

We must be grateful to men, not bringing on ourselves the burden of these bitter words:

> Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude;

and for those who have loved us and taught us we must cherish gratitude that words can hardly tell, for

> Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child.

Pursuing these paths, we shall come to the Kingdom of Peace. We shall learn to love the happiness that lies in simple things:

> 'Tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow.

We shall wear the crown of contentment that is within the reach of all:

> My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
> Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
> Nor to be seen; my crown is called Content;
> A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

We shall not imagine that riches bring with them freedom from care, for "they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing," and care arises from within, not from without. Not even kings are free from care, for "what have kings that privates have not too, save ceremony?"

And what is idle ceremony? It brings a king no peace; you and I, then, will not allow it to consume our time and add to our cares. We shall not spoil our happiness for the sake of forms and fashions and conventions, but shall be "kind and natural," as Shakespeare prays for England that all her children may be.

And where in any tongue can words be found that match our Shakespeare's love of the Island that evermore loves him—those ringing words that sound like notes of music to us all:

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world. . . .

Such was his love of the Island; and how wide and deep must have been his love for all its natural scenes we see in every play. Long before Wordsworth he loved "the daffodils that come before the swallow dares." He

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, RELEASED FROM THE TOWER, PAYS HOMAGE AT THE TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

[*See Page* 73

HERE, DOWN THE GREAT STREET OF LIBERTY THAT WE CALL WHITEHALL, HAVE WALKED THE RULERS AND SHAPERS OF THE ISLAND FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

[*See Chapter 6*

IF WE RUN OUT OF WHITEHALL THROUGH THE HORSE GUARDS, AND MOVE BACKWARDS ACROSS THE SQUARE TOWARDS THE PRIME MINISTER'S GARDEN WALL, A STRIKING THING HAPPENS. AMID THE STRANGE TANGLE OF WIRES THAT KEEP THE ADMIRALTY IN TOUCH WITH OUR SHIPS AT SEA LORD NELSON COMES PEEPING UP

[*See Page* 79

ROBERT BLAKE CALLS ON CROMWELL IN THE COUNCIL ROOM IN WHITEHALL

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loved to see the sun making "cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold." He sent out Ariel to

> Seek some dewdrop here,
> And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

He loved the bank

> Whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows.

His characters go walking in the woods

> Where often you and I
> Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie.

He sees a vision of the greatness of Queen Elizabeth, and makes

> Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
> And hang their heads with sorrow.

He felt, as most of us have felt sometimes, a reluctance to pluck a rose:

> When I have plucked the rose,
> I cannot give it vital growth again.
> It needs must wither.
> I will smell it on the tree.

He was glad enough to see it grow. To share in the glory of Nature was enough for him. He had no vain covetings; he did not crave such wastefulness and ridiculous excess as

> To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smoothe the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow.

We love to think of that scene on the eve of Agincourt,

when the king, appearing disguised before his soldiers, discusses himself with them, and points out that a king, after all, is but a man. There is no better way for Shakespeare to show the Great Equality than to say that Nature is the same for king and subject too: "For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me."

What strength and comfort lie in simple natural things we see above all else in the tragedy of King Lear. We may pity the man or woman who is alive today and has not read "King Lear," and those who are now growing up and will come to read it we may envy. It is perhaps the mightiest thing that a man has ever written, this story of an old man and his children—faithful Cordelia, who loved him truly, but would not flatter him, so that he cast her out; and the unnatural daughters who flattered his kingdom out of him and turned him from their doors. Cordelia will not protest she loves him more than all the world; she loves him as a daughter, and that is all. Then the old man, consumed with flattery, casts his child adrift. He will suffer no appeal for her:

> Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
> I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
> On her kind nursery.

Then follow such events in human lives as cannot be described except in Shakespeare, but when all the bitterness has had its way, and all the lives are sacrificed, and all the pain has been endured, and all the guilt is known, it is Lear and Cordelia who are happy for an hour again. It is Lear who feels so happy in that hour that Time, he says, shall devour the eyes of his enemies

"ere they shall make us weep." They are going off to prison—Lear, once King of Britain, and Cordelia, now Queen of France; but prison cannot bind their hearts, and it is the thought of simple things that drives away its terrors.

> Come, let's away to prison;
> We two will sing like birds i' the cage:
> When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
> And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
> And pray and sing and tell old tales, and laugh
> At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
> Talk of Court news; and we'll talk with them, too.
> Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out,
> And take upon 's the mystery of things,
> As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
> In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
> That ebb and flow by the moon.

Yet Shakespeare, if he loved the simple life, felt the great sense of mystery that runs through all things. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on," he said; and "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy." He loved the splendour of the heavens, "this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire." He felt a sense of purpose in familiar things—the quiet life,

> Exempt from public haunts,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Who can forget the lovely moonlight night when two friends are sitting in the garden:

> Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

He seemed to hear the music of the spheres; he felt that there was something in a man unseen and yet all-powerful. He knew that man is much more than we see, and he wrote with this thought in his mind:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

He would have us think of Nature as of some holy thing. He gives us this solemn picture of the forces of the universe paying their tribute to the birth of Christ:

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

And he believed, surely, that Nature is eternally on the side of right. We feel that all the time; and he has given us this picture of the mutiny of our inner selves when we do wrong:

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council, and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.

He felt that there is something after and beyond our life on earth; but of this great mystery of all human time Shakespeare knew no more than we. He puts on Cleopatra's lips these beautiful last words:

> Finish, good lady; the bright day is done;
> And we are for the dark,

but he knew that, though death is common, "all that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity," and he declared his faith in God in these everlasting lines:

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will.

Seek what we will that matters to us all, we find it in the book that Shakespeare left us. It will never fail us if we read it earnestly. It will tell us a good story, it will thrill us with a sense of great adventure, it will keep us company in sorrow and delight us in our happier days, it will lift for us the veil behind which move the inner lives and purposes of men. It encompasses for us the height and depth and breadth of human life. It gives us Ariel's brightness, Rosalind's charm, and the friendship of Celia. It gives us the loyalty of Antony, the jealousy of Othello, and Macbeth's duplicity. It gives us the generosity of Antonio, the ambition of Wolsey, the profundity of Hamlet, the patriotism of Henry the Fifth, the sacrifice of Kent, and the foul treachery of Edmund. It gives us the purity of Isabella, the unnaturalness of Goneril and Regan, the cleverness of

Portia, the devotion of Jessica, and the faithfulness of Cordelia. It gives us the malice of Iago, the self-will and vanity of King Lear, the pompous ignorance of Pistol, and Shylock's revengefulness.

We come to Shakespeare for all these, for infinitely more than these, and he does not fail us. He is the voice of England that will never die. When kings and thrones have perished from the earth, he will sit enthroned in the hearts of men; and the treasure he gave us, the precious stone he set in the midst of the Island to endure for ever, is yours and mine.

THE TREASURE HOUSES OF THE ISLAND

Come for a walk with me through those fair palaces that glitter with the treasure of our Island. For mile after mile we will walk through the wonder and riches of the past. We shall be able to go for a walk through history very near to Cromwell and Drake and Mary Queen of Scots. We shall be able to go for a walk through the days before our history began, when Englishmen lived in caves and fought the bear.

Far out into the world we may go, travelling to distant times and far-off places, lost in thought amid the strange life of Stone Age men or cannibal men, or men who built great palaces ten thousand years ago. We can walk to the depths of barbarism or to the heights of civilisation. We can sit and see the things that Socrates and Plato saw; we can touch a thing St. Paul looked on. We can read the actual letter written by Anne Boleyn as her heart was beating high with the thought of marrying the Bluebeard king who murdered her. All this we can do, and more, for the doors of our museums are open wide.

They have not sold our treasures to pay our taxes, but Governments know and care so little for museums that it is true they shut the doors of these great treasure-houses on millions of soldiers tramping our streets and anxious to see our sights. It was a shame, for there is nothing to compare with our museums. Even Parliament in all its glory is not arrayed like one of these.

For our museums are like a living book, open at every page with pictures counted in millions, and every one a great original. If you would see what the first bird was like, here is the very bird. If you would see a man who walked the streets when Moses walked, here he is, huddled up in his coffin as he has lain through all the centuries. If you would see the glittering crown of Queen Elizabeth, or the yellow parchment of Magna Carta that King John signed as he chewed bits of wood and straw, here they are. If you would see the Seven Wonders of the World, here is what is left of most of them. If you would sit and look at Caesar face to face, here he is, carved as in very life by men who saw him pass. You can see the glory of the Parthenon as Socrates looked on it on the day he died. You can read Cromwell's letters thanking God, or Wolsey's appeal for pity and compassion in his fall. It would almost be true to say that in these museums there is something of everything, and it would certainly be true to say that in no other corners of the earth can be found concentrated so much that interests the people of the English-speaking race as in one or two museums not far from Charing Cross.

We cannot hope to do more here than take a rapid glance at them. We shall be like the American traveller, of whom they say that he takes a train and puts his head out at the station, buys a local paper, and so goes on and on till he boasts that there is not a city in the world he does not know.

The truth is that the wealth of our museums is so immense that no man knows it. No gold can buy it. Treasure piled on treasure meets our gaze; wonder on wonder, tragedy on tragedy, all the emotions that come

into life from the cradle to the grave stir in us as we walk through these great galleries. Gems that glitter like the sun, things so beautiful that they seem to belong to a world of dreams; marvellous products of the patience of Nature and the immense labour of men's hands; ghastly sights from which we turn away and shudder; memories of immortal deeds; the touch of Shakespeare and Michael Angelo; a little thing King Alfred owned, something Cromwell wrote, and an actual part of the body of Napoleon; fragments of history from every age and every land; types of life from every clime; Nature in all her seasons and in all her glory and through all her generations; the books that men have written, the pictures they have painted, the statues they have carved, objects of a hundred kinds that they have wrought—it is all here waiting for us through the gates the Government banged, barred, and bolted during the War.

You think a museum a dead sort of place perhaps; you may not care for walking about for miles among glass cases. But a museum is a wide, wide world, and is not meant for travellers who rush from end to end. If you could take an aeroplane and fly through England in a day, so that all the glory of its hills and dales, and all the wonder of its domes and towers, and all the summer loveliness of its woods and fields and gardens were specks and patches making no appeal to you, that would be like walking hurriedly through a great museum. But if you went to Winchester and walked down the cathedral nave, or to Westminster Abbey and stood by the tomb of Henry of Agincourt, or to the Tower of London to feel the silence of the Norman chapel there—that would be like seeing a museum as museums are meant to be seen.

The treasures of these places have not come here like rain from heaven, pouring in in myriads, and they are not meant to be seen as in a crowd. They lie in their millions—actually and literally million by million—but there they lie one by one, and every one is a rare thing to behold. A place alive, not dead, is a museum, alive with a spirit of great adventure, alive with the glow of inspiration and the thrill of all the wonder of this world. If all else must go, let us leave our museums, for they are more packed with the wonder of the life and work of man than any other acres on earth.

We can never see one half of them; we can never know a tithe of all the treasure that is here. How came it all here? Who found these things, and brought them, and arranged them? That would be the greatest story ever told—of patience and courage and genius, of unselfish toil and heroic self-sacrifice, of the hazard of life for the sake of knowledge, and the love of truth above all. A thrilling story it would be, that would take us into the jungle and down into the sea, high up in mountain peaks and underneath the desert sands, into river-beds and glaciers and deep down in the earth, into palaces and temples and mud huts, among savages and wild beasts, and high up on the narrow ledges of a precipice.

Behind these things that lie in our museums are such great tales as that of Du Chaillu, who travelled on foot or in canoes through 8000 miles of Africa without a white companion. He spent years in places untrodden by any other European. He brought home thousands of specimens of animals and birds, sixty of them utterly unknown. He discovered the gorilla in West African forests, and told its story to a world that ridiculed and disbelieved him.

His expeditions were shipwrecked again and again, and his collections lost; and he lost everything he had—notebooks, photographs, instruments and all—one day in the jungle, when a rifle exploded and killed a native, and he had to run for his life. But here in our museums are precious things that he brought home.

You will see from the cards in some of the South Kensington cases that the contents are from the collection of Allan Hume. He was one of the best friends a museum ever had. He was in India at the time of the Mutiny, and was remembered for his heroism there, but most of all for his love of collecting. He gave up years of his life to add to our knowledge of bird-life in British Asia. He had a devoted band of local observers and collectors, he fitted out expeditions to various places, and he got together the most complete collection of birds and eggs of India that has ever been known. There are in it altogether over 80,000 specimens. The whole of this magnificent collection, with nearly 400 mammals as well, Allan Hume gave to the nation, and the British Museum sent out a man to Simla to pack the treasures for their journey home. He was away for four months, he packed the collection in eighty-two cases, and got them safely home at a cost of nearly a thousand pounds.

No man can know the long years of devotion and ceaseless labour and thinking, the deep love of Nature and the passion for knowledge, that South Kensington enshrines. We have only to think of such a life as that of Hugh Cuming, who for a whole generation was unweary in well-doing. He travelled year after year along the Pacific coast and in the Philippine Islands, all the time collecting shells. He gave his whole life to it, and in the end his collection was

incomparably the richest in the world. No man had ever before picked up so many shells, named them, and arranged them so neatly. If Nature had wanted to see her handiwork spread out before her she could not have found a better hand than his to do it. The Cuming collection is famous for its beauty and the amazing variety of its types; and when it was known, and bought for the nation for £6000, no naturalist anywhere could write a book on shells without referring to it.

So many a brilliant man has worn his life away in collecting treasures for our museums, or in making catalogues and writing interesting descriptions of this multitude of wonders. You see a few words written on a tablet lying among the shells; you read the notes in these amazing catalogues; but these things that leave us perhaps unmoved represent stupendous labour and often unthinkable devotion.

Do you remember how John Richard Green lay for years on his death-bed, dictating that History of England which no man has ever matched? There are stories like these in our museums—such stories as that of Dr. Grey, who was Keeper of the British Museum when the last great war was fought in Europe, who gave the museum half a century of his life, and as he lay dying, hardly able to breathe, dictated instructions for the description of a new species on which he was engaged.

There was a surgeon in the Navy who spent years of his life preparing catalogues for the British Museum until the work broke down his health; there was a naval commander who brought insects from the South Sea Islands, one of the best collectors the museum ever had, until he was killed by a native's poisoned arrow; there

was Dr. Sclater, the scientific man who wrote 1300 separate papers, largely about things he contributed to the British Museum.

The tremendous work a museum involves can hardly be understood by those who just pass through. There is a set of small drawers to which Francis Pascoe gave up his life for forty years. You would hardly believe it, but there are 49,000 beetles in them. Pascoe was one of the most remarkable collectors who ever lived. He kept no duplicates and always kept the smallest type of beetle, and he used the shortest pins and the smallest labels he could find. There is another collection made by James Stephens, with 90,000 British insects; there is the Bowring Collection of 230,000 beetles.

What a sight it would be, the annual procession to the British Museum! It would be the strangest scene in all the world. It is probably true that there has never been a week for half a century when at least a thousand new creatures have not arrived for the honour of a place in our great treasure-house. They come from every corner of the earth. There were 275,000 centipedes and millipedes that came one year from Guatemala. There was a flock of 50,000 birds that came from the Arctic and the Tropics. There were 10,000 beetles from the Nicobar and Andaman Islands. One year there came an invisible host fifty thousand strong, fifty thousand foraminifera, unseen by the naked eye, but every one a joy for ever under the microscope. And one year, in this marvellous procession to the glass cases, came that wondrous flock of humming-birds which John Gould collected. He lived to be a fine old man. He was born in the year before Trafalgar, he worked as a boy in the gardens of Windsor

Castle, and he became a great natural explorer and collector. He got together more than 5000 of these glorious humming-birds, which he showed in the Great Exhibition for which the Crystal Palace was built in 1851. He went on an expedition to Australia with his wife, and the sort of work he did was done at such great peril that three of his collectors lost their lives in it. Before he died he produced over forty volumes, with three thousand plates of birds, which nobody would publish, so that this indomitable man published them himself and made a fortune. It was a great year for the British Museum when the humming-birds arrived. They were bought for £3000, or about half a guinea each, but they doubled the number of visitors to the museum that year, and their little room is one of the jolliest in South Kensington today.

Were ever such visitors seen elsewhere as arrive at these museums of ours? There came in one year 104 skulls from Egypt, centuries old. In another year arrived 192 skulls of cats that may have prowled about in Pharaoh's palaces. A whale that was stranded at Weymouth was brought to the door one day, and once there arrived in little boxes 958 insects imprisoned in amber, brought from the amber quarries of East Prussia. Two men sent 20,000 Central American birds, and no collection received by the British Museum was ever more fully catalogued.

You would not like to have to make these catalogues. The catalogue of birds at South Kensington, expected to take ten years, took twenty, and kept ten men busy and grew to twenty-seven volumes. A catalogue of tiny sea creatures took twenty years to make. One collection

of birds' eggs numbers nearly 47,000, arranged in 990 drawers, and any egg can be found without waiting. In Waterloo year the British Museum had its insects in two cases; today there are cases everywhere, and 9000 drawers full besides. There are 50,000 bound volumes of manuscript, 75,000 charters and rolls. We see how precious the catalogues and indexes must be when we come to those cabinets with a thousand bottles and drawers full of plants and fruits and seeds brought by Sir Joseph Banks when he went round the world with Captain Cook. There are over 20,000 sorts of plants, and hundreds of flowers preserved in spirits, and the index, making it possible for us to turn up any one of them, enables us to identify thousands of plants that come from distant places. There are thousands of plants that came a hundred years ago from the coast of Van Diemen's Land; and there is a single collection, built up by Robert James Shuttleworth, containing 170,000 separate plants.

And come to the animals. A quarter of a century ago there were over two million animals at South Kensington—nearly half a million little shell creatures, 300,000 birds and 100,000 eggs, 70,000 fishes, 50,000 reptiles. Twenty years ago there were over half a million specimens of geology and 100,000 minerals, and the increasing accumulations of these national collections are incredible almost beyond belief.

We need not wonder that the British Museum became crammed, so that its acres at Bloomsbury could not accept new creatures, and could not show those it had. It had 12,000 fishes, and exhibited 750; the rest were hidden in the cellars. When Livingstone sent home the things he collected they were put in cellars because

there was no other room. At last more room was found, and the magnificent galleries of South Kensington were built. They were ready in 1882, and never, surely, was such a flitting as the removal from Bloomsbury.

All the natural history objects were taken in their millions through the streets of London. It took 97 days and 354 journeys to change their address. Over 5000 boxes and trays were specially made, and over 50,000 objects preserved in spirit had to be moved. More than 1300 things were taken away singly, and to get away the skulls of two whales a brick wall had to be taken down. They were among the oldest things in the museum, and had not seen daylight since the famous Cuvier sketched them for one of his books two generations before.

It was this rehousing of the natural treasures of the nation that first revealed their untold value to millions of people. This matchless pageantry of the marvels of Nature, mobilised for mile upon mile under one vast roof, is perhaps the supreme educational asset of the whole United Kingdom. South Kensington is a great Museum, but it is equally a great centre of natural research—a sort of natural university where, all unseen by the public, men of science are for ever at work, discovering, testing, identifying, comparing, investigating theories of vast importance to us all. Every part of the British Commonwealth has its insect pests, and here men come to study them. An insect was found to be eating the British Army's biscuits, stored away in enormous quantities, and even before the war began South Kensington had saved the country on these biscuits £10,000 a year. What use is a museum? some people ask. Let us look at only one or two of the uses of South Kensington.

NOBLY IN WHITEHALL STANDS THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, WHICH HAS IN ITS KEEPING THE MINDS OF MILLIONS OF LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN WHO WILL RULE THE ISLAND IN THE GOOD TIME COMING

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THE GLORY OF OUR GREAT CATHEDRALS—SUNLIGHT FALLING THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

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It has saved the sugar plantations of Mauritius from destruction.

It has been of precious service in dealing with insects attacking envelopes of airships.

It protects telegraphs and telephones in the tropics against pests.

It has saved enormous sums of money by checking the warble pest on cattle and the weevil pest on wheat.

It has dealt with plagues of mosquitoes in the trenches and cockroaches in hospitals.

It advises fishing companies developing new regions; it looks into the question of preserved foods.

It has destroyed a pest infesting the waters of Egypt and producing irritating disease.

It is studying a slug that devastates rubber plantations, a snail that damages Egyptian crops, and shell creatures that carry disease or damage growth in many lands.

It has advised on mites that damage stores of corn, mites that give disease to horses, and a little nuisance afflicting camels round the Mediterranean.

It helped the army with its water supply in Cyprus, and was able to guide our engineers searching for potash salts.

Its fossils were of great value when our army went to Italy and needed information of the country our troops were marching through.

It tested the wood used in a Zeppelin propellor brought down in this country, and found timbers to match it.

They are not small things; they are services of incalculable value to the nation and mankind. They would be impossible unless these huge collections were spread out where all can see them. If you would identify a plant from Java, or a flower from Persia, or a fruit from Zululand, or a piece of wood from Brazil, here is the

place to do it. If you have a special bit of moss you cannot recognise, here is one collection with 50,000 mosses in it. If you are puzzled by a fungus, one collection here has 40,000 of them, and you can see them for yourself.

We have been in only one or two corners of only one or two museums, and as much remains as would remain of London's shops if we had merely walked up Regent Street. Side by side in the museum-land of London stand the great palaces of South Kensington, unrivalled in the wonder of Nature and the achievements of men. In one we walk past Nature's children, standing mile upon mile as they were in life—some millions of years ago before the first man walked the earth, some from the North Pole or from the South, some from the lands of the tropical sun, some from the depths of the sea. We walk about among millions of members of Nature's mighty family, some invisible to human eyes, some so huge that special halls were built to house them. In another of these great palaces are gathered a host of the most beautiful things made by the hands of man. Objects great and small, carved in wood, wrought in metal, or woven in fabric; housefronts and stairways, columns, doors, and windows, ceilings, floors, and walls, statues, cameos, gems, enamels, and wondrous vases, carpets and tapestries, precious things in bronze and stone—can any treasure our nation holds compare with these?

And these are only two of our museums. If you want to see engines and ships and aeroplanes and pumps and turbines, and a thousand other things mechanical, you go next door. If you want to see a footprint on the sands made by some creature long ago extinct, or the mark of a raindrop that fell in a storm when there was

no man on earth to see it, you go to the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. If you would stand and see the ruins of the Seven Wonders of the World in ancient times you go to Bloomsbury. If you would touch the very coffin by which stood Rameses the Great, taking leave of his father before they laid him with the long line of Pharaohs, you go to the rare old house of Sir John Soane in Lincoln's Inn Fields. If you would see the car which carried Wellington on his last ride you go down in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Boundless is the interest of the museum world, and limitless its range. When will our people find it? When will it dawn upon their minds that here are the great theatres of the past, the sun-capped towers and glittering palaces of our Island, crammed with untold treasure that belongs to you and me?

A RIDE IN GOD'S COUNTRY

God made the country and man the town, they say. Then let us ride from God's country to man's town.

God certainly made our Island. Who but the Fashioner and Creator of the heavens could have planned my great hilltop, this natural platform looking down the hills of time? Who but the Architect and Creator of the earth could have shaped these heights that throw their heads into the sky, and carved these depths that creep down to meet the river? Who but the Begetter of the boundless oceans could have set this river in its place, running through these changing scenes on its way to the changeless sea? Who but the Author and Giver of life could have made this glory live? For every bit of this massive world of mine, reaching out and climbing up and diving down for miles about me, is stirring and beating with life, living and growing and moving, touched with the glow that makes it shine this morning as if it were the very gate of heaven.

But we must leave the gate of heaven and come down into the world. We shall see the sort of place man is making of God's country. It is nine o'clock in the morning, and London lies an hour away. Down we go from the hilltop that was once an ocean-bed, down the slopes where the little river used to run, through the furze and broom and monkey-trees and roses, into the wood where nightingales have built their homes and sung their songs and

brought up their young for fifty years, and out into the narrow lane with not a soul in sight, but with a buzzing of bees and a singing of birds and a swinging of trees and a flapping of butterflies' wings that make up the bustling and the hustling of Nature's city streets.

For there are very few quiet lanes, if you think of it. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear the things that Nature has to say.

Down by the bend of the narrow lane, through the arch made by the overhanging elms, we catch sight of the old church tower, a picture of the handiwork of man in a frame not made with hands; but we do not follow the lane—who follows a lane when he can jump a stile and walk through a field of gold? Give me a little path across this field and take your great highways. In summer it is my throne of gold; in winter it is my field of diamonds. See it with the sun on a million ears of wheat, swinging on their stalks and waving their heads in triumph that they have come in time to save us once again—grains of corn more precious than gold. See it with the silver sun on a million crystals of pure snow, diamonds for the asking, as precious and beautiful and far more worth the money than all the diamonds in a Bond Street window. True, I see them only for a moment, but I see them in myriads, ten thousand times ten thousand, and the great lady sees her diamonds only now and then, and sees them then in only ones and twos.

And so I love this walk from stile to stile, cutting off the corner and leading me to the little houses—the little house that was not there the other day, standing now amid the flowers and creeping banks, and the little old house that was there when Shakespeare walked to London. It

has stood through all these changing years of time. It has seen the passing of the toll-gate and the coming of the train. From the little window that looks up the lane you could have seen the squire and his daughter riding on their horses in those days when squires and their daughters were more important than now, and they must stop and pay their toll before the gate was opened, so that to this day we call this Sparepenny Lane. But from the window at the back you see a stately viaduct, with its tall and beautiful arches rising from the river-banks to bear the train across the Darent Valley.

Over the hills in the old days a man came tramping day by day. He would pass this little cottage and nod good-morning to a mother with her baby at the gate; and he would go on to where these great pillars were then rising, and hard work he must have found it piling up these bricks so high. They say that, when they came to the pillar which stands close to the river, men worked without ceasing for four days and four nights to get the foundations in; but at last they were in, and as the years went by, and the viaduct was done, and the little baby at the cottage gate grew up, the man who helped to build the viaduct came tramping over the hills again, and again he met the maiden at the gate, and in time he married her. He went to sea on many a British ship; he stood at bay with pirates outside Chinese harbours; but he came back to this cottage to grow old, and he died in sight of his handiwork. He must have been proud that not a brick he laid has ever come away.

At the cottage gate, as we turn the corner, is the great box so neatly trimmed, a thing of beauty and a joy to all who see it, but a monument to one who never saw it, for

she was blind. She loved this box as if it were a child; she shaped it and trimmed it, and ever since she died it has been shaped and trimmed as its blind planter left it.

It is not a bad text for the beginning of a day. We are never much astray if we go through the world thinking of those who made life beautiful for us. They made our roads, and bridged our rivers, and planted our country lanes; they did their work and sought no glory for themselves. Who built this bridge that we are coming to? We do not know. We know it has borne the burden of the day for a hundred years and more; but the world has never heard of the men who put it there. Who built this Tudor cottage by the bridge? We know that people turn to look at it on every summer's day, that artists come to sit by the river and paint it; that the rare lady at the window would not change it for a house and grounds in London Town; but who first thought it out and put it there, fitting the village perfectly, no man can say. Over the bridge to the church—and who threw up that tower with the ivy creeping over it, with its slender old grey steeple that seems to balance on the wind, and with its clock that speaks to every one who passes by, not only of Time itself, but of the message of Time? For this clock says to us, in that fine faith of Robert Browning:

> Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be;

another good text to carry through the day. Who comes to town from the country brings with him many good things—the trees putting on their beauty, the fields waving in the wind, the songs in the hedgerows, and the great heart of Nature beating everywhere.

But what is it comes to us next? It is the lesson Nature teaches all her children—that if we will but follow her she will give us power. We come to a village station. A simple thing a railway ride seems now, but how many lives of human toil have gone to make it possible? What gigantic labour levelled this great way, moving hundreds of thousands of tons of chalk here and putting it there, piling up masses of brick and stone to carry us high above the tops of houses, and boring tunnels through the rock? This line that runs through a hole in the earth and bears us on its back must feel at home down there, for it lay in the earth for ages before man hacked it out and turned it into steel in his great furnaces. Look at it shining like silver, and think of the men who have handled it, the fierce fires that melted down the ore and poured it, purified, into the crucible, the great hammers that beat it, the moulds that fashioned it into shape.

All through the world you will find these shining rails. They take men everywhere. And how easily these engines glide along them! A long way the world has moved since Richard Trevithick, poor Captain Dick, used to walk along the banks of our little river close to here, thinking out the way to make a drop of water carry men about the world. He died so poor that the hand of charity laid him to rest not far from the river that flows beneath our viaduct, but he left the world richer for his life, and every time we go by train we should be thankful for poor Captain Dick. He laid the way for George Stephenson, who laid the way for all those men who laid the way for us. So, like the steel line that runs through Kent to London, there runs through life the chain of service, link bound to link, all for each and each for all, and nobody knows where the

THE COUNTRY IS AFIRE WITH RED AND GOLD, AND ALL OUR LITTLE WORLD IS LIKE A WINDOW INTO PARADISE

[See Chapter 13

chain began and nobody knows where it will end. The loom of Time goes spinning on, yesterday, today, tomorrow, and for ever.

And our train goes on. Out of the tunnel it comes, into the sunny fields again. The beauty of the world is passing for a moment, for we are nearing Swanley, which has lost its ancient charm and turned its gardens into slums. Many years of bad government have ruined the loveliness of this place, yet there are things to see and beautiful things to think of, for we are passing the place where the first geranium burst into bloom, in a nursery where passers-by would often see a good old man whose name was known throughout the world. For fifty years or more he toiled among his flowers, loving them as he loved his children, improving old ones and making new ones, and sending his seeds and plants and shrubs and trees to gardens everywhere. Wherever men love gardens they know the name of Cannell, and this name, so linked with flowers, is linked with pity, too, for the business he made passed out of his hands, and he who made our gardens rich died poor.

But we have to get to town, and we are not yet through the strawberry fields. Ahead are the woods of St. Mary Cray, and we are never quite sure which window to look out from. The water that runs from the hills into the little Cray flows through some pleasant places. Paul's Cray, Foot's Cray, North Cray, or Mary Cray—we can do much worse than ramble through them on a summer's day.

In the choir of the church at North Cray, years ago, was a schoolboy who grew up to be Sims Reeves and to sing in half the countries in the world. In a cottage here one of our Prime Ministers died. Take a big map of

Australia, and you will find a Foot's Cray there, a thriving town of 20,000 people named from this hamlet in Kent, and old men still living by the Cray will tell you of that carpenter who built the steeple of North Cray Church, who went out to Australia and built a great exhibition, a great cathedral, and a pile of Government buildings, and at length became Mayor of Sydney. We may be sure he often remembered his days by the Cray, and he stamped his memory of it on the map by giving the name to a town on the Yarra river near Melbourne.

There was another old builder by the Cray who built the chimney of the paper-mills. He built it alone; every brick he laid with his own hands. It was said of him that he was a very slow old man, and his master said that if he moved much slower he would not move at all. But that was said by a man who moved very quickly and did great things—William Joynson, the founder of the paper-mills. You have surely written a letter on his paper; everywhere the good notepaper made by the Cray has gone into the homes of our British people.

We run quickly through these little places where we would gladly stay, and we can only give a moment to the memory of these people who have lived their lives and left their mark in these quiet corners of Kent. We have only time to think of their names before a rabbit scuttles up the sandy bank, or a little brown squirrel darts up a tree, or a startled pheasant shoots out from the grass, or a friendly lark bids us forget the world and soar with it to heaven. Nature and men play for our interest all the time whenever we come by train, and, flying through these woods, Nature wins us easily. We know what Mrs. Browning felt when she saw such scenes as these, and wrote of them :

I flattered all the beauteous country round—
The happy violets hiding from the road
The primroses run down to, carrying gold;
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills;
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage gardens smelling everywhere;
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

Through scenes like these we come to that fair kingdom where London begins to begin. Gardens and lovely houses creep up the hillside. There are homes such as homes should be, with broad streets and room for all to breathe, and room for trees to grow and spread, and we feel that here, at Chislehurst and Bickley, God's country meets man's town. They will tell you of caves and dene-holes here, and you can roam for hours beneath this glorious face of Kent. The dene-holes are only chalk pits, and not caves of mystery and history, as the people say, but the charm and interest of these hills is on the surface and not beneath.

Beyond us lies the chief town that we pass on our ride to the Thames—Bromley, with its pleasant roads that lead us near to a common ablaze with gold; to the home of William Pitt, who saved England when England saved Europe; to the tree where Pitt and Wilberforce sat resting when the great crusader pledged his life to the freeing of the slaves. It is a ride of stirring thoughts for those who think. But before we have time to think we are watching the houses climbing up the hill to Shortlands.

We are getting farther from the lanes and nearer to the streets, and we go on past the long country street of

Beckenham, through all the unloveliness of Kent House and Penge, until we dive into the earth again under the glittering towers and domes of the Crystal Palace. Not even the directors of the railway could be expected to say a pleasant word for this foul Penge Tunnel, a shame to the men who built it and the Government that allows it, but they bring us through it quickly, and it has, at any rate, the distinction of being guarded by the first electric railway signal in the world. (Strange, by the way, that it should bring us in a minute more within sight of London's first electric trains.)

But here is Dulwich, with its stately college, its pleasant and famous bowling-green, and its old-world lanes, in one of which lies that lovely little gallery of art, where the benefactor sleeps amid the pictures he bequeathed. Through a gate in this lane we walk and look at more than one immortal canvas, as John Ruskin used to do.

I like to think, as we near Herne Hill, that here John Ruskin used to walk about. For eighty years his house in Denmark Hill was associated with his life or with his memory. He would sit here sketching long before our railway came, and in those days of long ago he used to think that a little road our train runs over was one of the prettiest country lanes he knew.

Old Dulwich Village has not greatly changed since Ruskin was a boy here. Here was open country then, and in later years John Ruskin used to say that one of his greatest books could never have been written except in the purer air of sixty years ago. He would look out, as he sat among his books, to the moving clouds above the fields, and they would greatly inspire his thought; and we pass over a road which was then a little lane, with

hedges from which Ruskin and his mother used to gather hawthorn, and where, as he grew up, he used to work in the summer's shadows "as in a place wilder and sweeter than our garden, to think over any passage I wanted to make better than usual." In his own garden he learned to love trees, and to understand seeds and fruits, and to love Nature so much that in saying his prayers he would ask that the frost might not touch the almond blossom.

We are nearing town; we can stand on Herne Hill Station and see the Union Jack fly over Parliament. And now we see the sort of place that men have made of the countryside. Who does not thrill as he approaches London, with its hundred square miles and more packed with the busy lives, the happy lives, the awful lives, the noble lives, of men and women? You will find more happiness and misery in London than anywhere on earth. If you choose your walk in London, you will find it not less like the gate of heaven than the hill we left an hour ago in Kent; but there are miles of streets crammed with sin and cruelty, and unfit for human beings.

We do not see much of miserable London as we come to town, but it is sad to see the gasping in the little back yards for a touch of that natural world through which we have been passing. It is sad to see how the very breath of life is turned to gold in London town. That is what it means when space is packed with bricks and mortar, so that there is hardly room for a blade of grass, and the air must steal through narrow passages and stagnate in close back yards. Have you noticed the life of the scullery roof, the little flat roof which is often the only place that people have to hang out clothes or to put a box of flowers? You will see a chair out there some-

times, to which somebody creeps from a bedroom window for a rest in the open air. So much has space been turned to gold in these long rows of houses that they must hang the little tin bath on a nail outside.

You will see a little glass workshop set up on a roof. You will see back-yards like tables piled up with rubbish. In one is a heap of thousands of empty bottles; in another are hundreds of old tin cans. But they are not all rubbish heaps, these little yards. Some are kitchen gardens now, full of potatoes, and some always have been the prettiest little places you could see. To some the back-yard is a workshop—look at this man mending his little boy's hobby-horse; but to others it is their corner of Nature's kingdom, and here they have learned the lesson that if you will take a pocketful of seed and give it to Nature she will set the powers of all the universe to work on it and make your yard a garden fit for kings.

We ride above the houses and the tree-tops, we see the sun on glittering towers and domes, and as the buildings crowd together, and the long lines of houses seem never to end, and tramways and railways cross everywhere, even here the trees raise up their heads. Even in Walworth we catch sight of trees, and here, in our very shadow, is that little Beresford Chapel where John Ruskin and Burne-Jones both sat as boys. The preacher Ruskin listened to is said to have been "a sort of pope" among the chapel folk of those days, and much too great a man, apparently, for boys to dare to speak to; but little John would walk up and down these streets to see him pass. On Sundays he would sit as still as a mouse, watching the preacher in the four-legged box of a pulpit decorated with a crimson cushion with gold tassels, and he has written that he

liked that cushion because, when he was tired of the sermon, he used to watch the rich colour of the folds and creases in the crimson velvet when the preacher thumped it.

But there would be no end if we began to think of half the men who come into our ride as we are nearing town, passing through the home of Shakespeare's plays till we reach the full glory of Christopher Wren. We cross the Thames, with its ceaseless pageant of moving barges and people, with the great Tower Bridge to the east and the Houses of Parliament to the west, and we stop in full sight of the dome of St. Paul's.

We have seen the world from a train; we have been for an hour, if you will, sitting at the pictures, watching the kinema of the world go by, and we have remembered only half the things that we have seen. Whatever you want to see is here—towns and hamlets, woods and farms, busy streets and quiet places, babbling streams and laughing children, people at work and people at play. And nearly all the way has been beautiful. If there are ugly places in man's town, some parts of it—such parts of it, say, as the little garden at Kensington over which King Peter Pan presides—are not unworthy of God's country, and we look up, as the train slows down by the Thames, at the glittering cross above London. We have come to Heaven's Gate again. If there are larks on the hills of Kent, there are doves around St. Paul's.

> And the lark said, Give us Glory,
> And the dove said, Give us Peace.

We cry for both, and we find them here if we know where and how to look. The glory is about us everywhere; the peace is in the hearts of those who seek it.

THE ISLAND'S HUNDRED DAYS

The glory of our summer bursts upon us, and our Island, for a hundred days, is unmatched in all the world.

We rightly love this precious stone set in the silver sea. No corner of the whole wide earth has a heart more pure, a soul more free, than England, nor is there in the world a face so sweet. Other countries are for us to see; our Island is to live in. Since Julius Caesar found her beautiful the traveller from the corners of the world has come and found her fair to see.

And in her Hundred Days she is as the very gate of heaven. Through trailing clouds of glory do we ride, in this land which is our home. Who that has yet been born can ride through the long lane that winds and winds and seems to have no end, and burst upon a heath ablaze with gold, and not be stirred within? Who with a love of life can rise and rise on our noble roads, and reach the heights from which the plain of England seems to be sleeping, and not be moved by the thought of this quiet land?

The wonder is, to those who know the loveliness of England, that England is so quiet. These heights of ours —how few have looked down from them! These pictures in our Natural Gallery—how few have seen them! These narrow winding ways that lead to sights undreamed of—how few have found them out! Perhaps, in some day to come, our railways may open the gates of the countryside to the poor people doomed to dwell in towns.

FROM A HILL-TOP IN KENT, KITS COTY HOUSE, THE GRAVE OF AN ANCIENT SOLDIER, LOOKS DOWN ON THE RED-ROOFED VILLAGE OF AYLESFORD, WHERE WAS FOUGHT THE FIRST-KNOWN BATTLE ON ENGLISH SOIL

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THE DAYS WHEN COAL WAS BEING FORMED IN THE ISLAND, PROBABLY 20 MILLION YEARS AGO

THE DAYS OF THE GREAT REPTILES AND THE FLYING DRAGON, PROBABLY 12 MILLION YEARS AGO

THE DAYS WHEN THE WHITE WALLS OF DOVER WERE BEING BUILT UP, PROBABLY 8 MILLION YEARS AGO

THE LIFE OF THE ISLAND IN THE DAYS LONG PAST

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THE DAYS WHEN THE GIANT SLOTH ATE OFF THE TOPS OF TREES, PROBABLY A MILLION YEARS AGO

THE ISLAND IN THE ICE AGE—THE DAYS OF THE MAMMOTH AND THE GREAT CAVE BEAR, PROBABLY 400,000 YEARS AGO

THE CONQUEROR OF THE ISLAND—MAN

THE LANDSCAPE BURIED IN THE EARTH DEEP DOWN BENEATH AN ENGLISH WOOD

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A CORRIDOR IN THE NORMAN KEEP AT ROCHESTER

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THE ANCIENT GLORY THAT THE CONQUEROR SAW—THE MOST IMPRESSIVE NORMAN RUIN STILL STANDING: THE KEEP AT ROCHESTER

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Perhaps, in some far-off age, a train may really travel sixty miles an hour, and there may really be a train when people can take it, and a station where people would like it; and the cities and towns will pour out their cramped-up tenants, and the English people will discover England. It will be a very great discovery.

And then, when the great spaces of the Island have become accessible to those who own them—when it is as easy for an English family to visit Hindhead Beacon as to visit Amsterdam, there will be tours to the Great Sights of our Island on her Hundred Days. Not Egypt, with its old-age glory; not India, with its gorgeous panoply; not Italy, unfolding the past before our eyes, has more surprise in her keeping than the Home of the English has waiting for her people when they come out to see.

There is something saddening in the thought of generations of people who have lived their lives, have toiled to make us a great nation, and have passed away not knowing how fair a land was spread about them. For a thousand years men have moved about the earth no faster or farther than a horse could carry them, and even then, and afterwards when railways came, men moved along main roads, always the same way. So that only a few could know the natural glories that were growing up about them, and even these saw the world only from well-trodden paths. How little they knew of our homeland, even her kings and queens!

Those of us who love the countryside love most of all, perhaps, Old Yew, the silent sentinel of English life for a thousand years. He threw his branches over the men who surveyed the Island for the Conqueror. He saw the knight come back from Holy Land. He saw the villein

working the land for his lord. He saw the feudal lord brought from the great house to rest under the little church tower. He gave the men their bows for Agincourt. He saw the labourer rise and mutiny; he knew that Charles the First was dead. He nodded his head for a hundred years to the coach that passed that way. And then the road was quiet, for the old coach stopped, and nobody seemed to pass, until at last an ancient power drawn from the earth came to this place and met Old Yew. It came not slowly, but as if the pent-up life of a thousand years were rushing past. The old yew bowed to the motor-car —bowed, no doubt, to the power inside it lying old in the earth before the yew was young—and it would be a pretty thing if, as men raise their hats to greatness, motor-cars would pause a moment to salute these wayside sentinels that have stood in the wind and rain while the ages have passed by.

Merrily we run up the hills and steadily we come down; through the narrow shades and across the broad spaces of sunlight, dipping into the valleys, sweeping over the plains, mounting up the hills, through the quiet greenlands, over the blazing heath, past the great patches of purple and red and gold.

The heath is afire with red and gold and all our little world is like a window into paradise. Our lanes are fit for angels' feet; our woods are heaven's own temples. And all about us, over the little gates, up the long drives, behind the old stone walls, are those richest treasures in our Island's crown, our gardens. We have no need to die to go to heaven.

I lie in a little boat among the flowers, with the ripple of the water under me, the glory of the sky above me, the

wonder of a growing garden all about me; and through the roses, and across the lawn, at the back of the orchard, a choir from the ends of the earth is singing, singing the song no man has written, set to music no man has thought of; a choir of sixty little travellers that fly about all day in the sun, as happy as a bird should be. But for the song and the wind, and the splash of the water when a flash of gold leaps out to greet the sun, there is no sound.

A dove flies out of the wood and drinks at the lake, as a pheasant flew out of the wood on a black night last week and stunned itself against my lighted window. The boat drifts round and round, bringing new peeps of climbing roses, of bamboos blowing in the wind, of white cerastium and blue veronica creeping over the stones, of reflections in the water worth all the Turners and Raphaels and Gainsboroughs that were ever hung on a wall. And I say in my heart, as I lie in my boat and write this, that not for a rich man's income would I give up these treasures that a poor man has, that Nature showers on those who love her, asking nothing but their love for all she gives, and giving health and wealth and wisdom for all she takes.

For every poor man sitting in the sun this morning, if he could but know, is a king indeed, heir to all the sun's great gifts to earth, king of all the realm of Nature if he will but listen to her voice. How soft and quiet is her voice, so still that so few hear it, yet so full of power that those who hear it rule the earth! Poets have heard it if statesmen have not, and we remember how it came to Matthew Arnold, who wrote:

> One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
> One lesson that on every wind is blown,

and then went on to write those other lines :

> Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
> Man's fitful labour mingling with his toil,
> Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
> Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
> Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
> Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone.

The sleepless ministers of Nature have made our Island fair to see beneath the summer sun, and where upon the face of this fair earth is anything so lovely as an English garden? Ah, if William Hohenzollern could have loved a garden such as mine!

This poor and stricken earth might now have been a happy place. If he could have learned the lesson that on every wind is blown; if he could have known the yearning for the sun in the heart of a rose; if he could have felt the power of those universal armies that never since the world was made have failed to win back summer from the grip of winter—if Queen Victoria's daughter's son had thought of these things, how changed a place the face of this sad earth might be!

He could have sat in his garden, have dreamed of power, and been satisfied. He could have said to an empty plain, "Be you a kingdom," and, lo! the earth itself would have done his bidding. Out of the plain there would have risen a throne of red and gold. The larkspur regiments would have taken up their lines, the gladioli would have flung out leaves like swords; the yews and firs, in long, proud avenues, would have stood still and dumb while the king passed by. Here and there the great scarlet poppies would have raised their heads like solitary sentinels, the clumps of fir would have spread out like forts

at distant points, the red-heads and the yellow table-tops would have bowed down to him as he walked among them, and on the borders of his kingdom there would have stood on guard the long red dragons of fire and the long blue spurs which simple folk who are not kaisers might have thought to be larkspur and snapdragon.

And high above them all the great swinging hollyhocks would have climbed, higher and higher and higher, always at their observation posts, watching the ordered movements of these forces arrayed about them—the changing of the regiments as one relieved another, the coming of the foxgloves and the dahlias, the passing of the lilacs and laburnums, and the long and patient service of the roses while other regiments come and go.

Everywhere about him, in the shadow of his majestic armies, a million-multitude of merry people would have danced for joy. The little blue flax and the little red saxifrage, arabis and sweet alyssum in their pure white dresses, the daisies and pansies and geums sparkling as if dressed in rainbows, would have spread a living carpet at his feet that Solomon in all his glory hardly dreamed of. Here, in this kingdom of peace, a kaiser's body might have sat and a kaiser's soul been satisfied, for there is no mastery like the mastery of the earth, like the ordering and shaping and moulding of this power-house of all mankind; and the lord of armies could have sat in a garden and heard the birds sing the song that Richard Watson Gilder gave them:

> Great Nature is an army gay,
> Resistless marching on its way;
> I hear the bugles clear and sweet,
> I hear the tread of million feet.

It makes its way, this army gay, to every haunt and corner; it creeps up to the cottage gate and round the palace walls, and it stretches out beyond the plain for him who dreams of empires in the sun.

Across the plain I see it pour;
I hear a thousand cannon roar.
It swarms within my garden gate;
My deepest well it drinketh dry.
It doth not rest, it doth not wait;
By day and night it sweepeth by.

It carries its banners in triumph; it dances with delight; it hangs its head as in defeat.

And now the banners all are bright,
Now torn and blackened by the fight.
Sometimes its laughter shakes the sky,
Sometimes the groans of those who die.

But there is no wearying and no ending to this army that the Kaiser might have had if he had loved a garden; there is no exhaustion from which it can never recover.

Still through the night, and through the livelong day,
The infinite army marches on its remorseless way.

Sitting in his garden, watching the changes that come in the stillness, stirred by the silence that works so mightily, the Kaiser would have thought of other kinds of battle-fields. He would have found a nobler thing to look upon than a wilderness made from a smiling land. He would have seen the glories of the earth that come and go, and there would have come to him the vision of the earth as God meant it to be when He planted man in a garden. He would have seen that, as flowers come and go and fill the earth with beauty, so generations of men and women

should come and go and live beautiful lives; and, building up a great nation, he would have turned the brains of his wise men to sweet and noble things.

He would have found a peaceful way to fame and power, and left a name to live for ever as an inspiration to mankind. Loving Nature and her quiet ways, he would have followed them. He would have built up a great army, but it would have been an army of free men. He would have led it into war, but it would have been a war against evil, in the name of good; a war against disease, in the name of health; a war against ignorance, in the name of knowledge. It would have been a war to break down powers of darkness and sow the seeds of happiness wherever people dwell.

And that foul war he made, born in the depths of hate and envy, would not have been. Thousands of homes burned to the ground would now be filled with happy people; millions of men in their graves would now be loving and toiling for their fellows. How many widows would still be happy wives, how many orphans would still be climbing on a father's knee! How many hospitals could have been turned into temples of art if the money spent in crowding them with broken men had been spent in conquering pain! How many noble causes languishing for help could have been endowed with boundless wealth! Not a slum in Europe could have held up its head if our guns had been turned on them instead of on our living men; not a family in Europe need have been without a lovely home if the cost of the war had been spent in making homes instead of breaking them.

God took man and put him in a garden, but William Hohenzollern scorned the will of God. The quiet ways

were not for him; it was not enough for him that men and women should be kind and natural. He must march across the earth and leave it bare to show the power he had.

But the day was to come, and when it came it would have paid this man of blood a millionfold if he had thrown his crown into the dust and loved a garden.

III

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF THE ISLAND

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom . . .
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

Wordsworth.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE

KEEP YOUR WORD

August 4, 1914

THE Island has passed into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Europe is breaking to pieces because the German Emperor broke his word.

Life is not worth living if men break their word. If we cannot believe a man we can have no dealings with him, either buying or selling. We buy a thing in a shop believing it to be what it is said to be; we take the shopman's word, and if he speaks the truth we buy from him again. If he sells us brass and tells us it is gold, we buy from him no more, and his trade is ruined. Men cannot prosper on a broken word.

We could have no home to live in if men did not keep their word. We trust our neighbours. They declare themselves friendly, and we believe them. We live side by side with hundreds of people who could rob us or poison us, but they live at peace with us instead; they have "given their word," and we believe them. We go to bed at night, we leave our homes by day, because we believe that men will keep their word.

We could not travel if men did not keep their word. We go into a strange country and trust our lives and our money to people we have never seen before, perhaps to people whose language we do not understand. But here,

also, runs the honourable understanding of men who keep their word. A strange man takes our bag, another takes our money, another carries an important letter. We go on our way because we trust them all. We take their word.

There is neither work nor wages for us if we break our word. We work for a week or a month on a promise that our wages will be paid. Men give us their labour, and we give them ours, because we pledge our word. We put our money into the bank, we leave our watch at the watchmaker's, we trust a man with an important piece of information, we risk our very lives, on the promise of a word.

A nation trusts its people, keeping police for those who break their word. And a nation trusts other nations, binding itself to do certain things so that there may be order and good government and understanding in the world. Britain, France, and Germany gave their word to Belgium, and Belgium trusted them. Now Germany has broken her word, and asked Britain to break hers. But the Island will not lie. She is too proud to break her word. She is fighting against the broken word that would destroy our homes, our trade, our freedom, and the good name that is so dear throughout the world.

We must be free, or die; and we who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke must keep our word.

A MESSAGE TO MARS

Sent into space on the wings of Imagination in August 1914

For many years the dreamers of our Earth have been trying to speak to you, my dear Martian, and have been imagining all sorts of ways in which a message from this planet might be sent to yours. And now at last, the human race on this globe being at the height of its powers, we may hope that the invisible waves that carry our messages round the earth will bring them up to you.

You will have noticed, perhaps, as you have looked out upon the Earth through your powerful telescopes, the great shadows that have passed over the face of our planet in these last few weeks. You will have seen the long black lines moving slowly across the great level spaces of one of our continents. And, of course, you will have been wondering what this movement means; you will have asked yourself what mighty change can now be taking place on this distant planet in which no Martian has ever observed such movements before.

We, too, have wondered at the changes that take place in Mars, when it seems to us that the great ice-caps at your Poles melt and run down through immense canals; and all men here who study Mars hope that this is really so, for they like to think that, in the presence of a great catastrophe, the population of your planet joined together to avert it or to help one another in meeting it.

It is the greatest thing that we on Earth have yet been able to imagine, this coming together of the whole race of Mars to drive back its great peril of perishing from thirst; and these moving lines of Mars—these rushing waters, as some have called them—are the only sign that we yet know suggesting living beings in another world. So it occurs to me that, looking down upon our Earth in these days, you may have wondered at the moving masses of black specks that you would see, and have asked yourself what mighty planetary change can now be coming over this old world.

That is what I want to tell you. You will know something, through the wise men of Mars who study other worlds, of the story of our Earth. You will have found out something of its marvellous history since it was fashioned from a cloud of red-hot gas. You will know that it has rolled through the immensities of space for hundreds of millions of years, cooling down and adapting itself, by the operation of unfailing laws, to be the home of Life. You will have noticed its majestic features, and you will surely have learned from your wise men something of the natural influences that built up our Earth through millions of years.

At last, the planet being quite ready for him, came Man, with something in him that no other creature had. For ages he fought and conquered the mammoth and the bear, and lived in caves to protect himself from wolves and tigers, and then, just as we in our time have found the power of the black diamonds laid down in the earth, so the men of long ago found the power of the white stone laid down in the sea: they found the flints, and sharpened them, and fashioned them, and made them into knives

and hammer-heads and files, and with these simple tools Man set out to win the lordship of the Earth.

He killed what animals he wanted. He built houses in trees where animals could not climb, or in the midst of waters where enemies could not reach him. He learned to dig the earth and bring forth fruit, while Woman learned to sew the skins of animals with her bone needles. He learned to make fire and to ride over water, and when the world grew so cold that great parts of it were buried in ice Man was so strong and brave and clever that he did not perish from the Earth. For Man was learning, even then, to master Nature by obeying her, and sun and wind and rain were Man's allies.

There has been much sunshine and storm since then, and Man no longer fights with sticks and stones, or sails on rafts, or uses tools of flint. It is true that it seems only a few years since men ceased to be barbarians, and lived together in cities, generally at peace with each other, but the years have been crowded with wonder and power, so that in a hundred years of our own time mankind has marched farther than in a million years before. Our printed books tell us of things that happened three thousand years ago, or four thousand, or five, but men have found writing and pictures in stone of actual kings and empires ten thousand years ago.

In the midst of a great desert as you look down from Mars, on the banks of a white river about half as long as our Earth is wide, you may see, perhaps, a huge black shadow thrown across the sand. It is a stupendous mass of stones set up in Egypt by a king of great conceit, and we know from this that men have been mighty constructors, and that nations and forms of government have

been in existence for certainly ten thousand years—not long, perhaps, but seeming long to us on Earth, who reckon Time in hours, and live, on the average, only twelve years or so into our full manhood.

All through these hundred centuries men have been marching forward, and our history is an almost continuous record of nations and empires and their rise and fall. There have been the great builders and warriors of Assyria and Babylon and Egypt. There was Moses, the greatest public health administrator in the world, five thousand years ago and more. There was Greece, with heroes whose fame will never die, with artists whose glorious works are with us still, with Socrates, whose wise and gentle ways, with his pure love of truth, endear him to the human race fifty lifetimes after his immortal farewell to the world.

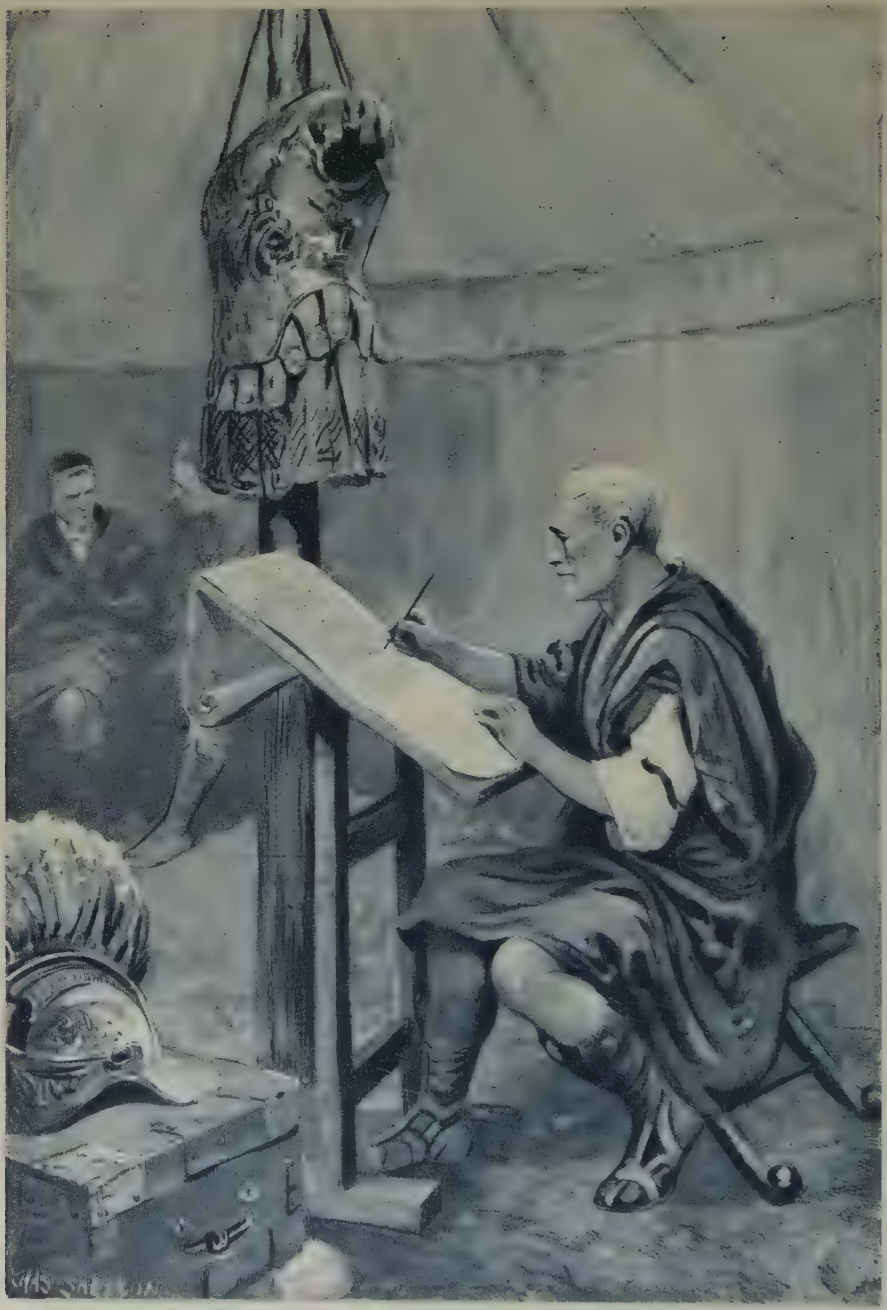
And after the glory that was Greece came the grandeur that was Rome, the empire of the Caesars, wide and colossal enough, almost, to have made some impression upon Mars. It is in ruins now, but we can walk among the remnants of its glories still, and fancy that its rulers are living still, so near are they in history, and so familiar have their names become to us.

I have not time to tell you now of the greatest of all the things that have ever happened on our Earth, the birth of Jesus Christ. No great event was ever shadowed forth in such humility. He was born, on the greatest day in the history of our planet, in an almost unknown village in Asia, at a time when the Roman Empire was also at its birth; He was murdered by the Roman Empire to please a Roman mob; but the great cause that He founded—the cause of peace and charity and goodwill to all men, the faith in one God who guides and rules mankind, the loyalty

THIS WAS THE WORLD, AND I WAS KING

This was the world, and I was king:
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

And all about was mine I said,
The little sparrows overhead
The little minnows, too.



JULIUS CAESAR WRITING A LETTER TO ROME FROM HIS TENT IN KENT

[*See Chapter 7*

of comrades, the love of country, and unfaltering trust in that eternal righteousness which Socrates never doubted —has endured and burned itself into the hearts of men wherever men may be, and is the most potent influence still existing on the Earth today.

Until the dawn of the new age which followed on the birth of Jesus, who was called the Prince of Peace, the great power of the world was the sword. With the power of the sword men won new lands from weaker peoples; the Earth—or those parts of the Earth that were known—belonged to the strongest men with the sharpest sword. And so empires and kingdoms rose and fell—Babylon and Egypt, Greece and Rome, with all their stupendous achievements, ceased to be. Once or twice in the history of the world the power of an empire became so great and so widespread that one man's word was law throughout the known world, and for age after age the history of the world, as it is recorded in our annals, seemed to be no more than the hagglings and fightings of this man and that man for territorial sway. The common people were their slaves or soldiers, and on the least excuse they were led to slaughter, in great armies, to settle some paltry quarrel of their master, or to hold some threatened territory in which he ruled over an unwilling race, or for some other cause which they may have neither cared about nor understood.

Now and then a good king would arise, with a love of humanity in him; but the names of such kings stand out as the sun in the heavens in the long list of tyrants and ruffians and simpletons who managed generally to hold the reins of power. The vainglory of one man in the story of our Earth is said to have consumed eight million lives.

You will see how badly things must have gone with

this old world in those days, when the condition of the hundreds of millions of people on the Earth was such that they allowed themselves to be the slaves and tools of a handful of clever men who had brains to see their opportunity and to use it. Men of all races, speaking all languages, subjected themselves to a few kings and despots, who obtained supreme authority and wielded a sway which gave them power of life and death over the great numbers of the people. You will perhaps have seen, looking down from Mars, the five land masses of our Earth. They are all inhabited now, but only two of them have ancient histories that we know much about. Africa has been kept back from its place in the upward movement of mankind by a mosquito. Australia is still an almost empty continent, save for strange forms of life, some remnants of a dying race, and enough white people to fill one or two great cities; and America took its place among the nations of our Earth only a few centuries ago. It was in Asia, the spacious home of hundreds of mingled races, that most of the old history of this world was worked out; and it is in Europe, Asia's next-door neighbour, that the life of the world is centred now.

It is here, on this continent which holds all that is best and noblest on Earth, that a new kind of nation has been born. It is in Europe that men have been drawn together, not as the slaves and tools of kings, but as comrades in a common life. A long way man has come since the old empires fell to pieces, and men discovered that they were something more than sticks and stones.

It would not be possible to give you any idea of the change that came over our Earth when the hundreds of millions of people in Europe arranged themselves in groups

and nations, and took into their own hands the power which, in older times, the kings had held over them. It happened very slowly, and many nations kept their kings; but the kings were mostly wiser than the kings of old, and some were wisely limited in their powers.

And therefore, though men had not yet become quite free, they were released from the ancient bondage, they were no longer bound fast to the thrones of kings and tied to the chariot-wheels; they had something more to live for than to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water and slayers of their fellow-men. At last men were lords of themselves, and, with freedom to do as they would, with the sword no longer hanging over them, a few men changed the world for all the rest.

They studied Nature and tried to understand her, and there is hardly a thing that is the same as when these men began. For thousands of years men had travelled about as fast as a horse could carry them, and no faster; then a clever man found out the power of a drop of boiling water, and from that day drops of boiling water have carried men across the earth and over the sea in thousands at a time, faster than any horse could carry one. For thousands of years men groped about in darkness, and the work of the world ended when the sun went down; then a clever man found that the black diamonds buried in the earth carried, hidden within them, the sunlight of past ages, and lo! men turned night into day.

For thousands of years the lives of men were destroyed by terrible diseases, and vast regions of the earth were uninhabitable by the great civilising races; then a great man found that the bodies of human beings are inhabited by unseen living creatures which steal away our strength,

and myriads of lives are saved which, without this knowledge, must have perished. So the power of knowledge saves countless lives, and makes life more worth living, too.

With our own eyes we could never have seen the wonderful suggestion of life on Mars, but one of our scientists made an instrument which carries a man's eyes a million times farther than they can reach themselves, and so we know some parts of other worlds better than some parts of our own. Another instrument of science takes our sight down into things invisible to naked eyes, so that we can see, for instance, down into the very structure of a thing too small to pick up in our fingers; and we can see, thanks to other marvellous inventions, through stone walls, or actually into the living body of a human being. Man has made a little black box which will make a permanent picture of anything he sees, so that he can see it again at will. He has made another box that preserves a man's voice, so that it can be heard long after the man himself is dead. We can sit in a room and talk softly into a telephone that carries our words across thousands of miles; we can be in one continent and communicate instantly with another; we can fly up in the air to a height of five miles, can go down in the sea and stay there for hours, can send a ship to sea without a soul on board and bid it turn as we will. All these things men are learning to do. Man is multiplying his power a million times. He is bringing the whole Earth under his sway, is giving longer life to the race and making life more worth having; and there is hardly anything we can conceive that seems beyond our powers.

The spread of knowledge, by books and papers which make known ideas and discoveries to the ends of the

world, is the most pleasing thing that can be recorded of our Earth. If tomorrow you were to be able to send a reply to this message from Mars, we should be able to send your message round our planet in less time than it will take you to read this, and there is not a country in which it would not be printed and discussed within a single day. That is one of the supreme achievements of our race—the quick communication of thought. Perhaps it has done more than anything else to set up sympathy between our different nations. It has made our knowledge universal, so that there are today in all our greatest cities universities where the wise men of the city gather and teach the things they know.

And these wise men are themselves for ever learning, experimenting, and discovering, and if one wise man should find out some new thing, such as, let us say, the cause of a terrible disease, the news would quickly reach the others, and all over the world men in the universities would search into it and seek to advance the discovery one step farther, until they could put into men's hands a weapon to destroy the cause and stamp out the disease. All our Earth joins in the spread of knowledge, and in this quest of wisdom all our peoples are as one.

And they are one, too, not only in the love of knowledge for the sake of the happiness that knowledge brings, but in the material interest that binds their lives together. So closely bound together are the nations of our Earth that no one could disappear, or even suffer serious loss, without affecting all the others in some way.

One nation grows cotton and another nation buys it and makes it into cloth; and if a cotton crop should fail in America a million people in Europe would be idle for want

of it; a thousand mills would close, famine and poverty would spread, the railways and ships which carry the cotton would suffer, the thrifty people who have invested their savings in the ships and railways would lose their profits and would be poor in turn; and so in a hundred ways the failure of a cotton crop at one side of our Earth would be felt at the other side in the homes of the people. That is true of cotton and of everything; we are bound together—we who speak a hundred tongues and never see each other—by the buying and selling of each other's goods, the products of our toil. You cannot hurt any part of our Earth without hurting another part too.

And now you will see how the nations of our Earth resemble one great family, drawn together by an unselfish love of knowledge and a selfish interest in their mutual possessions—as your own race on Mars, if we understand aright, has been drawn together to fight the catastrophe that threatened your planet.

We are a long, long way from the caves in which men lived to hide from wild beasts, and the men who made fire by striking flints together seem like the inhabitants of another planet to us now. Yet we are only a few thousand years removed from them, and I can hardly make you realise what wonders have been packed into these years. It has seemed that in the last two lifetimes the world has been remade, so wonderful has been its progress, so glorious has been the growth of knowledge, so uplifting has been the spread of comradeship among the people of the Earth. Those who have grown old can hardly believe the things that have come about; those who are young are dreaming of greater wonders still—or *were dreaming*, I should have said.

For all at once a Great Shadow has come upon our world. Europe, through which flows the central stream of the life of our Earth, has slipped back to the days of sticks and stones. This continent of incalculable treasure, built up by the sacrifice of countless heroes, enriched by the labour of millions of men, the repository of the highest wisdom of mankind, is in peril.

I am afraid the language of our poor Earth, though with it Shakespeare stirred all men and sent emotion throbbing through the centuries, would never make you understand at once the truth about Europe which I have kept back until now. I could not expect you to believe that men who have come up from fighting like wild beasts, and have conquered Nature by obeying her, have armed themselves with all their marvellous powers to fight like beasts again. Yet it seems on Earth just now, in the midst of the glory of this summer day in 1914, that our civilisation has all this time been like a mightier barbarism. We have been like savages in civilised clothes, for never have the nations of Europe been quite certain that one would not begin to tear the others to pieces like wolves.

There is a sense in which it is true that the first aim of all our Governments has been to arm themselves against the hour when the tiger should break out in man; and this tiger spirit has crept into the lives of all our peoples, and the arming of the nations has cast a shadow over all our lives. It has absorbed our best brains; it has checked our advance. It has sown the seeds of poverty and death in the fair garden of the world. The greatest power that men have been able to produce has been put into a gun, and the most marvellous product of men's hands is a ship armed with these guns. While children have died in

millions for want of money to save them, rivers of gold won by the people with their toil have been poured out for the making of ships and guns, until there are enough of them in Europe, I dare say, to blow the continent to bits.

It will astonish you that civilisation, instead of stamping out this fighting instinct in a man, has organised it and strengthened it, so that the real contest between nations has now come to be determined, not by the best brain, but by the biggest gun. Has it been worth while, the civilisation that has come to this?

The continent of Europe is silent as I write. There is a hush upon the world. The newspapers, which at other times reflect for us each morning the life of Europe the day before, know almost nothing. It is as if the world slowed down for some supreme event. All that is known on our Island is that across a narrow strip of sea, across the plains of France, is a line 270 miles long, and on each side of this line a million men are waiting *to kill each other*. Not two of them, perhaps, really hate each other; but an emperor has spoken and it must be done.

An emperor has spoken! It is actually true, when these words are being written, that in one great nation of Europe one man still holds the ancient power of kings, one man still sends his millions out to war. It is still true, too, that power breeds greed of power, and it has come about that there has arisen in the centre of Europe a War Lord at whose word the nations could be called to arms.

Now he has called. He has made a war he might have stayed. He has flung a bomb into the midst of our friendly peoples, has broken his plighted word, has thrown down the gauntlet to peaceful nations and dishonoured his name forever through the world. This man has lighted

the powder magazines of Europe, has changed the peaceful countries of a continent into a vast armed camp, and has doomed to misery and death a countless host of human beings who have done no wrong. Against his great nation we have no word to say; it has given to Europe some of its noblest treasures; its people are on the highest plane of civilisation. But against the system which gives this War Lord power to threaten Europe, to put back the clock of progress for a hundred years, to destroy the commerce of nations and break up the homes of the people, to scatter ruin through a dozen smiling lands, Europe must say its last word now. It can never be said again.

One little island race, though it pay the price with its last man, will hold the fort for civilisation now. It has sown the seed of freedom in every corner of the Earth. It has carried peace and goodwill to one quarter of the human race. It has freed the slaves and set free the mind of man; it has made its island home a sacred place where any man can think the thing he will. Never did a nation want Peace more, but the hand of the War Lord is against her now, and Little Treasure Island, her honour outraged, her freedom threatened, goes out on her Great Adventure.

The storm is gathering about us. The black shadows move across the plain. Has it been worth while?

It has.

It has been worth while to know the heights that man can reach. It has been worth while to build up the conscience of Europe which will never let this be again. It has been worth while to see this lovely Earth at peace, and all men nearly free. And it will be worth while to be alive when this dark hour is over, to see the slow disarming of the human race and the dawn of our Great Peace.

THE DARK HOUR OF EUROPE

August 4, 1914

THE most terrible day in the history of the world has come. Europe is fighting for the right to be free.

It is almost incredible; like some hideous dream the appalling truth comes home to us, and now and then, when the mind forgets it for a moment, the horrible reality comes back in a flash, and we realise that life will never be quite the same for us again. This lovely earth, this Europe which is everything to us, is stricken and bleeding, and there is hardly a happy home on this vast continent.

All through this golden summer Europe had been at peace; her four hundred million men and women and children had been going their way gladly, making things for one another, gathering in the harvests that were to build up our strength for another year, most of them contributing something to that pure joy of life which, after a thousand years of war, had become the common right of all mankind.

As I write this, looking down on a beautiful valley in Kent, with no sound but the rippling of the wind through the trees and a child's voice across the corn, with the sunshine pouring down the sides of a hundred hills, it seems impossible that the truth can be true; and yet today the face of our fair earth is stained with blood and strewn with dead men's bones, and men who never hated one another in their lives are lying in wait to tear each other to pieces like wild beasts.

And all this has come upon our earth through one dishonoured man. It is the German Emperor who has broken the peace of the world; it is our own King's friend and guest who has sought to destroy our nation's freedom. No man since the world began has committed such a sin as he, for this man has dragged free Europe in the dust and flung open the gates of barbarism that had been locked a hundred years. He must be reckoned with the sort of men who poison wells. From the height of a dazzling throne he has flung a bomb which has set all Europe blazing.

The simple truth is that the German Emperor, without warning or provocation, has wantonly attacked three innocent countries, and that the attack, if it were to succeed, would imperil the freedom and independence of the Island. For nearly a generation he has been building up a formidable navy, which could have had no other object than hostility to England; and more than once the Emperor has openly announced his hostility to England and his jealousy of the British leadership of the world. It was not enough that he should have the most highly-organised army in Europe, the mere mention of which he expected to create fear in the hearts of other nations; he set himself also to build up a powerful navy, second only to our own.

To Little Treasure Island a navy means life or death; we have only a small army, and should starve if the Island were invaded. To Germany a navy can mean nothing of the kind, and the determination of the German Emperor to possess a great army and a great navy too has filled all Europe with grave anxiety. There has been no doubt that this joint force, unparalleled in the history of any nation and not called for by any necessity, was being raised

in the centre of Europe to strike fear into the hearts of the free nations of France and Britain, and especially to break the power of Britain at sea.

The German people, against whom none of us has an unfriendly word to say, has been deceived. Germany is one of the greatest nations on the earth, welded together by the union of a number of states after the victorious war against France in 1870. It has grown strong and powerful and has become the most scientific nation in the world, and the people of Germany, the land from which the English came, have millions of warm-hearted admirers in our little Island. But Germany is not a democratic country; whereas our own King reigns as head of the State and acts through his Ministers, the German Emperor rules above the State, and is not subject to the will of Parliament. He has the ancient power of despot kings, and believes that kings reign by divine right, as Charles the First believed, until our people taught him something else.

When Bismarck, by a jealous war against France, built up the group of small German states into a united nation, with the King of Prussia at their head, his idea was that Germany should be the strongest nation in Europe; and he made it so.

He did not mean that Germany should have an empire; he wanted her to be all-powerful in Europe, and he raised her to the dignity and power which the Emperor William found ready-made for him when he succeeded to the throne. But the young Emperor was ambitious; he must have an empire like England's. It was not enough that he should be strong in Europe; he must dominate the world and have all things under his feet. That was the spirit in which the German Emperor came to the throne,

the spirit in which he dismissed his Chancellor, Bismarck, perfected his army, and built up his navy. Many splendid things the German nation has done, and much we in Britain have learned from it; but the Emperor has been the War-Lord all the time, and has called upon God to defend his sword as if he were a Galahad whose heart was pure.

And so the German people have allowed themselves to believe that a great German Empire was arising which must be defended from some jealous foe, and that Britain was the enemy. It is a monstrous falsehood. The war has been made by Germany against her friendly neighbours.

It has began in dishonour and deceit. It has nothing to do with the murder of the Crown Prince of Austria—a crime plotted in Serbia which Austria could have easily avenged without disturbing Europe for an hour. But Austria took Germany into her confidence after that foul crime, and together they drew up a list of demands on Serbia which no self-respecting nation could accept; and more than this was done, for Austria mobilised an army strong enough to punish Serbia ten times over. It was as if six strong men should fight a boy. Serbia has not had much self-respect, but that is no reason why a small nation should be crushed by a big bully, and Russia stood by Serbia, as she is bound to do in honour to the Slav race, which she protects for the sake of the great host of Slavs over whom she rules. It was clear that Russia would not let Serbia be crushed; and it can only have been intended to humble Russia by treating Serbia offensively.

Nations do not submit to insults wilfully flung at them, and Russia stood by Serbia. She mobilised her army. That was the only possible effect of Austria's mobilising,

and it was expected. Germany is Austria's ally, and these two nations, with Italy, form the Triple Alliance. Germany and Austria were, therefore, united against Russia, and it was expected that Italy would join them. But Italy remembers Garibaldi, and her people have not lost their love of freedom. The Triple Alliance exists for self-defence, and not for attack on peaceful nations, and Italy refused to help the German nations in an expedition which was more like housebreaking than ordinary war.

Now there happened a disgraceful thing. The German Emperor, for many days, pretended to be on the side of peace, and sent letters and telegrams to the Tsar of Russia begging him, like a loving brother, not to plunge Europe into war. It was the hand of Esau and the voice of Jacob; the Emperor was deceiving Russia and all Europe in order that he might get a good start in the war he was really provoking. The German Emperor talked of peace until he was prepared for war, and then he *aimed a vital blow at France!*

France had done nothing, but the German Emperor hated her, and perhaps feared her a little for the splendid way in which she recovered from the shock of 1870, when Germany, after defeating her, took from her two provinces and £200,000,000.

It was a cruel and ungenerous ending of a war, as if a man should kick another when he is stricken down, and France has ever since mourned her lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and yearned to have them back. But France was at peace, and had no thought of war when the Kaiser turned to rend her, and it is as certain as anything on earth can ever be that France would never have gone to war except in self-defence.

The sudden blow at France, like the flash of a dagger in the dark, was a challenge to the peace of Europe. It meant that Germany intended to cripple France and make her own position more powerful still. A soldier-ruled nation was to enrich herself at the expense of a free republic, our neighbour and friend. France is allied to Russia, and instantly Russia ranged herself on France's side.

And now, what should Britain do? We were friendly with France, but were free to do the thing we would: to remain at peace and look on at the murder of France —which had been taken by surprise, and was not ready— or to stand by free France and drive the German army back. That was the problem we had to decide, and while Britain was deciding the German Emperor did a thing which compelled our Government to act at once or lose her good name for ever. *He offered a bribe to Britain to betray her friend.*

This is how it came about. The frontier of France and Germany is not very long; the two countries touch for about 180 miles, and the French have guarded the frontier with strong fortifications. But there are two points not so strongly guarded, at which Germany might enter France—the point where France touches the little kingdom of Luxemburg, and the line dividing France and Belgium. The German Emperor, with his armed soldiers, broke into the Duchy of Luxemburg, and then asked the King of the Belgians to allow his army to pass through Belgium to attack France.

Now, Britain and France and Germany and other Powers had pledged themselves solemnly to protect Belgium against all attacks, and not to invade her territory under any circumstances, and the King of the Belgians

reminded the German Emperor of this sacred pledge. The German Emperor's reply was that he would go to war with Belgium if the King would not let him pass through. It was the answer a brigand would have given. Belgium thereupon appealed to Britain to save her, in fulfilment of her solemn promise, and we should have broken our national word if we had refused. No great nation could refuse such an appeal without losing its honour, and while Britain was preparing her answer to Belgium another proposal was made by the German Emperor, such as one highway robber might make to another.

It is too sordid to believe, and a member of the Government told the House of Lords that if one man had made the proposal to another in private life, the man to whom it was made must surely have knocked the proposer down. The proposal was that if Britain would betray France—who trusted her—and not object to Germany's attack on her, Germany would promise not to take any French territory in Europe, but *would be satisfied with taking her colonial empire.* That is to say, Britain was to break her pledge to Belgium, to betray France, and to let Germany steal the French colonies—for what? For a promise that Germany would not steal land in Europe!

There was, happily, at the head of our foreign affairs at this time, a man who is respected throughout the world, Sir Edward Grey, and he had no misgiving in the face of this attempt to buy our national honour. He replied that Britain did not bargain in that way. He sent an ultimatum, also, to Germany, demanding that she should keep her pledge to Belgium, giving her twenty-four hours to be true to her word. The German Emperor, his honour sullied by an act of treachery in the eyes of all the world,

SHAKESPEARE CREEPS LIKE A SNAIL UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL

[*See Chapter* 10

THROUGH OUR ENGLISH WOODLANDS LONG AGO THERE WALKED A BOY OF STRATFORD, DRINKING IN THE SCENES OF WONDER

[*See Chapter* 10

BELIEVING JULIET DEAD, ROMEO BUYS POISON FOR HIMSELF FROM THE POOR APOTHECARY

ONE OF THE MOST PATHETIC SCENES IN SHAKESPEARE—ARTHUR'S APPEAL TO HUBERT

"Will you put out mine eyes—these eyes that never did, nor never shall,
so much as frown on you?"

From the painting by Mr. W. F. Yeames, R.A., now hanging in the Manchester Art Gallery

was not jealous of his plighted word, and refused to keep his vow to the little nation which stood in the way of his schemes.

So it came about that at eleven o'clock on the night of August 4, 1914, the Island declared war with Germany, and went out into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But she will come back. She goes out with clean hands to uphold her own honour, the freedom of France, and the independence of Belgium. She goes out against an Emperor who has broken his word and attacked three peaceful countries for nothing but the love of power.

And she goes out because, if the German Emperor were to have his way, France would be broken, Belgium would be joined to Germany, the militarism of Germany would be brought to the shores of the North Sea, within reach of our own coasts, and the Island would cease to be free. We should not be at peace for a single day, but should be threatened by the restless ambition of this overweening man, in whose sight a nation is nothing if it stands in his way, in whose hands a million men are only food for powder.

There will be dark days for us, and dark years to come; and no man can say what the world will be like when we have slept another hundred nights. The Island is united, and she goes out to her great sacrifice with a people sound and true at heart, with her soul unsullied before God, with her solemn word unbroken before man, with no cause to seek but the freedom of Europe, with no aim to serve but the right of nations to be free. Not once nor twice, but many times, in our fair Island story, England. our England, has driven back the enemy of mankind, and the Right that is Might will not fail the world now.

We have great allies. Our friends are the spirit of freedom that has built up France, the unconquerable Belgian sons of the heroes Caesar found in Gaul, the love of truth that is set deep in the heart of our Island Home. We shall go down in the Shadow, and our heroes will die for us, but we shall rise again with the rising of the sun, and we, and all the free peoples who are with us, shall pass through the fires and be justified, worthy before man and guiltless before God.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR WALKS OUT OF CIVILISATION

October 1914

THE ruler of one of the greatest nations is abandoning his honour, his love of doing right, his common humanity. The Kaiser has fallen to the level of a brigand.

It is right that that should be said. It is right that we should cease to honour a man who sends out ruthless butchers to slay innocent people and destroy their towns. It is right that we should brand as a criminal a man who, for no reason at all, shatters to fragments the most beautiful buildings that come within range of his monstrous guns.

It is difficult to be calm while Rheims Cathedral is burning. It is difficult to remember that the German people are civilised while their armies are murdering women and children. There have been wars before, great wars; there have been kings before, bad kings; but no war was ever more savagely conducted than the war that Germany is making on two innocent nations, and no king has ever sunk so low in a few short weeks as this Hohenzollern.

Not a free State stands in the world today that would take the word of this proud monarch who stood so high but a few months ago; not a shopkeeper in Europe, perhaps, outside the German Empire, who would take a German cheque. It is the beginning of the end of a great nation which trusted a man who has betrayed it.

The end will not be yet, but come it must. There is no room in a free Europe for the Armed Anarchy of Prussia, and either Prussia must go down and lose for ever the power it has turned against humanity, or humanity must go down and be for ever under Prussia's heel. Germany is no longer at war against a few nations only; she is at war against civilisation; she is making war on the past and the present and the future. She has chosen the path of the barbarian, and the question that is to be answered now is whether there shall be set up in the very heart of Europe a powerful State which knows no law, which believes that Might is Right, which is ready to hack its way through any peaceful land that dares to be free.

That is the question which is being answered now on the banks of the rivers of France, and every man outside Germany knows what the answer must be. The answer is that Freedom never will be crushed while the sun shines in the heavens. The answer is that France will be a wilderness, that these islands will be below the level of the sea, before the King of Prussia rides down Whitehall once again.

We may be sure—as sure as we may be of anything in a world where an emperor can lie and his drunken officers can burn down cathedrals—that our armies are fighting the last great war in Europe. It can never be again. The end of it must be to make an end of war, and give peace for ever to the four hundred million people of Europe. And the German Emperor, whose attack on the free nations has failed, knows that. He has played his stroke for the mastery of the world; he has sought to trample down the people of other lands as he tramples down the people of his own Prussian provinces. How dare these Frenchmen

and Belgian men and Englishmen mock at his Highness when the Prussian men and the Saxe Weimar men and the Potsdam men fall down and worship him? Well, it is not the way of our free people to worship the gods made in Germany, and the German Emperor, for the first time in his life, has tested the metal of men who will not put their head under his heel.

And so, maddened by his failure, the new Attila will leave his mark on Europe before he is cast out of it, and it will be a red mark, too. He will take revenge of civilisation; he will blot out of the world the glorious things that mock his Potsdam royalness; he will gain a reputation like the Huns, and leave in his path a ruin so red that the stain shall never be wiped out as long as history endures.

It is the bitter tragedy of these fearful days that this dishonoured man—guarded by thousands of troops and a fleet of aeroplanes—is still at the head of an armed host that only brute force can stop in its work of fire and murder, and Europe will pass through unknown terrors before his power is broken.

But broken it will be. It shall not profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, and the German Emperor has not even gained the world. Time will deal with him, and those of us who live to see the Better Days will look up at the stars in their courses and seem to hear them saying, Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?

THE KAISER HOISTS THE PIRATE'S FLAG

March 1915

THE eyes of men have looked upon strange scenes. They have seen nations rise from lowly obscurity to the height of power. They have seen an ancient empire put off the cloak it has worn a thousand years, set aside the relics of a dim barbaric age, and take its place among the Great Powers of the earth. They have seen the decline of barbarism and the rise of civilisation everywhere.

And now, for the first time since tribes of wild men ceased to eat each other and formed themselves into nations, the eyes of men have looked upon another thing. They have seen a nation pass out of civilisation by its own choice, of its own free will.

The German Emperor, the assassin of one nation, is leading another—his own—out of the pale of our common humanity. Germany, the homeland of Goethe, the land from which the English came, has hoisted the pirate's flag upon the seas. She has declared that she will no longer accept the laws that hold together the civilised communities of the world.

Thwarted in her attempt to destroy France and Russia as she has destroyed Belgium, Germany sees the failure of the long preparations of forty years. The war machine has broken down, as all things must break down that aim against the liberty of the human race. At the

end of six months of war, instead of holding her head high as a conqueror, Germany is stricken low. Her ships have disappeared from all the seas; they lie at the bottom or are imprisoned in harbours which they dare not leave. And so Germany, cut off from the world, unable to get the raw materials she needs from other countries, is in the position in which she herself placed Paris in 1871, when people kept themselves alive by eating rats and dogs.

But what, then, we may ask, is the great German Fleet doing? The answer is that it has failed the Germans who have built it at a cost of three hundred million pounds, and it is hiding in the Kiel Canal, behind mines.

It has not been entirely idle, for now and then a few fast cruisers have come out bravely into the open sea, and, in defiance of the written law of nations, agreed to by Germany itself, has fired on unprotected towns and murdered women and children in their beds at night. But once too often these pirate ships have stolen out, and the bottom of the North Sea is strewn with the wreckage and the dead. The German Fleet is hiding from the British Fleet because it has no hope of meeting it and remaining on the surface of the waters.

So that the German Navy is as if it were not there, and its helplessness is driving the German Emperor to desperation. The laws of war, agreed upon by all the nations, give Germany a means of starving out her enemies. She may sink any enemy ship she pleases; only if she sinks a merchant ship, unarmed and unable to defend itself, she must save the crew. She may even stop a neutral ship if she can catch it on its way to England with military supplies, and arrest the ship and capture its supplies; but she must not hurt the hair of a neutral

person's head. Therefore, she must make sure of the nature of all ships, and in certain cases she must save the crews before she fires. If Germany can do that, it is her right, and nobody will complain.

But Germany cannot do it. She dare not bring her ships out in the open, because they love the rippling surface of the sea better than the muddy bottom. And so the Power which murdered the little nation she had promised to protect has thought out another plan. If she cannot play the game according to the rules, she will tear up the rules and play the game without them. That is the German way when Germany is beaten. If she cannot win by fair means, she will try by foul. If she cannot get to Paris, she will burn down Rheims Cathedral. And, as she dare not bring out her big ships to cut off supplies from England, she will bring up her submarines and make war with them. It is this that has stirred the world as it has rarely been stirred before, for this proposition, seeming so simple, is the German way out of the civilised world.

There is no objection to Germany using her submarines, *only she must keep the rules, and the submarine cannot keep the rules.* There is no objection to playing cricket, only one side must not bowl with a bomb for a ball. We must play the game and keep the rules, and the submarine can do neither, because it must make haste to be gone, and cannot wait to make sure of its ship; and it has no means of saving the lives of the crews. Therefore, the only way in which the submarine can cut off supplies is to break all the rules and sink every ship at sight, whoever it belongs to, whatever its business is, and whatever happens to the people on board. When a British ship captures a German ship, it saves the life of every man on board; Germany

proposes to sink the ship and drown the men. It is war on every ship at sea, war not against a nation but against humanity. It is going back to the days of pirates.

Great Britain is not afraid of this policy of murder on the high seas; she is not afraid of anything that Germany in or out of her senses can do. But from the days of Nelson she has held the highways of the ocean and kept them free for all who would use them in honour and peace. It is her service to the world to keep the oceans free, and her power has made the sea a uniter instead of a divider of nations. And therefore it is her duty now, at any cost, to fight the pirates and destroy this danger to mankind.

There is no safety on the seas if the new pirates are to have their way, and already the American Government, which has remained silent in the face of so many crimes rather than widen the area of the war, has been stirred to its depths. The world is in the presence of a nation which, beaten to desperation, has revenged itself by adopting a policy of murder at sight; and we know that the path she has laid down for herself Germany will pursue. No thought of humanity has held her back since the war began. There has been nothing in history more horrible to read than the story of what Germany has done in these six months; and now she is turning pirate too.

Well, the spirit of the world will not break, the power of the free nations is not exhausted, the means for dealing with a pirate—even with the might of Germany behind him—are not beyond the resources of mankind. We shall lose some ships, which we can spare; we shall lose some men, whom we shall mourn; and the neutral world will lose ships and men too. We shall not be able to reply in the usual way, by attacking Germany with our own

submarines, because there are no German ships to attack; and, though German submarines can steal from their hiding into the open sea, our submarines will not run from the open sea into the enemy's cage.

But a few boats hidden in the North Sea will not change the destiny of the world, will not alter the course of the war, will not make one British seaman flinch. There is not a boy on a British ship whose spirit will not stiffen at the thought that the pirates are after him.

> We sailed wherever ship could sail,
> We founded many a mighty state;
> Pray God our greatness may not fail
> Through craven fears of being great.

Our greatness will not fail. In this dark day, when once again this realm, this England, must lead the world against a common foe, the glory of the ages past is as nothing to the glory that the eye of faith can see. We must have faith and believe. We must lift up our hearts; we must be strong and of good courage; we must remember, whatever may come, that no power exists on earth that can conquer liberty.

THE WILD BEAST BREAKS LOOSE

July 1915

TERRIBLE it has been to see the break-up of a powerful nation; a bitter thing it is to see the German people become the outcasts of the world.

When the whole story of these days is written it will be proved to all the world that the influence of Germany for a generation has been leading up to what Lord Tennyson called "Red ruin and the breaking up of laws." A free nation is possible because law defends what is right against what is wrong, and a free Europe is possible because the nations of Europe have agreed upon certain public laws and promised to defend them whatever happens. Germany promised, but she has not kept her word.

All the world knows now, too well, this German scorn of public law; but all the world does not, perhaps, quite realise the depths to which the Germans have descended in their attempts to rule the earth. It was not enough that she should break all public law and threaten to make war if any should defend it; it was not enough that her spies should be at work in every land; it was not enough that she should look on her treaties as scraps of paper, that she should break her word and falsify despatches and hold back truth when it should serve her purpose. One deeper depth than this the German Government can reach.

All nations have ambassadors at the Courts of all Great Powers. The British Ambassador in Berlin represented King George and the German Ambassador in London represented the Kaiser until the war broke out, when both ambassadors were withdrawn. But the German ambassadors remain, of course, in neutral countries; the presence of an ambassador is the accepted sign of one country's friendliness towards another.

Now, it is essential to the security and peace of nations that there should be perfect trust between an ambassador and the nation in which he represents his Government; and it is the first rule of an ambassador's code of honour that he should be loyal to the country to which he goes. He must not interfere in its internal affairs; he must do nothing hostile to its interests as long as he enjoys its hospitality. Let us see how Germany has carried out this code of honour. We know how she behaves in war; she sent the French Ambassador home as if he were a criminal, and for half an hour he sat in a train with a German soldier aiming a loaded pistol at his head. That is the spirit in which Berlin began the war. But let us see their spirit at work in two countries with which Germany was still at peace—America and Italy.

In America the German Ambassador, in defiance of a sacred code of honour, approached the American people direct, behind the backs of their Government, and advertised in their newspapers that the *Lusitania*, with all its American citizens on board, would be sunk if it dared to sail to England—in other words, that the German Government was to murder American citizens. He then took part in a plot to drown these American citizens, against all the laws of war, and the plot was carried out.

They were drowned in one of the noblest works of man that ever sailed the seas, a glorious thing to look upon, packed with all the wonder that science could put into it, the fruit of years of human toil, and one of the strongest links in that chain of travel that has wound itself round the earth and helped to make all peoples one. Well, this *Lusitania* lies at the bottom of the sea, sunk by the German Government, deliberately and of evil purpose, and 1100 men and women, children and babies, lie there with her. They were drowned by the will of the German Emperor.

That was in America. In Italy the German Ambassador, behind the backs of the Italian Government, communicated false information to members of the Italian Parliament in order to prejudice the position of the King's Ministers. While pretending to negotiate with the Government, the German Ambassador was conspiring, in the very heart of Rome itself, against the interests of the Italian nation.

The American plot, most unhappily, succeeded; the Italian plot, most happily, failed. Public anger across the Atlantic knew no bounds, and there were loud demands that the dishonoured ambassador should be given his passport home. President Wilson, whose restraint has been one of the most astonishing things of these terrible days, sent to the German Emperor an earnest protest, and an urgent demand for reparation, and the chief advertising agent of the German Government in America has had to leave the country.

Whether the outcry of the American people will lead them to war against the assassins of the *Lusitania* remains to be seen, but this act of public murder has outlawed the

German nation from America and the rest of the world. In Italy the revelation of Germany's dishonour has kindled into flame the smouldering fires of indignation, and the land of Garibaldi is at last where Garibaldi would have had it long ago—on the side of a peaceful world against the blood-stained Government of Berlin.

At home, and throughout the British Empire, and beyond the borders of the Empire where the flags of the Allies fly, the wrath of the people has broken all its bounds, and there have been great risings against the German race. Men who are only human cannot restrain themselves in the presence of wild beasts loose, and, as a great American paper said, there is a wild beast loose in the world. It is not surprising, therefore, however regrettable it is, that there have been risings against German subjects and damage to property, so that in the end our Government at home has had to intern all Austrians and Germans of fighting age, and send to their own countries Austrians and Germans not of fighting age. The King has taken down the German banners which hung over the graves of the Kings of England in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and has cast out from the Order of the Garter, the oldest Order of Chivalry in the world, the Kaiser and seven German princes—as we cast out that traitor Prince Albert, our own Prince Christian's son, who, born and bred in the Island, fed by the hands of our people, kept by the sweat of their brow, left our King's household in these dark days to fight against the Island with the enemies of our race.

Meanwhile the fighting goes on, in France, in Belgium, in Africa, and in the Dardanelles; and the barbarism which has been forced on all the armies runs wild in Europe.

Men fight now not with guns only, but with poisonous gases that choke a man and take his breath away, and the heart of the British people has been stricken by the terrible necessity that lies upon them to meet this German weapon in the only way in which it can be met. A hundred years ago this horrible form of warfare was secretly proposed in England and secretly rejected by the British Government as inhuman; but time has passed, and the German Army, unable to win by fair means, has sought to win by foul. Our brave men have been choked to death, and must continue to be choked to death unless they, too, have this poison gas at their disposal; and so the poison gas they have.

It is the only way. We must fight brute force with brute force; we cannot stand and argue while the tiger springs. There can be no pause while the wild beast is yet loose, and we can only pray that the day that is surely coming will be hastened. No international Parliament is there yet, but there is an international humanity, and it knows no bounds. There is no force on earth can stop it in the end. The spirit of man that is stronger than steel will sweep for ever from the earth this thing that makes us shudder now.

Still we must lift up our hearts, still we must keep calm and strong, and through the darkness, beyond the night, the Light of Dawn will break.

THE MOST THRILLING MOMENT OF THE GREAT WAR

March 1916

> All splendid deeds are caught into the sky
> And set to light the Ages.

For ages yet unborn the path that men tread through this world will be lit up by the glory of Gallipoli. The British flag is there no more, but a fire has been kindled there that will not die down.

There never was a nobler story in the annals of our race. We need not hide the fact that one great enterprise has failed. We need not be ashamed of tears as we think of thirty thousand glorious men who fell in these ravines and on the mountain slopes, and sleep there now amid "the silence that is in the lonely hills." But there is no room for despair in this great story. There is room for hope and faith and trust, for a quickening of the heart that stirs with love of liberty and the soul that is on fire in this great cause of all mankind.

For the story of Gallipoli is the story of men who dared an "impossible" thing, and nearly did it. They dared a thing which those who knew said never could be done, and only an accident and a tragedy stayed them from doing it.

The accident was that a general lost his way in the dark; the tragedy was that at a critical moment in the history of the Island we could not spare a hundred thousand men.

TOUCHSTONE, THE MERRY COMPANION OF ROSALIND AND CELIA, IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

[*See Chapter* 10

THE MERRY-HEARTED AUTOLYCUS, THE SNAPPER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES, OFFERS HIS WARES

[*See Chapter* 10

CHRISTOPHER SLY, THE LITTLE TINKER, WAKES UP IN A STRANGE BED

[*See Chapter* 10

Early on the morning of August 9, 1915, when most of us were sleeping safely in our beds, we won for a moment the crowning height that overlooks the Dardanelles. Fearless little Gurkhas from India and sturdy lads from Lancashire dashed side by side up the slopes of Sari Bair and looked down on the Narrows. They saw the little British vessels that seemed likely so soon to go through. They stood there a moment and looked out from Europe into Asia, and then they ran—forward down the crest on the other side, the crown of glory in their grasp, the impossible accomplished. The Turk was flying before them. *The war might soon be over.*

But at that moment there was happening one of the saddest things in the story of the world. A British column was groping its way in the dark and got lost, and in losing its way it lost Constantinople for the Allies. There can be hardly any doubt of that. The fate of that dazzling city of the East, the hope of many an army in ages past, was changed in not many minutes, and these minutes, we may be sure, added many bitter months and many thousand deaths to the Great War.

The plan for that great day was that our troops should storm the height of Sari Bair and be reinforced by General Baldwin's column. Infinite pains had been taken, and the arrangements were perfect. There were guides along the narrow track which led to victory, and General Baldwin's column had only to find the way. But to find your way in Gallipoli in the dark, through country in which you have never been before, is to find your way in a maze, and, in spite of all precautions, the darkness, the rough country, the sheer steepness, delayed the advancing column. "In plain English," says the official despatch, "Baldwin,

owing to the darkness and the awful country, lost his way, through no fault of his own.

"So, at the supreme moment, when the Gurkhas and Lancashire men were on the crest, Baldwin's column was still a long way off, and, instead of reinforcements, there came upon our men a burst of heavy shell. The men were thrown into confusion by events so unexpected, and the Turkish commander saw his chance. He rallied his fleeing troops and turned them round, and the brave British troops, who had seen the Promised Land and had seemed for a moment to have held victory in their grasp, were forced backwards over the crest."

"But where was the main attack—where was Baldwin?" asks the official despatch, and it goes on to tell us that, when that bold but unlucky commander found he could not possibly reach our trenches in time, he deployed for attack where he stood. Now his men were coming on in fine style, and, as the Turks topped the ridge with shouts of joy, the East Lancashire men and Hampshire men were charging up on our side of the slope. But it was too late. The Turks were at the crest again in overwhelming numbers, and the day was lost, the Narrows were lost, and Constantinople was lost.

Let us close this sad chapter with these words from the next day's story: "By evening the casualties had reached 12,000; ten commanding officers out of thirteen had disappeared from the fighting effectives; the Warwicks and the Worcesters had lost literally every single officer." *Baldwin was gone, and all his staff.*

That was the accident by which we lost the Promised Land. Now there came a tragedy. The hope of storming the height was not yet gone, and within a week after

Baldwin lost his way Sir Ian Hamilton, who was in command, had made up his mind that we could go through.

The Turks had strengthened their positions; they had more men than we had; they had plenty of ammunition, plenty of reinforcements, and they held all the points of vantage. Still the British general kept his heart. He still believed in his men—*if only he could get them.*

He sent home a long cable, and one day in the middle of last August his desperate appeal arrived at the War Office in London. Autumn was already upon us, and if the campaign was to be brought to a quick, victorious decision large reinforcements must be sent at once. His British divisions were 45,000 short, and some of his fine battalions had dwindled down so far that he had to withdraw them from the fighting line. It was vital to replenish these sadly broken ranks, and when that was done he wanted 50,000 more. If he could get these 95,000 men it seemed to him humanly certain that we could get through; that " if this help could be sent at once we could still clear a passage for our fleet to Constantinople."

Always in war the cry is for men. We remember the answer of Sir John French at Mons : " I have sent you all the reinforcements that I can. You can have my two sentries and my headquarters staff."

We remember the cry of Westmoreland at Agincourt :

> O that we now had here
> But one ten thousand of those men in England
> That do no work today !

And those of us who have read *The Dynasts*, Mr. Thomas Hardy's dramatic poem of the Napoleonic Wars, remember the great scenes when the appeals come to Napoleon and

Wellington for reinforcements to save the day. The messenger comes riding up to Napoleon, blood-stained, muddy, and breathless, and says :

> The Prince of Moscow, sire, the Marshal Ney,
> Bids me implore that infantry be sent
> Immediately, to further his attack.
> They cannot be dispensed with, save we fail !

And then Napoleon, in anger :

> Infantry ! Where the sacred God thinks he
> I can find infantry for him ? Forsooth,
> Does he expect me to create them—eh ?

The trembling messenger can but deliver his commission, but he has seen how France must fail

> Without such backing. . . . Our cavalry
> Lie stretched in swathes, fronting the furnace-throats
> Of the English cannon as a breastwork built
> Of reeking corpses. Marshal Ney's third horse
> Is shot. . . . But I see,
> Likewise, that I can claim no reinforcement,
> And will return and say so.

" Life's curse begins, I see, with helplessness," says Napoleon, when the messenger has gone. He fain would strengthen Soult :

> Within an ace
> Of breaking down the English as he is,
> 'Twould write upon the sunset " Victory ! "

On the other side of the field a messenger for reinforcements is riding up. " Reinforcements ! " shrieks Wellington :

> And where am I to get him reinforcements
> In Heaven's name ? I've no reinforcements here.

MESSENGER: What's to be done, your Grace?
WELLINGTON: Done? Those he has left him, be they many or few,
Fight till they fall, like others in the field.

Once again, as at Agincourt, as at Waterloo, as at Mons, the famine in men was a thing to break men's hearts. The answer that went back to Gallipoli from the War Office was that the men could not be sent, and the end of it is that the men who were there, though each fought with the strength of ten, could do no more, and today Gallipoli is silent.

We had not the men, and without the men we could not win, but the men who were there and the things they did will live for ever in the history of freedom.

There was no such word as Anzac a year ago, but now it will not die. It will live on the maps of Gallipoli; it will live in history with the story of Horatius and Thermopylae; should it not live in geography as the name of Australia's new capital? What book of Golden Deeds can ever again be published without this tale of Anzac told by Sir Ian Hamilton in this wonderful despatch:

In the course of the fight there happened a very mysterious thing. The 1/5th Norfolks found themselves for a moment less strongly opposed than the rest of the brigade.

Against the yielding forces of the enemy, Colonel Sir H. Beauchamp, a bold, self-confident officer, eagerly pressed forward, followed by the best part of the battalion. The fighting grew hotter, and the ground became more wooded and broken. At this stage many men were wounded or grew exhausted with thirst. These found their way back to camp during the night. But the colonel, with 16 officers and 250 men, still kept pushing on, driving the enemy before him. Among these ardent souls was part

of a fine company from the King's Sandringham estates. *Nothing more was ever seen or heard of any of them. They charged into the forest, and were lost to sight or sound. Not one of them ever came back.*

Side by side with the Anzacs—the men of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps—were men of the new British army, and Sir Ian Hamilton, who has seen war at its best and worst, was thrilled with pride as he watched the advance of these yeomen.

There is usually some sort of cover for the bringing up of reserves in war, but here, for a mile and a half, there was nothing to conceal a mouse as these men of England came up to live or to die, and the commander writes that, despite the critical events in other parts of the field, he could hardly take his glasses from these men. "They moved like men marching on parade. Here and there a shell would take toll of a cluster; there they lay. There was no straggling; the others moved steadily on. Not a man was there who hung back or hurried."

Men were brothers there, comrades every one. British generals fought in the ranks, and men dropped all those instruments of war that science has put into an army's hands, and fought as men fought in the Age of Stone. They caught one another by the throat in so desperate a battle that Sir Ian Hamilton, with all his power of words, cannot describe it. Again and again, he says, the Turks came on, fighting magnificently and calling upon the name of God, and our men stood to it, and with many a deed of daring maintained the old traditions of their race. It was the end of four days' fighting against great odds, but there was no flinching. Our men died where they stood.

Such things were done with the men who were there:

what might not have been done with but one half of the hundred thousand for whom Gallipoli had cried in vain? We do not know. But for those who were there remains the consolation that Shakespeare gives them: "The fewer men the greater share of honour." From both sides of the earth they came, and through the eternal years their fame will ring. They held the flag of freedom high, and while England lives they will not die.

THE SIGHT OF THE ISLAND FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE

December 1917

I FOUND myself on the Field of Agincourt, between those little woods where Harry of England camped on that great eve of Crispin's Day, and went about among his brave ten thousand men,

> Bade them good-morrow with a modest smile,
> And called them brothers, friends, and countrymen.

I went the way King Harry went five centuries ago, and as we sped through these fields of France the picture of those days and these seemed blended into one, for once again,

> Now all the youth of England are on fire,
> And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
> Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
> Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

For we were speeding on, though in a fashion no king could have dreamed at Agincourt, from the battles of the history books to where the embattled hosts of Britain stand again in France, throwing their bodies like a wall against the dynasties of darkness, destruction, and death.

Thirty million men are killing one another, thirty million other men are making things to kill with, and we are riding to the heart of all this woe. Ten million men who did not want to die lie dead on these fields that not

ALL ABOUT US ARE THOSE RICHEST TREASURES IN OUR ISLAND CROWN, OUR GARDENS
[*See Chapter* 13

long since were smiling with the homes of happy children, and we are riding to this Red Earth. Ten thousand million sovereigns have been spent upon this war, and we are riding to see what men have done with it. We know what we have done with £10,000,000; we have given our aged poor a little comfort in their closing days. How much happiness could we buy, then, with a thousand times £10,000,000? Surely we could change the very face of the earth with the power of ten thousand millionaires. Well, these ten thousand millions *have* changed the face of the earth. Come for a ride with me and see.

The Ride to Vimy Ridge

If you have ever been for a ride in France you will remember the miles and miles and miles of trees that line the roads, you will remember the little white houses everywhere and the smiling fields and gardens that have made the peasant the master and the strength of France.

We are riding through them from Agincourt, through the pleasant plains, through the villages and the little towns, through the endless avenues that give their cooling shade in summer and stand in winter like cathedral aisles; and the world seems a beautiful place. The sun is out and the loveliness of autumn is about us; indeed and in truth we ride in joy through France. The people go about their work, the children go to school, we can almost fancy bells are ringing—and then . . . .

And then . . . .

We have come to the end of the beautiful world. The sword has gashed the face of France, the trees are withered and blasted, the avenues are no more, the roofs of the houses are broken, the walls are toppling down, the rooms

are heaps of rubble, the people have gone, the cathedral bells will never ring again.

The world slows down; the joy has passed from the face of it. Once this must have been a happy place, for theatre bills are on the walls, and this was once a picture palace, and that was once a church, and up in the bedroom there, ready to tumble into the street, is a little child's cot. Here is a piano, but it will not play; it is as silent as the organ at Rheims. We touch the keys from the street, but the rains of two years have beaten upon them, and they are dumb. A little boy's picture hangs on the wall above, out in the garden clothes are hanging still. They have hung for a year or two there, but nobody bothers to take them down. There is a spiral staircase in the street, leading from nowhere into the sky.

There is every kind of broken thing about—houses, shops, and statues, wheels and lamp-posts, motor-cars and guns, windows, staircases, doors, tanks, carts, pianos. Up there is a hanging bridge between two buildings, half of it broken away; and here is a cathedral—for this is Arras, the place you meet in Shakespeare, where the tapestries came from, the place where some good man set up a church fifteen or sixteen centuries ago to be a lamp in the darkness until the Germans came from beyond the Rhine and smashed it into bits.

So long ago—a thousand years and more ago—the Germans did that, and now again a great cathedral stands exposed to all the rains and winds that come, gaping in ruin once more from German hands. They cross the earth like the shadow of death, and their touch is the mark of the beast. Down a dark hole in the cathedral floor lived a hundred men when fire was falling like rain in

Arras, and underneath are miles of excavated ways through which the relieving army moved forward when it was still unsafe to be moving in these streets. Up above, high up in a doorway on a broken wall, stands the figure of a mother and child, silhouetted against the sky.

But the thought that brings poor Arras back to me is not of all these streets with the scars of war, these little shops still struggling to keep going, this beautiful town-hall shattered into bits—it is not of all this pitiful ruin, over the house-tops and under the streets, that I think. I think of this desolate town as we left it and looked back, and saw, rising high above its ruin, the highest visible thing for miles around, a broken Cross. It glittered in the sun in the happy days of Arras, high above the cathedral roof that lies in dust below. Now it stands as the very mark of grief, the badge and sign of this race that has mocked at God, for the Germans have broken the Cross.

We leave the broken Cross, and deeper into the broken world we go. We are on the road to Vimy, that little village with its ridge of hills, at the very thought of which the heart of Canada leaps high. But a month or two ago it was death to walk these roads. I stop to pull a scarlet poppy growing in a ditch, and somebody says, "That was the German front line." Now the little blue corn-flower is holding up its head and the scarlet poppy is blowing in the wind. The Germans have gone on and on, back and back, over the ridge and down again, and on beyond Lens, where the cathedral tower is still unbroken, where there are cellars, they say, in which British troops hold one end and German troops the other.

The guns are booming; there is a heavy gun going up

to the lines. "How far is the British line?" somebody asks, and the answer is, *Four miles*. "And how far is the German line?" and the answer is, *Four miles and thirty yards*. We are looking down on the very line of fire, on that narrow streak of earth, from the Alps to the sea, where civilisation ends, and across the little space of No Man's Land stand the embattled hosts of devilry.

They are nothing else than that. You would not believe the things these Kaiser's men have done. You would not believe, would you, that they poured petrol over a woman and set her on fire? It is better that we should not know, for there would be no sleep at night; but there, entrenched on the other side of No Man's Land as we stand and look at it, is the spirit that does appalling things like that, and prays morning, noon, and night to have the chance of doing that in England as in France.

And yet, as we climb up Vimy Ridge, it is the stillness of the war that seems so strange, and the quietness of the plain that stretches everywhere in front. We are under observation now—"Be careful," we are told. But who is observing us, and what could harm us? Nobody can see. It is the invisible war. If every human life should leap to light in front of us, how many times ten thousand men would stand before our eyes? But not a man do we see, and, save for the boom of a gun now and then, Vimy Ridge is as still as the grave; the living and the dead are both beneath the surface of the earth.

We look out on such a scene in any country place in peace, and we know it is tunnelled by rabbits and foxes and moles, but we look down into this vast plain, and we know it is tunnelled by men. Here, hidden in the earth, a race of free men fights for its life against a race of men

enslaved to brutal force, and every yard of earth we see is fortified with flesh and blood and steel. Men have turned this earth that stretches before us, this earth with all its powers of life, into a field of death. Thousands of dead men lie beneath our feet, in this wilderness of mud that was once fragrant with flowers and wooded with trees; French, British, German, they mingle in the dust. A man took up a boot, and a leg came out with it; and so perhaps it will be for years. In digging a trench on Salisbury Plain they found the other day the skeleton of a man of the Bronze Age, killed by a battle-axe perhaps thirty centuries ago, and who knows for how many ages, long after this madness has passed from the world, men will dig up wreckage of the time when the British artillery fired five million rounds on Vimy Ridge?

The misery of it all oppresses us as we come down the hill, sinking in the mud, skirting the shell-holes, missing the barbed wire as best we can. We are grateful for a steel helmet, which we soon forget we have on, but a humiliation to the dignity of man is the horrible gas-helmet, which must be fixed in six seconds in case of need. We look and feel and flounder in them like men of an idiot race.

Down in the safety of the plain is a solitary lad. Who is he? Where is he from? He used to play in an English village. He was the life and hope of some little home that is thinking of him now, and here he is, war-weary but carrying on, trudging through the mud to the hole in which he lives for England's sake. Here is a village that was and is not now. Here is a cemetery with 3000 graves, close by a battlefield where France lost 70,000 men. Here are men crouching behind bits of corrugated

iron and bits of broken wall. Here are trees blown in two in some deserted garden. Words will not fit the tragedy of it. "The idiocy of it all!" one says; "the utter idiocy of it all!" "*And yet what could we have done?*" another says.

Yes, what could we have done? The world having come to this, there was no other way but this. The sudden hum of an aeroplane reminds us that the days of the old security have gone. Over the ridge was a bunch of aeroplanes, like birds. One of them detached itself and came sweeping down upon us. Nobody knew whether it was friend or foe. "If it is German we have not long to live," our captain said. He took up his glasses and looked, while we four ordinary men, whose nerves were made for peace and not for war, waited for him to speak. "It is ours," he said, and we breathed again.

Tramping over ruined fields, we left the war behind. We came to where the world was looking itself again, the church towers still undamaged, the trees still growing, the shops still open, and children going from school. We were back in the little lanes that look so much like Kent, reminding us how near to us this stricken horror is, this tragedy of ours, *our* war.

The Ride to Bapaume

No man who has been through No Man's Land will ever forget the day.

We began the ride at Albert, close by the ruined tower from the top of which for over a year the figures of a mother and child have leaned as if bowed with grief and weeping over the battlefields. It was not very long, but it seemed an unending ride along a road as straight as a

ruler, which seemed to be raised above the spacious fields about it, as great and dry and smooth a road as is to be found within sound of the war. It is the ten-mile piece of road from Albert to Bapaume.

There is no sign of war, and a man can sit in a motor-car and feel all the joy of a ride through Kent in the days of peace. There is not a mark of the beast to be seen, no trees gashed with knives, no cottages lying in heaps, no piles of scattered masonry; this land for miles about us on each side is surely some great heath, ablaze with gorse in spring and afire with heather in the golden sun. It is good to be riding here, though we ride on the way to the war.

But as we ride through this great spaciousness, with fifty square miles of open earth about us, the mind drinks in the naked truth. *Every yard of this land has been swept by war.* We ride where the Germans were not many months ago. This road runs right through No Man's Land. This space that seems to know no bounds was but the other day smiling with ten thousand homes, and gardens full of fruit and flowers, and little woods and lanes and laughing children. All, all have gone, the old familiar places, and nothing is left to show where they stood. The villages and the roads that led to them are wiped off the face of the earth, and only a sign put up by a carpenter shows that Pozières stood here and Contalmaison there. From Albert to Bapaume the scythe of war has swept earth clean, and all that is left is emptiness.

It would look very different, no doubt, to walk across this wilderness; it would look, no doubt, like those battle-fields of Gommecourt and Beaumont-Hamel, across which we walked this morning. Stand on the edge of the great

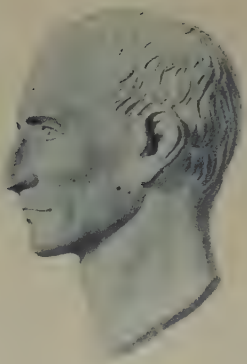
mine crater there and look about you. It will fill you with dejection to think what men have made of this fair earth, but it will lift you up with hope to know that those holes you see in the ground are the British Army's finger-prints, that these shafts running down in the earth were the German Army's strongholds. Down they go, down fifteen or twenty or thirty steps, with walls and roofs all timbered, and snug little chambers down below, with sleeping-places cut out in the walls, and long passages that lead to another way out. I went down one, and found it strewn with unexploded bombs and German tools. I shall find work in my wood for the axe with which they dug themselves in, and a place on my desk for the bomb with which we blew them out.

For blow them out we did. Our army crept on inch by inch, and foot by foot, and yard by yard; out of this ditch into that, out of one hole into a better. They crept on miles and miles—five miles, ten miles, twenty miles. It is all too good to believe, but across this desolated land, with its hidden entrenchments, its fortresses of steel, and the mightest defences ever made by man, the British Army crept by day and by night. It moved on as we slept in our beds at home, it fought hard all the winter, it fought hard all the summer, and these men from our Yorkshire farms, from our Lancashire mines, from counting-houses in Manchester and offices in London, the men who have grown up with the plough in Devon, and breathed the air of Scotland's hills, miners from Wales and Irishmen who swear at England one day and fight for her the next—they flung these Germans out, and drove them on and on until they had set free from the German heel hundreds of miles of earth like this.

ONE OF THE TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM—THE BEAUTIFUL PORTLAND VASE, PROBABLY MADE IN THE TIME OF ST. PAUL, WHICH LAY HIDDEN FOR CENTURIES AND HAS BEEN BROKEN INTO 150 PIECES

[*See Chapter* 11

A CHINESE EWER

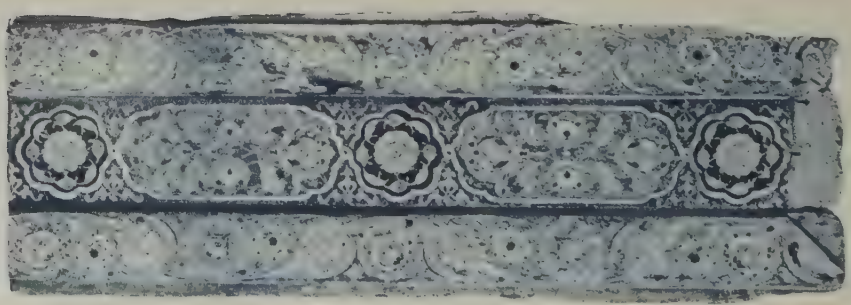


JULIUS CAESAR

AN OLD CANDLESTICK

FROM OLD ITALY

A STONE PANEL 400 YEARS OLD



PANEL FROM A TOMB IN CONSTANTINOPLE 300 YEARS OLD

THE RARE AND BEAUTIFUL WORKS OF MEN GATHERED FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD AND TREASURED UP IN OUR GREAT MUSEUMS

[*See Chapter* 11

It is slow work creeping across Europe, but man has been fighting the beast for thousands of years, and the end cannot be in a day. See these battlefields strewn with craters full of water. See these roads a foot deep in mud. Remember that the Germans were here two years, building themselves in their underground fastnesses; that they lived here in war luxury such as the British Army never knew; and then remember that the British Army dug them out of their holes like rats, so that they left their strongholds in such a hurry that there was once a brigadier-general who had not time to take his sword.

It was an achievement beyond belief, perhaps the greatest test of endurance the British Army has ever known, and it made these fields around the Somme unforgettable in the history of the world. Here it was proclaimed to all mankind that a power had risen in the earth that could smash the German Army. Over these fields men first began to fly like birds. They came here flying 5000 feet high; they climbed into the clouds above the Somme until they were four miles up. I saw a man skim the air as if he were a butterfly.

And in these fields of desolation Science did wonderful things. The telephone wire sent to France every three months in those days was more than enough to wind around the world, and the wonders of wires and wireless, down in the earth and up in the skies, had their place in the great liberation. Strange and terrible it is to look out across the fields of desolation and see the hand of Science in the ruins. It is as if man, with all his powers, had slipped back to the Age of Stone. There was one corner in all this maze of ruin and mud that might almost have been called the Wizard's Home, for wireless masts

rose from the ruin, there was an imitation tree in which a man could sit at the top and see what the Germans thought he could not see, and there were weather-gauges of all sorts. It is British brain and British heart and British steel, with the immortal soul of a nation behind it all, that has driven the war out of thousands of square miles of Belgium and France, and we move in this stricken world and find the sign of all these things. The sense of the power that overcomes is there. Fallen tanks and fallen men, fallen trees and fallen towers, man and his work and the glory of the earth all shattered and broken.

At the limit of the fields is what was once a wood, a few skeletons of trees like sticks stuck in the ground. Darkness is closing on this torn face of Nature, and we slow down in our ride as twilight gathers round Bapaume. Not a child is left in all this town, not a woman, not a man unless he wears the khaki of the British Army. Not a house stands as it was. This heap of rubbish was the Town Hall; on this empty pedestal was the bronze figure of the man who drove the Germans from Bapaume in 1871. These Huns were glad to pay him back by melting his statue down, and they were glad, when they fled from Bapaume before the conquering British Army, to hide away in every street and building bombs and mines and chemical surprises which have made this town as pitiful a ruin as any found in France.

An impressive ride it has been across the stricken fields, but how many hours does a man live through like the hour in which we crept away, crept away from the war in the dark? The Germans are far beyond Bapaume, farther and farther off as these very words are written, but our dark way home brings us nearer to the front, and

we wind our way slowly past, watching the flashing of the German guns, hearing the answer of our own, anxious lest a bomb should drop from overhead. It is a cold, dark night, but a little Tommy in a greatcoat is at his post, stopping us in the drizzling rain and wondering whoever we are, and we pass on with all lights out, creeping back towards Agincourt.

The guns boom and flash as we creep, and it fills a man's heart to think of what is happening over there. We are very near the war, and suddenly there bursts upon the darkness a pair of shining eyes, eyes like balls of flame, and another pair behind them, and another still. Something all-powerful it must be, with lights like these on a road like this, and all-powerful it is. It is going to the guns. It is the ammunition train, a long, long line of motor transport, creeping up in the dark, but flashing on its light for safety's sake if any traffic should chance to pass.

We creep away from the war and the eyes of fire creep slowly up—yes, eyes of fire, that will burn their way slowly through the heart of all this woe until the sun shines on Bapaume again, and Freedom rings her bells.

The Ride to Ypres

There are days that seem unreal, and the memory of them comes to us like dreams. "The idea of taking you into Ypres is incredible," said our captain; "I can hardly believe it." Incredible it is; incredible is Ypres and the whole of that wonderful hour that brought us to this war-worn place, this town of ruin and fire, where no man who wakes in the morning is too sure that he will live till night.

No fields of desolation lead to Ypres. It is stress and

strain and wonder all the way. Long before we hear the guns and see the shells burst round our aeroplanes, we are caught up in the ceaseless tide that sweeps on to the stricken town. We have only to open our eyes to understand the war behind the lines. We believe at last that it really is true that there are a dozen men in the war for every man who holds the fort. We can see how vital the work of our factories is. Not a man at home is there who would waste an hour if he could come and see this thickening stream of traffic flowing to the war.

The greatest fighting machine the British Empire ever invented is working about us, and working well. The instinct of a dominating power is in the air. We know the fearful force pent up in these roadside heaps by which you must not smoke or light a fire. We know where all these guns have been in this repairing camp. We know where all these men are going who come up slowly in a countless throng. We know what it is that wears these roads out so that men are working on them almost every day. We know what sent that water-tank like a gasometer toppling over. We can imagine the strain under which that motor-lorry broke down and fell into a ditch.

Think of the energy of a thunderstorm; stand by night and watch the lightnings play, hear the heavens crack and roll, and imagine all this energy made by man. Perhaps you will have some picture then of the boundless energy that moves on ceaselessly along these tired roads.

We poured 10,000 tons of shells every day for a week into one part of the German lines. The Germans fired at Verdun 12,000 rounds a minute, and a million in twelve hours. One day on the Somme the French fired half a

million rounds in one barrage from their field-guns alone. We see where all our money goes. Quite cheap it seems at seven million pounds a day; we wonder it is not seventy millions.

Think of the stress and strain of all this moving scene, and then think of this—that it moves to order, that all this chaos is controlled by time-tables. Nothing here is left to chance. Every motor-waggon must keep its time. If a thing goes wrong this lumbering waggon must be out of the way in a certain time. It must keep a certain space in front of it and behind it, so that its stopping will not hold up the rest. If it breaks down beyond repair, it must be taken to bits where it stands, and taken home as a heap of wheels and lamps and screws and all the thousand things that make it up. The breakdown gang must be ready with its mobile workshop.

And every part of this moving mass moves in this way. In the end, everything we see in these huge ammunition trains, every letter in these mail vans, every packet of rations in these stores, every bit of hot food in these travelling kitchens, will find its way to the man who is waiting for it.

If war breaks up one civilisation it builds up another as it goes along. The civilisation of a thousand years has gone from Ypres, but the civilisation of a thousand days is there; it works like a watch, though its atoms are miles apart, and though its threads reach across the sea and spread like a net into every workshop and over every workman's bench. War must build up all the time. It must destroy one day to build up again the next. It must make and re-make all the time the very roads that take it to its goal.

We are drawing near to Ypres. It is incredible that we should be going so fast, riding on as if the world were ours. Up in the clouds are our watch-towers, a long line of strange balloons, in which men sit looking down on the German Army, reporting to the earth below of what they see, ready to jump from the clouds and glide to earth with their parachutes if ever the moment shall come.

The sun bursts out in almost summer splendour. The human birds are singing. We are suddenly on a broad highway, and lo! before our eyes a ruined city stands. The mind flies to the Tiber and the Nile; we think of the days we walked about in Egypt and Rome. Everywhere is space about us as if the ruin were set on a hill; the walls are down, the cathedral is broken to bits, the old Cloth Hall, that has stood 600 years, lies in a heap. We sweep through the ruins to the old city square, we look up the Menin road and think of what is happening there, but the excitement of the men-birds, the firing of guns quite close, and the cry of "Gas—alert!" remind us that danger lies nearer than Menin. I am not likely to forget the minute before we fled from this town, where soldiers stare at a civilian as at something prehistoric, for a shell, that must have come ten miles, fell just behind me in the ruins of the Cloth Hall, burying itself in the rubble of this precious building, which may thus luckily have saved my life. It was as near as a man need wish to get to this war that is devastating our cities and saving our liberties.

Back and back our Army drives the Germans, but Ypres is not quite safe; every day the shells whizz over it, every night the bombs fall in the street, and we breathe more freely in that little garden, miles away, where Major Redmond sleeps. When we see Ypres again the sun is

setting on its ruined towers, and as the light fades slowly over her we pray the day may not be long when another Ypres shall see the dawn.

And we believe it will be so. We stand on Messines Ridge and see the crater made with nineteen mine explosions. We look about and see this place on one small part of which our heavy guns dropped 80,000 shells. An army that can drive the Germans from a place like this can drive them anywhere. They will drive them from the town we are looking on a mile or two in front, all in good time. Up in the clouds a storm of shrapnel shell is bursting round two aeroplanes. The shells are German and the aeroplanes ours, and though shells burst by the dozen our men sit steadfast and calm, the eyes of an army ever pressing on, ever moving forward to its distant goal.

Three Things I Saw

And now we are back in the Island, back in this land to which the whole world looks, longing for the day when Britain again will ride the seas with her ancient power and set the captive free. Not very far away from us is this unutterable woe.

I have seen the things that are like the end of a world, but it is a new world that will come, and not a heap of ashes. I think of it all and remember three things that I saw.

I think of the calm fortitude of the people who live on the fringe of the war, the poor people on the stricken edge of France, the boy who "runs behind" in the ceaseless stream of traffic to the war as children run behind our carriers' carts; the old mother whose days are nearly over, pulling cabbages in her garden almost within sound of

Ypres; the man who picks up petrol cans, flattens them out, and patches up his broken house with them. A pathetic sight are these rare touches of humanity along the roads—those laughing children among the guns, this old man at the gate. Who are they? What are they thinking? One thing, at any rate, we know: they stand for the patience and steadfastness of France in her great martyrdom.

I think of the spirit of men who have seen the Valley of the Shadow, who know how black it is and set their teeth to walk right through. I think of a little room behind the lines where majors, captains, sergeants, corporals, preachers, cricketers, editors, and railwaymen sit singing little songs, joining in silly choruses, pretending that this planet is a happy place to be on, while just a little way off is being enacted the tragedy of the world. I remember the little private's song about mother at home—"I shall come home when the ebb-tide flows,"—and I hope he will come home. I remember the captain's song about "Our damp little dug-outs in France," and those men in them who cheerfully endure and never grunt till death or victory comes. And I remember what they told me about the coming back from the fight when seven sit down to dinner out of twenty-two who sat down the night before. "How can you stand that?" I ask. "Every man thinks of his work in war," the answer comes. "We have our dinner and carry on. It is the only way."

I think of the smile on the face of the men who are winning. I remember that day at headquarters when the news of Passchendaele came down to that chivalrous commander of the First British Army. I remember the instinct of victory in generals and colonels and in Tommy-out-of-doors.

I remember the colonel who laughed like a boy at the thought that anybody on earth could beat us. And I remember that splendid major who left a great business at home to live in a dug-out in France, who knows that Tommy Atkins in the trenches is the greatest soldier in the world. We have had our failures, enough to break our hearts, but the greatest success of the war is the British soldier, made in a month or two to endure for all time.

And so I am an optimist, for I have seen the men who know and the things these men have done, and I know that good will conquer evil. It will not be today, it may not be tomorrow, but it is written in the skies that it will come in God's good time. We may sleep and wake with that dauntless faith of Robert Browning:

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God sends His hail,
Or blinding fire-balls, or sleet, or stifling snow,
In some good time—His good time—I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

THE MOTHER OF THE ISLAND TALKS TO HER CHILDREN

1917

I found Britannia sitting on a height, solemn and sad and tired with the burden of the world.

Proud as in happier days, she looked out across her Island Home. Its green hills were clothed with all the glory of our Hundred Days ; its fields were heaving with waves of golden corn ; its lanes were hung with roses ; its spreading oaks threw out their arms with all their ancient strength ; its yew-trees stood like the sentinels of centuries, guarding our English home ; and the little grey towers of its churches were pointing up to heaven.

But the bells were not ringing as in other days ; the children were not playing on the sands ; the cricket-fields were silent, for the boys had gone away.

Ah, how Britannia longed to see her children happy once again ! How, in the still watches of the night, she would kneel and pray that God would give her children peace once more.

She stood on her great height, and as she stood her children gathered round her. She was dark and grave and proud, and on her brow was the mark of the saddest years that Time has ever known. She was tired, but not weary, for her strength was as the strength of ten because her heart was pure.

And then I heard Britannia, mother of the British people, speaking.

Four winters it is, my children, said Britannia, since the Shadow came upon the world—four heavy winters. But patience yet a little while, and the happy days will come again. Be proud amid your tears. What have we done in Little Treasure Island in these thirteen hundred days ?

We have guarded the civilisation of the world and held the fort for liberty. We have kept back from the fields of Kent, from the rolling Sussex downs, from the spreading northern moors, the devilry that stalks across the stricken lands of Europe.

We have shown the powers of evil that the future of the world is not for them; that the spirit of liberty, when an enemy comes, will raise up its defenders to the ends of the earth; that those who love peace, though enemies may catch them unawares, are more than a match for all those who love war.

We have kept our name clean, we have held our fair fame, at a cost grievous to be borne. We have suffered humiliation and disaster and bitter infamy. We have drawn around us the forces of righteousness through the world.

We have kept alive the faith of the weak in the strong. We have planted hope in the hearts of millions of stricken people held in hunger, chains, and slavery.

We have raised up a new England in the world. We have realised a strength of which we had not dreamed. We have tapped new wealth and power that lay all unsuspected round about us. We have found that we can do gigantic things of which we were afraid. We have made the great discovery that the nation which loved peace over all could be transformed as in a night to fight for peace with all the stern terror of war.

To the ends of the earth we have sent out our armies and fleets. They fight amid the ice and snow and in the torrid sun. They fling their bridges across the rivers and march across the sands. They rise above the clouds and descend into the sea. They fight in marsh and

jungle and on Alpine heights. Their energy sweeps through every continent; their dauntless spirit leads the world.

We have done—what have we not done in these four years? Can all our thousand years of history compare with them? Can the minds of our people grasp and understand the burden we have borne? Pitiful creatures there are who trouble and pester Britannia, gadflies and wasps who sting and buzz about the horse with its heavy load; but do they not know, have they not heard, of the burden this land has borne?

Lift up your heart, hold your head high, for we have borne it well.

We have raised in the Island and the far-flung empire eight million men and a thousand pounds for every man.

We have let loose the flood-gates of energy and sent forth a stream of human power that Europe has not known since her cities were laid down.

We have reconstructed the industrial map of the United Kingdom, built new towns, and revolutionised the lives of millions of people. We have three million men and women at work on munitions of war in twenty thousand workshops. We have built and equipped with power one hundred and fifty national factories.

We have given women a new place in the nation's life. A million women who never earned a wage before are earning wages now.

By giving up old luxuries and finding new labour we have carried on at home with our best men at the war. We have run our coal-mines with a shortage of three hundred thousand men, our railways with fifty thousand men short, our Civil Service with ninety thousand and our local government with a hundred thousand men away.

We are learning to do without; two of every three motor-cars in the United Kingdom are idle now. We are walking to save petrol, as we are wearing old clothes to save wool. And we are riding on old railways; for every three miles of railway renewed before the war we are now renewing one. We used to import eleven million tons of timber; we are now importing three.

We have maintained in food and fighting power the greatest armies ever raised, separated by thousands of miles of land and sea. We have handled fifty million separate things a week in our munition shops, and sent off ten thousand consignments on every working day.

We have transported by sea a mighty multitude of thirteen million men, watched over and guarded with such care that only one life in four thousand has been lost.

We have sent across the sea two million horses and mules to help the Allies on the fields of war. We have sent seven hundred thousand vehicles, thirty-five million tons of supplies and explosives, and twenty million tons of coal and oil.

We have six hundred steamers always carrying troops and stores to the theatres of war; we send each week to France two hundred thousand tons of materials and fifty thousand men. Six hundred other ships are taking coal to France and Italy.

We are making new roads and new railways every day; week after week our ships carry fifty thousand tons of materials for roads and rails. We have laid down nearly four hundred thousand miles of railways.

We have run trains from Cairo to Jerusalem. We have set up wharves and river-heads and warehouses and

shipyards in ancient Babylon. We have thirteen hundred vessels travelling up the Tigris every day, and seven hundred on the waterways of France. We have built millions of tons of new ships and repaired forty thousand vessels of war.

We have kept the sea-gates open against a pitiless foe who sinks whatever he sees. We have defended a coastline of nearly eight thousand miles. Our ships steamed for seven million miles within a single month.

We have built up an army of flying men who ride above the clouds as safely as our sailors on the seas. In a single week our aeroplanes have flown round our coasts a distance equal to a journey round the world.

We have brought under cultivation a million new acres of our soil. We are growing six hundred thousand tons more corn a year, and millions of tons more potatoes.

We have done these things and have raised the money to pay for them. We have raised more money on the good name of Britannia than all the gold in the world could pay. We have paid our way as no other country has been able to do.

We have sixteen million people who have lent their money to the nation; there is hardly a home in the United Kingdom which has not lent money to the State.

We have found the ships, we have found the men, we have found the money; and we have kept alive the spirit that is more than all. We have kept the fire on the hearth at home.

We have held the seas in spite of all; we have faced and fought and conquered the weapon that was meant to starve us to defeat. We have kept open a highway on the seas for the greatest army that has ever left America. We

have poured on to our tables and into our trenches the produce of the greatest harvest-fields on earth.

We have faced and fought an enemy that knows no mercy; we have faced him and fought him and brought him to the certainty of doom. All the plottings of forty years we have brought to nought in four. We have held back masses of brute force that poured across the Rhine to conquer Europe and engulf mankind; we have held them back and we shall drive them to their lair.

A little while; lift up your heart and hold your head high, for Britannia's day will come. The power has never yet been known upon the earth that can defeat her. She rides with the sun in the chariots of the living God.

THE DAUNTLESS MEN AND THEIR DEATHLESS DEEDS

Proudly you gathered rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Captain Courageous

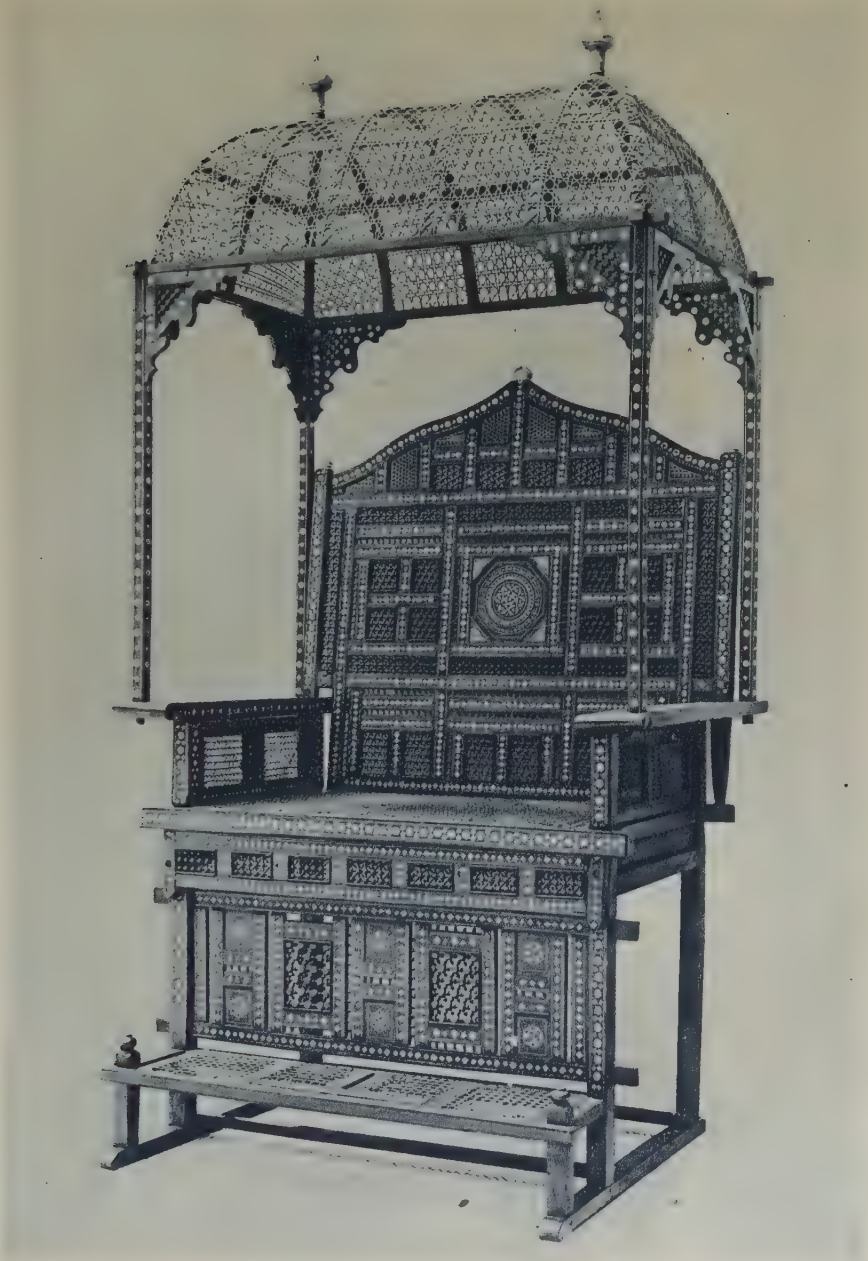
Captain Johnson of the cruiser *Hogue*, torpedoed in the North Sea, stood on the bridge as the ship was sinking. He knew that very soon he would be beyond this world, but his last thought was for his country.

Each ship carries a book containing the secret signals by which one British ship speaks to another. So long as the secret is preserved the enemy cannot read our signals. But when a ship goes down many things in her come to the surface. Captain Johnson's book of signals might by some chance be picked up and betray the British Navy.

And so, while the stricken ship was reeling beneath him, this valiant captain stood calmly at his post and looked Death in the face, loading his book of signals with leaden weights, so that when the *Hogue* went down its secret should go with it to the depths.

The Answer

An Italian scholar went to see the British trenches. Our men, he said, lived with heroism and died with dignity.



ONE OF THE LOVELY THINGS IN THE TREASURE HOUSES OF THE ISLAND—A RARE BRIDAL CHAIR FROM EGYPT. MADE OF TENS OF THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL PIECES

[*See Chapter* 11

OF THIS RARE WONDER OF THE WORLD, THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS, ALL THAT IS LEFT STANDS IN OUR NATIONAL TREASURE-HOUSE AT BLOOMSBURY

[*See Page* 152

One day, he wrote in an Italian paper, a whole regiment shouted to their comrades in some distant trenches, "Are we down-hearted?" and there was an instant's pause. Then a blood-stained spectre raised himself from a trench, shouted "No!" with his last breath, and fell back, dead.

Going Back

A visitor to a hospital found a private in an Irish regiment, very badly wounded: it was said there was hardly a whole bit of skin on his body.

"That's a bad case. What are you going to do with him?" said the visitor. "He's going back, sir," replied the orderly. "Going back!" echoed the visitor, in tones of surprise. "Yes. *He believes he knows who did it.*"

Humphreys

Humphreys is asleep in France. Most people did not know Humphreys, but he was the merry boy of the Children's Encyclopedia staff. He grew up with it. He knew the names and faces of thousands of its readers. He made the world bright on the darkest day, for Humphreys was the very joy of life.

He was the very pick of our English boys, fearing nothing. He would do anything for anybody; he would go anywhere at any time. He would put a lock on a door, or mend a desk, or bring you the population of China, or the distance round the moon, or the greatest depth a submarine can dive, or any of the countless things an editor wants to know at a moment's notice—or he would go to fight a dragon.

And he did. He called and enlisted one morning on his way to the office, quietly and without a word to

any human being. It was work for a boy, he thought, and he did it. He was in the trenches for years; he hardly ever had a rest; he was as happy there as anywhere, and everybody loved him. He would write home after a wound and make merry over his piece of old iron; he would talk quietly of France as if he were on holiday there; but never a word would he grumble. He loved the world, and he loved whatever he was doing in it. A great English boy was Humphreys.

And now he has gone, one more on the long, long roll of our Island heroes, one more on the long, long road that leads to everlasting life. The life of the earth is poorer, but the memory of Humphreys is something rich and rare.

He Who Gave All

A Salvation Army sailor went down with a mate on a cruiser torpedoed in the North Sea. The two men clung to a piece of timber, but it was not big enough for two, and they held on till they got weaker and weaker. Then the Salvationist said: "Mate, death means life to me. You are not ready. Hold on to the spar and save yourself, and I'll let go. Good-bye." And he let go.

The Strong Man Breaks Down

A thousand times a thousand deeds bear witness to the spirit of heroic men who offer their lives for liberty, and never are they lacking when the hour comes.

Never was the spirit of these men higher than when a thousand set out in a charge from which five hundred might come back; then their faces were aglow with a spirit that is not of this world. But often in the trenches, when the fight was not between man and man but between

man and pieces of flying steel, the brave man's heart would break down. The helplessness of a man against the things that man has made was terrible to see, and at times, as huge shells flew above them, strong men who would walk towards death unflinchingly were seen to bury their faces in their hands and sob like little children.

Pale but Cheerful

We do not know his name, but he was an immortal boy, and he was on the boat that took the first Australians to the Dardanelles. A steam pinnace came alongside the warship "with two recumbent figures wounded on her deck, and a small figure, pale but cheerful, waving his hand astern."

What has happened, we wonder, to that "small figure, pale but cheerful"? We do not know. All we know is that he was just sixteen years old and had been shot through the stomach. He had struck a blow, poor splendid boy, for your liberty and mine.

The Lost Bucket

One of our destroyers lay pitching in a raging gale, with her engines in distress. The commander ordered that oil should be poured on the troubled waters, and the seaman who carried out the order was washed overboard. But the returning wave washed him back again, and as he picked himself up on deck he saluted his officer and quietly said, "Very sorry, sir; lost the bucket!"

A1

Two British soldiers lay wounded beside a dying German. They were hot and tired and in pain, and one called for a drink.

The dying German understood. "Here," he said, pointing to his side. Thinking he wanted lifting up, they raised him from the ground, and found that he was lying on his water-bottle. One held it to his lips.

It was almost his last hour in the world. He was dying for the Kaiser, but there was something of Sir Philip Sidney in this dying man. "No, not me—I die; you drink," he murmured as they held the water to his lips.

He died, and one of the Englishmen died too, but the other dug a grave and laid his enemy in it. "We buried him properly," he said, "with a kind of headstone, and I got a stick, and I found a piece of paper, and I wanted to write something on it, and so I wrote A1."

He was one of the Kaiser's men, and he might have been alive today if the Kaiser had been fit to be his Emperor, or to tie the latchet of his shoe.

In Remembrance

We must all be still about the brave sacrifice of the mothers of our men, but one mother's tribute to her son has taken its place in the literature that is pure as gold. He was a naval officer who fell in the fight off Heligoland, and his heart-broken mother wrote these words of him: *I thank God for every remembrance of you.* Is there anything in Shakespeare or Milton more glorious than that?

Tompkins

Tompkins was a youth on his father's estate somewhere in England. Generally thought "of a dull and lifeless disposition," this is what happened to him at Loos. He was badly wounded, and the officer promised that he should be taken as quickly as possible to the hospital. "If

you don't mind, sir, will you take So-and-So and So-and-So? They are worse than me, and I can quite well wait."

The officer did as Tompkins wished, and took his pals to the hospital. When he returned it was too late for Tompkins.

The Scapegrace

There was in the Cheshire Regiment a well-connected young man who had brought disgrace on his family, and had enlisted to get away from the police. In one of the big fights he was mortally wounded, and he asked a comrade to take this message to his father:

"I'm very sorry for the trouble I have given you and poor mother, but I hope you will forget the past, because I did try to make good as a soldier, and every time I went into action I thought that I would do my best to atone for the past by playing a man's part for Old England."

Then he died—for you and me.

You and I

A boy in the French ranks fell asleep one night, and his head moved till it rested on the knee of his captain. The captain remained with his knee in a cramped position till it was time for the advance. Then, very gently, he stroked the head of the private soldier, and said to him as the boy roused, "Come, my child, it is time we did something for our country, you and I."

A Telegram

During the bombardment of Antwerp a telegram had to be delivered almost to the edge of the German lines.

"Who will go?" was the query, and three telegraphists replied, "I will."

"But I don't want three of you," said the officer.

"Pardon me, sir," interjected one, "the shells are falling quickly, the matter is urgent, allow the three of us to go; at least one of us is sure to arrive safely."

All three returned.

A Mother and Her Boys

There was a brave old Cornish lady who gave six sons to the Army. First one fell and then another, and when five had been killed the mother sent a heart-breaking appeal to General Bethune, "Do give me back the sixth!" But England was in peril, and the boy could not be spared. "Please keep him, then," the mother replied, with the spirit that nothing can break.

Private Hunt of the Wiltshires

Professor J. H. Morgan, who went out to the battlefield for the Home Office, found Private Hunt in the Field Hospital, found he was a Wiltshire man, as the Professor is, and so shook hands with him and sat talking by his bed. The soldier was a farm labourer in the piping times of peace, and there was not a man could beat him at mowing, or putting a hackle on a rick, or driving a straight furrow.

Professor Morgan asked Hunt if his parents were alive, and the soldier was back in his childhood at once.

"No, zur; they be both gone to Kingdom Come," he said. "Poor old feyther," he said, after a pause; "I mind 'un now in his white smock all plaited in front, and mother in her cotton bonnet—you never zee 'em in Wiltshire now. They brought us all up on nine shillin' a week—ten of us, we was."

"I suppose you sometimes wish you were back in Wiltshire now?"

"Zumtimes, zur," he said wistfully. "It'll be about over with lambing season now," he added reflectively. "Ay, and the may 'll soon be out in blossom. And the childer makin' daisy-chains."

His mind went roaming among childhood's memories, and his eyes took on a dreaming look.

"Mother, she were a good woman; no better woman in the parish, parson did say. She taught us to say every night, 'Our Father, which art in heaven'—I often used to think on it at night in the trenches. Them nights—they do make you think a lot. It be mortal queer up there—you feels as if you were on the edge of the world. I used to look up at the sky and mind me o' them words in the Bible, 'When I conzider the heavens, the work o' Thy fingers, and the stars which Thou has made, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?' One do feel oncommon small in them trenches at night."

"I suppose you've had a hot time up there?"

"Ah, that I have. And I zeed some bad things."

"Bad?"

"Cruel, sir; mortal cruel, I be maning. We wur in an advance near Wypers. My platoon had to take a house. We knowed 'twould be hot work, and Jacob Scaplehorn an' Oi did shake hands. 'Jarge,' 'e zed, 'if I be took, write to my wife and tell 'er it be the Lard's will and she be not to grieve.' And I zed, 'So be, Jacob, and you'll do the same for Oi?' There wur a machine-gun in that there house—you know how they sputters. It cut down us poor chaps loike a reaper. And when it wur done, and we had claned our bay'nets in the straw, capt'n

said, 'Men, you ha' done your work as you ought to ha' done.'"

He paused for a moment.

"They be bad fellows," he mused. "Oh, they be rotten bad. Twoads they be! But Oi'm afeared they be strong—there be so many on 'em."

"Are you married?" Professor Morgan asked. The eyes brightened in the flushed face.

"Yes, that Oi be; and Oi 'ave a little boy; he be a sprack little chap."

A spasm of pain contracted his face. The nurse was hovering near, and the professor rose to leave.

"I fear you are in great pain?" he said.

"Ah," came slowly back, "but it wur worth it."

When the Professor called the next day the bed was empty. Private George Hunt was gone. Will somebody be good to the "sprack little chap" he left behind in his village home?

Enter the Victors

This picture from Bagdad, from a letter of Sir Mark Sykes, shows vividly the change that came over a Turkish town in a single day, with the coming of the Flag.

Kut was on the day after its occupation as Kut of the day before, but with a difference. The Turks had gone and the British had come. The British soldier, the first gentleman in Europe or Asia, and his brother the Sepoy, were in possession.

For the last week the Turkish commander had been maintaining his prestige by daily hangings and shootings; his last act before leaving had been to shoot six individuals for desertion, spying, or cowardice.

BACK TO THE LITTLE ISLAND—THE MAN WHO WON THE WAR COMES HOME AGAIN

[*See Chapter* 28

Enter the victors; within an hour the women were chaffering milk, dates, and sweet limes, the merchants were offering contracts, policemen were patrolling the dirty little streets, a Governor was established in an office, tired troops were standing in the sun while billets were sought for them, and, most unbelievable of all, the Arab cultivators were dropping in to complain of a certain horseman who had ridden through a crop of beans, and of a supply and transport officer who had packed his belongings in a garden.

They talk of British atrocities, but it will be enough for history to know that when our soldiers occupy a town within three hours of a hard-won conflict the coffee-shop is thronged, the women do not pause in their work by the water-side, and the fellah instinctively avails himself of the first opportunity in perhaps a thousand years of making a frivolous complaint to an impartial dispenser of justice without fear of being impaled, plundered, or sent to gaol.

These Three

Here is one of the most moving documents ever penned in our English tongue. It was written by a French cavalry officer as he lay dying on the battlefield, with a British and a German at his side, both dying too. When he came to consciousness the other dying men were seeking to comfort him. This is from the letter.

The German gave us a morphia injection and took one himself. After the injection, feeling wonderfully at ease, we spoke of the lives we lived before the war.

We all spoke English, and we talked of the women we had left at home. But the German and the Britisher had only been married a year. . . .

I wondered why we had fought each other at all. I looked at the Highlander, who was falling to sleep exhausted, and in spite of his drawn face and mud-stained uniform he looked the embodiment of freedom. Then I thought of the Tricolor of France, and all that France had done for liberty. Then I watched the German, who had ceased to speak. He had taken a Prayer-book from his knapsack, and was trying to read a service for soldiers wounded in battle.

And . . . while I watched him I realised what we were fighting for. . . . He was dying in vain, while the Britisher and myself, by our deaths, would probably contribute something towards the cause of civilisation and peace.

The Man who Thought of Home

What did they think of it all? these men in the trenches, these men behind the guns? One of them, lying wounded in a Yorkshire village, told his story.

"I was brought up," he said, "to believe that a man who kills another is a murderer, and yet what have I done? I think about it night and day. It comes to me at night as I go to sleep; it is there when I wake in the morning. I was in charge of a machine gun, and the sight was terrible. Hundreds of men I must have killed.

"When it was over the thought of it all was more than a man could bear. If this is what the world had come to, I thought, the sooner I am out of it the better, and I put myself under the enemy's fire. I did not want to live if the world had come to that.

"And then, as I sat there, I remembered. I thought of home. I saw the country lanes, and the flowers growing. I heard the church bells ringing. I thought of my

mother and sister, and I remembered that I had told them I would come back.

"Then I lay down, and hid myself as best I could, and made a hole and buried myself a little. I lay there seven hours, and at last I was carried away, wounded. . . . How beautiful it is to be here again!"

The Blind Soldier

In all the pathetic stories of the war is any sadder tale than this?

A Paris workman went out to fight, and his wife and his little daughter received news that he was wounded. In the meantime his wife herself had been the victim of a terrible accident. A paraffin lamp had exploded, burning her face so badly that she is disfigured for life. To spare the feelings of her husband the poor woman did not mention the accident in her letters, but when he was sent to hospital she went to see him. She went with a great dread in her heart, full of pity that he should see her as she was.

Arrived at the hospital with her child, she made known her mission to the nurse, who, noticing the scars on her face, inquired how she came to receive them. On learning the woman's story the nurse put her arm around her and led her to a seat.

"Let me tell you," she said; "you must try to be brave. You were told your husband had been wounded in the head, but the truth is that he is blind. Be brave, and I will take you to him. Like you, he has suffered silently."

"Madame," said the woman, with tears in her eyes, "you are very kind, and I am happy. My husband is

alive, yet he will never see me as I am now, hideous to look upon. We shall have much to be thankful for."

The Charge of the Five Hundred

These fine words were spoken by the Prime Minister of Australia during the war.

"I feel that I stand in the reflected glory of the Australian soldier. I never speak, I cannot speak, of their bravery but I choke with emotion.

"You speak of the Charge of Balaclava. There men went out in the broad light of day with all the impetus and stimulus that a knee-to-knee charge on the gallop gives to men. But the story of the Eighth Light Horse of Australia is one by which the Charge of the Light Brigade must pale its ineffectual fires.

"These men, there were some five hundred of them, were ordered to attack in three waves. They were given these orders six, eight, ten hours before. Every man knew when he got that order that it was certain death. They went. They made their preparations. They handed to those who were to remain in the trench their poor brief messages of farewell, and they went out, wave after wave.

"At the whistle the first wave leaped from the trench; most of them fell back dead upon their fellows who were waiting their turn in the trench. In the face of this awful sight the second line leaped out to meet what they knew was certain death. Of these only five or six remained on their feet after they had gone ten or twelve yards. All the wounded lay exposed to the pitiless machine-gun fire of the Turks, which poured a veritable hail of death into their poor bleeding bodies. The man who got farthest was the colonel; he got fifty yards.

"Out of those who went were eighteen officers—two only got back. Of the men, the merest handful survived. We must look back in the grey dawn of history before we find a deed like that."

From those at Home

A soldier-mechanic attached to the French flying men received this letter from his sisters one morning.

"Dear Edouard, We have heard the news that Charles and Lucien died; Eugene has been seriously wounded; and, as for Louis and Jean, they also are dead. Rose has disappeared.

"Mother weeps. She says you must be brave, and she wants you to avenge them. Jean had received the Legion of Honour; you follow in his steps.

"All have been taken from us. Of eleven who went to fight, eight are dead. My dear brother, do your duty—that is all that is asked of you. God gave you life and He has the right to take it back; that is what mother says. We embrace you with all our heart, though we should love to see you again before you go.

"The Prussians are here. Jandon's son is dead; they have pillaged everything. I have returned from Gerbevilliers, which is destroyed—the cowards! Go, dear brother, sacrifice your life. We cherish the hope of seeing you again, for something like a presentiment bids us hope.

"We embrace you with all our heart. Good-bye, and may we see you again if God allows it. Your Sisters.

"It is for us and for France. Remember your brothers and grandpapa in 1870."

Love Stronger than Death

Not even death can quench the love of country in a man. Four things stood out in one day's news.

A New Zealand soldier, as he lay dying on a height in Gallipoli, raised himself up again and again to signal the position of the enemy.

The Russian gunboat Sivoutch, going down on fire in an unequal fight against a German cruiser, fought her guns to the last and destroyed a torpedo-boat as she went down.

The flying men who directed the fire on the German cruiser Königsberg, hidden from our guns in an African river, continued signalling to our guns as they fell, wounded, thousands of feet from the clouds.

A soldier on Gallipoli dropping a bomb which would have killed his comrades, sat on it, and was blown to pieces.

There have been no finer examples in the world of fidelity to duty; they bring to mind the famous story of the sentinel of Pompeii, who stood at his post while Vesuvius buried the town in red-hot lava.

Softie

This story was sent to me by a wounded soldier lying in a hospital in Kent.

Everybody called him "Softie," from the day he joined. He was one of those quiet little fellows who never seemed at home in the Army. He enlisted for the war only, but fighting was not in him. Many times I thought I would like to brain the man who enlisted Softie. And then one day he gave us a surprise. It was like this.

Everything had been quiet in the trenches, and we were taking things easily. We didn't care what happened. You get that way out there. We had several

reports of men giving themselves up to our fellows, but never any our way. One did come, however, at last—a big bully of a Prussian Guardsman. He popped his head over our parapet, and he said, in good English, that he wanted to give in, as he was tired of war. Well, we pulled him in and put him under a guard while our captain questioned him.

Then something happened. I never saw it, but Softie did.

A rifle of one of the men was lying against some sandbags, fully loaded, of course, as all rifles are in the trenches. All I remember was that the Hun rushed to the gun, and in a flash put the muzzle of the rifle to our captain's chest. The finger of that cur was on the trigger.

I stood rooted to the spot, waiting to see the captain fall, when somebody rushed forward, jerked up the gun, and received the bullet in his head. It was Softie. He had saved the captain, and lay dead at the captain's feet.

We buried him behind the trenches, and there wasn't a dry eye among us as we lay him down to sleep. We put a little wooden cross, and on it we put just

SOFTIE

One who died for his captain

Greater love hath no man than he who lay down his life for his friend

There is another grave near, of a Prussian Guard, and its cross bears the words :

So shall it be meted unto you

The Man who Loved Roses

Here is a beautiful story of a man who left the firing line, burst through a little garden gate, and forgot the war. He was Private Charles Riley, and his home is at Haworth, the home of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters, who would have loved to read this letter sent to their village.

"This place is a garden almost everywhere," said Private Riley. "Oh, that I could give you the names of all the flowers one sees! The roads are lined with ditches, and I never saw anything like the grace and stateliness of the yellow iris growing here. While out for a walk the other day I pulled up at a garden gate. I could smell roses, but could not see them, and, as I was craning my neck to peep, a Frenchman popped round an outbuilding. 'You like flowers?' he said, in English. 'Come, I will show you.' Words fail me. Roses, roses everywhere, and such roses! Big and little, white, red, yellow, cream —thousands of them. He began to cut some for me, and got me such a bunch. Well, you couldn't call it a bunch, it was a heap. I tried to stop him, but it was always 'You love the lovely roses.' On he went from tree to tree, until I was loaded. I shall never forget that night.

"Going back to my sleeping place, a great change came over the scene. One minute Nature dwarfed everything, and the next—the awakening. Boom! went the cannon, and louder and louder grew the boom. As I looked at the armful of roses I carried, my feelings changed from joy and gladness to deep sadness. The roar became deafening. I toddled wearily along, and met an ambulance

"IF YOU WOULD TOUCH THE VERY COFFIN BY WHICH STOOD RAMESES THE GREAT, TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FATHER BEFORE THEY LAID HIM WITH THE LONG LINE OF PHARAOHS, YOU GO TO THE RARE OLD HOUSE OF SIR JOHN SOANE" ·

[*See Page* 163

LITTLE JOHN RUSKIN WOULD SIT IN CHAPEL AS STILL AS A MOUSE, WATCHING THE PREACHER IN HIS HIGH PULPIT THUMPING HIS VELVET CUSHION

[*See Page* 174

in which three wounded Tommies were sitting and two were lying down. In went the roses. God bless them—roses and Tommies!

"We are all happy one moment and sad the next, but all are of one mind as to the result of all this pother. We've got to win, and win we shall, and when it is all over, then for home and loved ones—not to mention English roses."

"Has Anyone seen Mr. Martin?"

There had been "a tidy little scrap" at a German trench, and a German mine exploded; and when the men came back to the British lines they came with a fear that deepened into certainty as one after another came in. Their leader was not there. Lieutenant Martin, of Carluke, "the bright-eyed, clean, cheery boy" they had all learned to love in the last eight months, was not accounted for. "Are all the rest in?" somebody asks. And the answer is "Yes, sir." "Any one seen Mr. Martin?" the next question comes, and there is no answer to that, but all the black night long these men are out again, creeping over the parapet, looking for Mr. Martin.

Suddenly a feeble movement caught a sentry's eye. It was Mr. Martin. He lay at the foot of a German parapet, half buried, with ten feet of earth, reddened with his blood, between him and the most pitiless enemy that ever shamed a battlefield. It was plain the enemy knew he was there. They must have heard his moans.

And we now know what happened then. We know that Mr. Martin, lying bleeding there in the cruel glare of a hot June sun, begged for a drink of water. The countryman of Philip Sidney called for a drink of water, and these

Kaiser's cowards—what do you think they did? *They threw at him an unlighted bomb!*

His comrades could not stand it. Between them lay seventy yards that no man could cross and live save by a miracle, but they chose a man born and bred in the same village of Scotland as Lieutenant Martin—Lance-Corporal Angus. He was to go for the lieutenant. A Canadian officer spoke words of comfort and courage. "Now, my boy," he said, "you are going to certain death." "It doesn't matter much, sir," said Angus, "whether sooner or later."

Minutes passed; they seemed like hours. The space diminished more and more quickly. At last he reached the parapet, and still the enemy waited, hoping, perhaps, for yet another victim. Quickly, but coolly, Angus did his work. He touched the lieutenant's arm, whispered in his ear, raised him a little, and placed a flask between his teeth. Together they sat up and waited two or three seconds to gather strength for the ordeal before them. At this moment the Germans lobbed a bomb just over the parapet with a grim explosion, raising a storm of dust. Now or never it must be.

Hand in hand the wounded officer and his man rose to their feet; and then the Germans made their mistake. So sure they had been of their prey, their cunning overreached itself. The swiftest runner in the world would have had one chance in a thousand of crossing that open space if only their snipers had shot steadily. Instead, they threw more bombs, and up rose a pillar of smoke, hiding their view of what was happening.

"Out into our view," wrote a man who saw it all, "stagger two poor wounded figures, stumbling, running,

falling, crawling. Down they go, then up again, and on. The German rifles shoot wildly; still on they go, and our line of fire is clear. Our rifles now, one blast from the machine gun, and it is all over; they are safely in our lines. Lieutenant Martin has three wounds, Angus has forty, but the doctor says both will live to fight again."

The Flag Comes Up

A young lieutenant was walking up and down a trawler. There was just room to turn round.

Suddenly the lieutenant's eye saw a long white streak, not like the harmless streak of breaking waves, but ominous in its meaning. It was a thing of death that was creeping on, the mechanical miracle that we call a torpedo. It struck the little vessel, there was a great explosion, and the lieutenant found himself floating among pieces of timber and packages of papers and men who were drowning for their country.

He could swim well, and he kept himself afloat until something happened that startled him. His foot touched something hard. It was moving. It was coming up. It could not be a fish, it could not be a mine. It was a submarine—*the submarine that sank them.*

He got ready. He stopped swimming, and fixed himself on the deck of the submarine emerging from the waves. He took a pistol from his pocket and thanked God that some inventor who may have starved to death had invented waterproof pistols. He sat down and kept his eye on the little trap-door. There was no other way out. That door must open, and the head of one of the Kaiser's pirates must soon pop through. The German commander would be up in a minute to look round. And

so the lieutenant waited, his eyes on the little trap-door, his pistol fully loaded, his finger on the trigger. The door did open, the pirate's head came out, a British bullet pierced his brain, and his body fell across the doorway.

We may doubt if any crew that ever went to sea has had such a thing to talk about as that submarine had for the next half-hour. They may have thought these amazing British people had found some way to put a sentinel of death waiting for submarines emerging from the waters; they may have thought there was a boat near; they may even have guessed what had actually occurred. They must have prepared to submerge again.

But the young lieutenant had them fast. He sprang on the dead pirate as a hawk swoops on its prey, clutched him and pulled him forward, and sat on his shoulders so that the legs blocked the open door, and the submarine could not dip. The crew were held in some mysterious grip, unable to go down, not daring to come up. What were they thinking? If by this time they had guessed exactly what had happened, they must have thought that at most the man up there could have but five more shots—a drowning man could hardly have had a reserve supply of cartridges, and one of his six had gone. Were there five men down below who dare creep up in single file and risk their lives?

The lieutenant waited. Would they dare to come out one by one, or would they find some way of shutting the door, or would they wait till he was numb and stiff, and could not aim? Would he sit there for hours until dark, and slip off and drown after all? It grew colder and colder. His limbs were cramped, but he held his pistol and kept his eye on the door.

And then a stream of smoke came across the sea, and this man moved his eyes for an instant. *He saw the British flag.* A British destroyer was coming swiftly towards him, and the flag came up in time. In a minute or two it was at his side, and the lieutenant was aboard her, handing over to its captain the German submarine intact, its crew alive, and its commander dead.

And that is how we caught the submarines—*sometimes.*

Freedom gives Thanks

To the dying corporal of the Coldstream Guards who lay silent for six hours rather than betray his comrades' position by moving.

To the Colonial soldier who remained up a tree on the look-out for a whole day and came down wounded in several places, with an arm shattered to pieces.

To the plain man of the Gloucesters who sprang up to take a bayonet thrust meant for a comrade, and said, as he died, "I couldn't help it; he's got a wife and children."

To the little French boy who went bravely to his death rather than betray the French troops in a wood close by.

To the powerful seaman of the *Cressy* who was seen fighting the waves with a midshipman on his back, and disappeared when the middy wanted to thank him.

To the soldier who was found reading Dumas in the trenches, and to his comrade reading Bergson.

To the drummer boy of the *Aboukir*, clinging to a tub in the sea, who, when a man asked if he could help him, said, " No, thanks, old cockey."

To the thirty gunners who took the place of thirty just killed, knowing they were going to their death, and called to their comrades as they went, " Good-bye, you fellows "; and to the other thirty who took their place.

To Captain Bradbury, who, when in great pain, asked for nothing but " heaps of morphia " so that his comrades should not hear him scream.

To the five men clinging to wreckage for two hours in the sea, who rubbed each other's legs with their naked feet, and kept their blood circulating.

To the light-haired boy clinging to a bit of wood as the *Cressy* went down, cheering up a seaman by saying, " Well, we've got to carry on like this," and then asking, " What's the new chief engineer like ? "

To the English soldier who dashed into a line of fire to take a message, and fell; to his comrade who followed him and fell; and to the man who delivered the message.

To the man who washed a comrade's duck suit and promised to have it dry for the morning; who met his comrade the next day in the wreckage of the *Cressy* and said, as he went down, " Good-bye, old pal; I reckon your suit is dry."

To the bluejacket who snatched up the white ensign as he dived overboard, held it in his teeth in the water, and slept soundly in it when rescued.

To Lieutenant Dimmer, who remained at his gun after being shot five times, until the gun was destroyed.

To the woman at Winburg, in the Orange Free State, who snatched the Union Jack from rebels who had trampled it in the dust, bound it round her waist, and dared them to touch it again.

To the boy who looked after the mules while the bullets flew around him, and said, when asked if he was afraid, "I hadn't time to think about that. If I had lost the mules you would have sent me away, and I couldn't stand that."

To the officer in Togoland who brought a wounded man out of action on his back, and said, "I didn't run away—*much as I should have liked to.*"

To all those who died that Freedom may live.

THE RED MEN OF HISTORY

Summer 1918

ALL the world knows who made the war. Wherever civilisation runs the fact is known.

Truth will not be hidden; though it lie deeper than the bottom of a well it will come to light. Nothing within the boundless universe is more certain than that truth will out.

And now, like a flash of lightning from the skies, the truth comes from the heart of Germany. It was written in the private diary of the German Ambassador in London, Prince Lichnowsky. It was written in secret for the information of history, which cannot be deceived and will accept no lies; but, by that process which some men call chance and some believe to be the moving of the finger of God, the truth that was meant for history has been revealed.

It settles any doubts that any man could have about the guilt of Germany. It puts the makers of the war side by side with Judas and Herod and Cain.

For what have they done? They sowed the seed of the war; they stopped the men who tried to stop it; they shut the door on every chance of peace. They told their Ambassador in London to mind his own business and cease interfering when he saw their foul game and dared to speak.

Prince Lichnowsky came to London two years before the war, and was received with open arms. He can find no words too warm to describe his welcome; parties rivalled one another, he says, in their courtesy to him. He found friends everywhere; he found no jealousy; he found great sympathy with Germany; and he was convinced soon after he came that under no circumstances whatever need Germany fear a British attack, or British support for an attack by any other country. Neither on account of the German Fleet nor on account of German trade would England ever have drawn the sword, he says.

He found that it was the constant vigilance of the British Government to secure fair play, and more than fair play, for Germany. "We do not grudge Germany her colonial development," said a member of the British Cabinet to him; and again and again we made Germany concessions. In the grave discussions over the Balkan War, Prince Lichnowsky writes, Britain hardly ever supported France and Russia, but supported Germany instead, in order not to give an excuse for a quarrel, "such as a dead archduke was to give later on."

We went to astonishing lengths to convince Germany of our goodwill. We tried to stop the mad race of building ships. It is amazing, but it is true, that the British Government introduced British capital into Germany, and helped the development of the German colonies. Everybody tried to please this Government that was plotting to break the peace of Europe.

But, in spite of all this, says this honest Ambassador, Germany would not pursue the path of peace. With goodwill in Berlin, says the Prince, everything could have

been settled at one or two sittings, but Germany wanted war. These are the words of Prince Lichnowsky :

We insisted on war. The impression grew stronger and stronger that we wanted war under any circumstances. It was impossible to interpret our attitude in any other way.

Germany was determined to bring about " the greatest catastrophe the world has ever seen." That terrible midnight came, and the next morning Prince Lichnowsky left this land where he had been so welcome, in which he had striven to save the world from war. Great people went to say good-bye to him. A special train was sent with him to Harwich, and he passed to his ship through a guard of honour.

It is something to be proud of to the end of our lives, this passing of Lichnowsky. The Kaiser sent our Ambassador home as a bullying schoolmaster sends a pupil from his room. He sent the French Ambassador home with a soldier pointing a loaded pistol at his head for half an hour as they passed by the Kiel Canal. We sent home Prince Lichnowsky as a friend leaving friends, as an ambassador of humanity, and we read in his diary these words that fill us with pride : " *I was treated like a departing sovereign.*"

" Such was the end of my London mission," writes the Prince. " It was wrecked, not by the wiles of the British, but by the wiles of our own policy." The world has passed through four dark years since then, and, writing after two years of war, Prince Lichnowsky says, with infinite pathos, that he realised too late that there was no room for him in the German system. And then he writes, with an almost broken heart : " I had to sup-

port in London a policy the heresy of which I recognised. That brought down vengeance on me, because it was a sin against the Holy Ghost."

Prince Lichnowsky is under no delusion. He knows that Germany has lost the war. The future will belong, he thinks, to Anglo-Saxondom, and there will be realised the great dream of those who see the salvation of humanity in the expansion of British liberty.

So says the honest German. What the German people think of it, with their youth dead and perishing in France, we shall see when we see. The shadows are gathering about them. Through the long, dark valley the sun of Liberty will dawn, and these Red Men of History, with all the evil forces they control, will be flung from their thrones and perish in oblivion. Then those who fought for righteousness shall shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they who bring nations to peace, as the stars for ever and ever.

THE GREAT SHADOW IS LIFTED FROM THE ISLAND

The Eleventh Hour of
the Eleventh Day of
the Eleventh Month of
the Year of Liberty, 1918

THE Great Shadow has been lifted from the Island. The long, long night has passed and mankind is at the Dawn. The world begins again.

These wonderful Six Weeks have been like a new Six Days of God. In six days, the beautiful poetry of the Bible tells us, God made heaven and earth; we have lived to see six weeks in which His everlasting power has brought mankind to the gates of a new heaven and a new earth.

The solemn stars look down tonight on scenes they never saw before since light burst out of darkness. It is almost like Creation once again, with men and women looking on. The great powers that men have trusted have broken down. The pomp and vanities of men are in the dust. Nations are toppling to pieces, and kings are begging mercy from their people. The maps of Europe and Africa and Asia will have to be remade. The things that have been strong a thousand years are suddenly weak; the faith men put in princes and principalities and powers is suddenly dissolved; and every man alive knows now that Paul was right when he said, "The

things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal." The things that were seen have crumbled into dust; the things that are unseen have become the masters and possessors of the earth.

We are living through the greatest hours in all the story of the world. For a hundred million years the stars have looked down on earth; for millions of years life has been dawning and winning new powers; for thousands of years a mighty multitude of human beings have come and gone and done immortal things; but the solemn story of the centuries has nothing so astonishing as this supreme event in the midst of which we live.

Europe for a thousand years has been the heart of our living world. It has been the centre of progress and the home of knowledge. It has come to dominate the world. Its Governments have been the arbiters of the destinies of the human race. The great peoples outside Europe—some of them aloof and far away, some of them throbbing with life and building up stupendous powers—were all at the mercy of Europe, swayed by her customs, governed by her laws, or subject to her influence in vital ways. The very axis of the fabric of the earth was Europe, with its four hundred million people governing, controlling, or powerfully affecting, a thousand million more.

And now our Europe is shaken to its very foundations. This Europe that was so peaceful, the home of laughing children, of beautiful gardens and cities, crowned with lovely books and pictures and all the dreams and achievements of our race, has been shattered from within, broken to pieces by a terrible power that all our lives has been allowed to flourish in our midst. A handful of men have broken civilisation down, and every joyous place in Europe

has been a house of pain. For years men sowed the seed of war, and the seed bore fruit and brought Europe toppling down.

So Europe came to the precipice. So through four bitter years her manhood fought against the powers of evil in the yawning gulf of war. Nearly a million of our noblest men lie dead in France, in Palestine, by the waters of Babylon, in the bed of the sea, or on Gallipoli; in Europe there can be hardly less than ten millions dead and twenty-five millions wounded. In the civilised world is hardly a home that has not been ruined or saddened or broken.

And now, at last, the accursed war is over, and the world begins again. We come to the gates that lead us out of the Great War into the Great Peace of all mankind, and we come with heart and soul uplifted, for the powers of evil have been vanquished and War is banished from the earth. It will never raise its head again in Europe. The nations of the English-speaking race, the liberty-loving people of Italy and France, will see to that. These men of ours who lie in peace have won for us a peaceful world. We pass from the shadows into the sun. The nations of the world begin again.

For four years and more we have lived through War, with its dire perils and its great heroisms, its deeds of fame and infamy, its hopes and fears and heart-breakings, the rapid blow on blow of the evil powers, and the long wait for Victory; and for four years life has been a long waiting for this moment. Now that the end of it all has come upon us, we can only rejoice in the return of peace and the vindication of righteousness. We have had great allies, the alliance of all those who love freedom in the

earth, but, above and beyond and behind all these, the alliance of those invisible powers behind mankind.

Two things stand clear in this great hour amid this turmoil of the world—the grim resolve, the quenchless faith, and the patient endurance of the powers of everlasting justice; and the defeat and despair of the powers built up on force.

ALL through the great disasters of the war we carried on.

The Germans stole through Belgium in the night. They surprised the whole world by tearing up their treaties and trampling on their written word. So they won a stupendous advantage, crushing Belgium and menacing France. They came close to the gates of Paris. They overwhelmed our British army with the sheer weight of their numbers. It seemed to be beyond all human power to drive their forces back.

But we carried on.

We were short of shells. Our little army was cruelly slain for want of machine-guns. They went out against the best-equipped army in Europe, often with nothing but the justice of their cause to defend them. Our munitions ran so low that our guns sent one shell back to Germany's fifty. Our lines were so thin that dozens of men kept thousands at bay. Once, when there came a grave appeal for reinforcements, the only answer Lord French could make was, " You can have my orderly."

But we carried on.

Treasons and mutinies gathered about us. The Khedive of Egypt turned traitor. There was trouble in North Africa with the Senussi tribe, in South Africa

rebels seized all ammunition, and the War Office had not an ounce to send. South Africa was menaced.

But we carried on.

We sailed out proudly to the Dardanelles, into the shadows of defeat. Our men died there like flies. They fought with matchless courage, they endured with matchless fortitude; but war and pestilence and a famine of men overcame them in the end, and 30,000 of the very flower of heroes lie buried in Gallipoli.

But we carried on.

Liberty reeled in the Balkans. Bulgaria betrayed the countries that had made her free. Serbia was overcome and broken to pieces. The King of Greece tore up his promise to defend her, and sold his army to the enemy. There was treachery in Montenegro.

But we carried on.

The enemy abandoned law and honour and civilisation, invented new weapons of war, filled the air with poison gas, poured liquid fire into our troops, and poisoned wells. Our soldiers suffered agonies like these while our scientists thought out new inventions to protect them.

But we carried on.

Unable to break the spirit of our armies, the enemy made war on peaceful towns to break the spirit of our people. They dropped bombs from Zeppelins on streets and shops and hospitals. When we beat the Zeppelins they dropped the bombs from aeroplanes. They murdered hundreds of innocent people, kept whole towns awake at night, and struck terror to the hearts of the poor.

But we carried on.

Disaster on disaster befell the Allied armies, short of men. We surrendered at Kut; the Italians reeled back

JOHN THE BAPTIST, THE SPLENDID PICTURE BY GUIDO RENI IN THE LITTLE ART GALLERY AT DULWICH

[*See Page* 172

OUT OF GOD'S COUNTRY WE COME INTO MAN'S TOWN AND CROSS THE RIVER WHERE WREN'S MIGHTY DOME LOOKS DOWN, WITH ITS GOLDEN CROSS DAZZLING IN THE SUN, THE FAIREST THING THAT LONDON'S STREAMING MILLIONS LOOK UPON

[See Page 175

THROUGH PRIMROSE TUFTS, IN THAT GREEN BOWER, THE PERIWINKLE TRAILED ITS WREATHS
AND 'TIS MY FAITH THAT EVERY FLOWER ENJOYS THE AIR IT BREATHES. *WORDSWORTH*

HERE IN THIS SEQUESTERED CLOSE
BLOOM THE HYACINTH AND THE ROSE:
HERE BESIDES THE MODEST STOCK
FLAUNTS THE FLARING HOLLYHOCK
HERE, WITHOUT A PANG, ONE SEES
RANKS CONDITIONS, AND DEGREES.

AUSTIN DOBSON

I CANNOT TELL WHAT YOU SAY, GREEN LEAVES, I CANNOT TELL WHAT YOU SAY;
BUT I KNOW THAT THERE IS A SPIRIT IN YOU, AND A WORD IN YOU THIS DAY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

SOON WILL THE HIGH MIDSUMMER POMPS COME ON,
SOON WILL THE MUSK CARNATIONS BREAK AND SWELL,
SOON SHALL WE HAVE GOLD-DUSTED SNAPDRAGON,
SWEET-WILLIAM WITH HIS HOMELY COTTAGE-SMELL.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

in the mountains with colossal loss of men and guns; in France the gains of a year were lost in a week or two.

But we carried on.

Russia failed us. The Revolution to which we pinned our faith was captured by the enemy and turned against us. With Russia gone, Rumania fell, and the tragedy of the Balkans was complete.

But we carried on.

The German Fleet turned pirate. Their submarines sank ships at sight. Peaceful travellers were drowned in thousands. War ships or food ships, allied ships or neutral ships, one after another they went down. Not a child was safe at sea, and without sea-power the Allies must lose.

But we carried on.

America came in all unready, her armies untrained, her supplies of vital materials running out. We had to wait for her aeroplanes while she sent to India to fetch the seeds to grow the plants for castor oil.

But we carried on.

Our ships were sunk in millions of tons, our mercantile marine was disappearing. Our tonnage was descending towards the point at which defeat appeared inevitable.

But we carried on.

Food ran short. We were not sure that our bread supplies would last. There was not enough meat or sugar to go round. Food rose to famine prices.

But we carried on.

The cost of the war went up to eight million pounds a day. The War Bill was higher for a month than the Peace Bill for a year. Our finances were taxed to the uttermost. We pledged our last security abroad.

But we carried on.

One hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, five hundred thousand, eight hundred thousand, of our noblest men lay dead; one million, two million, were wounded; and our mines and factories and workshops at home were crippled in the effort to replace them.

But we carried on.

SO, through good report and ill, we carried on. Through clouds at home and storms abroad, through the weary years of waiting, through terror and peril and disaster and death, we looked up to the stars and kept the faith. While Europe rocked and reeled, the land of Alfred and Cromwell and Nelson stood as a rock to all the winds that blew. Whether Peace would come by Christmas or next year or the year after, whether this or that ally fell out, whether Amiens or Paris or the Channel Ports went down, whether America came in or not, whether the war on land were lost or won, this century or the next, Britain would hold the seas for Liberty and carry on till Germany had not a shell left for her guns.

And she carried on, till Germany cried for mercy and begged for bread.

FOR the proud German Empire is a beggar at the door. It is begging for bread. But yesterday it seems that she stood so high, with her seventy million people prospering, with all the powers of science harnessed to their happiness; and now she lies so low, with none so poor to do her reverence. The greatest Power on the continent of Europe has fallen to the dust.

It is a sight to break the human heart, this nation once so proud. She grew rich beyond her dreams. She kept

a dozen kings in glittering splendour. Her fields were tilled with tireless energy; her forests were decked with beauty; her waterways were scenes of industry and pleasure; her railways hummed with the trade that every year advanced by leaps and bounds. She sent to all the world toys for children to play with, tools for men to work with, instruments of science for opening up new treasures of knowledge. She had all the material things a nation needs to make it content.

But nations do not live by bread alone, and Germany forgot that. She became drunk with the sight of power. She had come to power not, as England came, through a thousand years of toiling upward, fighting tyrants, battling with injustices, sweeping away ignorance, and lighting up dark places—Germany did not grow like that. The German Empire did not grow at all; it was *made*. It was not a natural coming together of people with the same ideas, the same faith, and the same purposes in the world: it was made as in a night.

One man set out to make it fifty years ago. He arranged it in his mind as a man arranges a machine he is going to build. He would build it all round Prussia, the most powerful German-speaking State in a group of twenty. He would get rid of Austria, with all its German-speaking people, because Austria was another made-up Empire, which would stand in the way of his dreams. He would take a bit of Denmark, so that he could build a great canal leading out to the North Sea, which he would call the German Ocean. He would break the power of France and steal her iron-fields, and then, at the great Palace of Versailles, he would set up his new German

Empire. He dreamed it all, and did it all, and nobody in Europe minded very much, and Queen Victoria rejoiced. With France defenceless in the grip of the German Army the conquerors went to Versailles, and there the German Empire was proclaimed.

This new Great Power had come suddenly into Europe. Like a Juggernaut she had made her path. She could look forward through the years and see her mighty powers unfolding, and one would have thought that in that solemn hour the heart of that empire would be lifted up in faith and thankfulness and deep humility. But what happened on that first day of the German Empire was sinister and prophetic of all that has come. France was fallen low, and it seemed worthy to the German Emperor to put up a preacher in a pulpit at Versailles to preach the first official sermon of the German Empire from the text written on the wall of the doomed Belshazzar at his feast: *Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting.*

In that hateful and terrible spirit the German Empire set out on its great journey; it was from that depth of human meanness that it rose. It had no understanding of an empire's place and duty in the world. It grew up in selfishness and the conceit of power. It rattled its sword and paraded its pomp. Its little kings bowed down to their great king, who strutted across the stage of Europe like a fighting-cock. He would break the power of England; he would bring the British Empire down.

Well, the world has seen the end of these things in these thrilling days. Bismarck said before he died: "When I have been in my grave twenty years I shall come back to see if Germany has stood in honour with the

world." It is just twenty years, and if Bismarck keeps his word he will come back to a Germany begging for bread.

SO perishes evil; so passes the vanity of this world. The moral powers that rule mankind are more than all that are against them. The justice in this world that never sleeps has overcome this power that put her trust in princes.

> Far-called, her navies melt away,
> On dune and headland sinks the fire.
> Lo, all her pomp of yesterday
> Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.

The solemn lesson is for us and all mankind. No power can live on earth except in liberty and righteousness. The eternal powers that never fail are in the hands of God, to whom we pray, in Kipling's noble words :

> For heathen heart that puts her trust
> In reeking tube and iron shard,
> All valiant dust that builds on dust,
> And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
> For frantic boast and foolish word—
> Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !
>
> *Judge of the nations, spare us yet*
> *Lest we forget, lest we forget !*

WHAT THE WORLD FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELDS

THERE *were* angels at Mons, and this is their story. They came upon the stricken fields with powers that men have never known before. They held in their hands the keys of life and death, and for every man who died for us in France these Angels of Mons saved one.

We are too near it now to understand the whole of this great story, but in the years to come it will be known that there was wrought on the battlefields of Europe a thing that we can only call a miracle. For ages to come, long after men have forgotten the battles of the Aisne, the Yser, and the Marne, they will talk of the mighty victories wrought on these battlefields without a bayonet or a gun. Time will roll on its way, and the Kaiser will live in infamy with Judas who betrayed his Lord, but men will not forget this Victory.

Amid the tumult of the battlefield, pursuing the grim spectre of war wherever he goes, stood a man who was not afraid. Amid all the foul forces of darkness stood a man with a torch that never dies out. Amid the cries of anguish and defeat stood a conqueror who was never dismayed.

He was the Man of Science, bringing life and healing to the fields of death. He was like another Frankenstein, facing the terrible thing that he has made, the powers that men had turned to evil, but his touch has still its ancient power, and out of the very jaws of death he rescues life. He must have cut our casualties in two.

Terrible as the position of Europe was, the Man of Science made it possible for us to contemplate this fearful scene and still lift up our hearts.

In war a nation slips back out of the conditions of civilisation into the conditions of barbarism. The things that make the difference between the health of a great city in these days and in the Middle Ages have come about through centuries of toil, and in war men find the world as if all these centuries had not been. And so great armies, suddenly sweeping over a country, have always found themselves in the grip of disease. The bullet, it has been said, has always found a brother in the bacillus, and the brother has been worse than the bullet. It was disease and not war that broke the power of Greece; it was disease before which Constantinople fell; it was disease that destroyed the Grande Armée of Napoleon on its retreat from Moscow; it is disease that has always been the soldier's deadliest foe. We need look back only to our previous war on the continent of Europe, when Constantinople was at our service and the Dardanelles were open to our ships. We can hardly believe now what the situation in the Crimea was then. This is a general's description of it :

With each round of the sun nearly a hundred gallant soldiers raved or languished out their lives; as the jaws of the grave closed on the prey of today, they opened as widely for that of tomorrow. It might be thought that at this rate the grave would exhaust its victims; that some day it would gape in vain. But no; the sick flocked in faster than the dead were carried out, and still the dismal stream augmented, till the hospitals overflowed, while still faster poured the misery-laden ships down the Black Sea, feeding the fishes with their dead.

The heart of these islands was shaken with anger and remorse, and the nation made tremendous efforts to overtake its terrible neglect. But the death-rate grew and grew, so that in four months we had more men in the hospitals than out.

Always it has been the same with great armies. For every ten Germans killed in France in 1870, fifteen died by disease; for every ten Russians killed in 1877, twenty-seven died by disease; for every ten British soldiers killed in Egypt, forty-two died by disease. In the Boer War, for every seven men killed by bullets ten men died from disease. It was disease and not cannon that swept away the armies of the past; and we need not be surprised that men of science trembled to think of what might happen in Europe when Germany let loose the dogs of war.

It would not have been surprising if there had broken out a plague the like of which the world had never known.

Never had so many men abandoned the life of civilisation to live a life akin to the beasts of the field, and the soil of France and Belgium was the worst battleground in the world for them. Just because it is the best soil in the world for feeding men it is the best soil for killing men. The surface of the earth is full of living germs. Millions of creatures there are in every sod we touch. There are good creatures and bad, and the more intensely cultivated the soil is the more closely packed it is with certain germs of death that lurk and wait for a scratch or a bruise or a cut through which they can enter into man. Never since the Dark Ages had Europe placed itself so utterly at the mercy of the foul things of this world.

Yet science was at its height, and it is science that Europe must thank for saving it from an unparalleled

catastrophe. Confronted with the danger of an epidemic that should sweep the Continent, seeing the blood of Europe slowly poisoned in the bodies of millions of men, women, and children in every land, the men of science stood at their posts and faced the most appalling problem that has ever engaged the human mind.

And they did not fail; they stood at their posts, and it is humanly certain that they worked out the salvation of Europe. They kept the Great War in chains; we may almost say they guaranteed that there should be a Europe left to put things right again.

Those who know how slow real progress is will marvel at the wonders these men of science did. For years we have had the power to banish half the great diseases, but we have let our power lie idle and let our people die. But war is a great master. It can do in a day what reformers have failed to do in a generation. It can nationalise the railways in an afternoon; it can take over coal-mines, close public-houses, seize factories; it can take a loafer who cares nothing for his country and shake him up and make him fit for the honour of dying for his motherland. It can do by a stroke of the pen a hundred things that no king could do in England in the quiet times of peace. And so Science, clothed with the power of war, was working wonders just behind the firing-line. While the men in the trenches were keeping back the Kaiser's men, the men in the laboratories were keeping back the enemy that crept unseen.

We must understand one thing clearly about wounds. Unless they touch a vital part they are not dangerous in themselves, and a man might be wounded in many places and run no risk of dying except for one thing. The wound

has made an opening into his body, and there are millions of invaders always ready to creep in. It is this invasion, and not the wound itself, that imperils his life. The enemy's bullet is bad enough, but the worst thing about it is that it opens the door for a much more terrible foe; it opens the door for the agents of death that lurk about us everywhere, day and night, waking and sleeping, in war and in peace.

The great triumph that waits to be recorded on the credit side of the war is that the Man of Science stood there ordering Death back. He ordered Death back as Canute ordered back the sea, but with this difference—that, while the sea came sweeping on till Canute himself moved back, Death obeyed man's orders and *went back.*

It began long ago with a Frenchman and an Englishman, two men whose names will live as long as pain is in the world—and after. They were Pasteur and Lister. The trouble before them was that, although the discovery of chloroform had made surgery easier, wounds still became inflamed, and the death-rate was so high, even after successful operations, that surgeons were often afraid to operate. Something still there was, invisible and unknown, that baffled the human brain. It was Pasteur's discovery that opened up the way for Lister. Pasteur had found that microbes could cause fermentation, and Lister imagined that the inflammation of a wound might be a fermentation caused by microbes. If only he could keep these things away, if only he could drive back from a wound this countless host of unseen things that keep company with man throughout the earth—then, Lister thought, he might arrest the poisoning of the wound before it was too late to save the life.

He was right. He stood by an open wound and found the procession of death sweeping in, and he held it back. He poisoned it. Carbolic acid opposes sepsis, or putrefaction, and so Lister called it antiseptic, and with this antiseptic he killed the microbes as they gathered round the wound. A new sentinel had arisen at every door that opened into the temple of Life, and Lister worked like the giant that he was to spread this beneficent power throughout the world. He told his pupils to act as if the surface of everything about them were covered with wet paint. They were to touch nothing until a shower of antiseptic had fallen over it.

His methods changed as time went on, but the end was always the same. It is all in the Bible, which once more had come to guide and guard the destinies of men. *Wash you, make you clean*, says Listerism, and that is all it says. But the cleanliness of surgery is not like the washing of hands. A great surgeon once said that if he washed his hands in hot water he would call them clean, but if he thrust his hands in the fire he would call them surgically clean. Lord Lister found an unclean thing and purified it as by fire.

All that began in 1868, over half a century ago, and through all these years it has been transforming surgery, so that Listerism and antiseptics between them have made perhaps the greatest contributions to human happiness that have ever come within the range of consciousness.

There is no difference between the world as we know it and the world as Shakespeare and Shelley knew it that is nearly so vital to mankind as the difference due to these two things. Nothing seems more simple now than either

of them, but that is the way with great events—they are all so simple when they happen.

There are two things about it all that are astonishing. One is the wonderful change that was wrought in so simple a way, and the other is the slowness with which the world adapted itself to the change. Listerism came just in time for the last great war in Europe, yet neither the French nor the German Army made much use of the new knowledge that would have saved the lives of their men in thousands; and it remained for the Government of Japan to teach Europe how to apply its knowledge.

Japan had learned of Europe, and she astonished her tutor by acting as if she really believed that knowledge is power. There never had been a war with so little typhoid, so little dysentery, so few deaths from wounds, as in the Japanese Army. In a Japanese army of 75,000 men there were only 66 typhoid cases in six months. Before a naval engagement the sailors of Japan were compelled to take carbolic baths and put on sterilised underclothing. They went into battle, that is to say, encased in poison-proof armour. A bullet flying through the air at a tremendous speed is sterilised by heat, and a Russian bullet striking a Japanese sailor reached him under the same conditions as Lord Lister's knife would have done—it entered his body by a door through which no microbes could follow it. Russia went to war in those days with vodka on her side; Japan went to war with science on her side, and there was only one end possible to a war like that. Japan had learned her lesson well; never had Listerism been practised on so wide a scale, and Sir Frederick Treves, who saw what happened with his own eyes, declared that Russia had been beaten by an English Quaker.

So science came into its own; so Europe saw at work in Asia the knowledge that men had gathered by half a century of toiling and searching in the laboratories of England and France. There was no longer any doubt as to the value of science in war. Science, which our Government had treated like a niggard, could save men's lives in thousands and in tens of thousands, and at last the Governments knew it. The War Offices and the Admiralties knew it, and so it came about that, for the first time in the history of war, a British army was armed against its greatest foe. It was science that armed it—armed it so well that, with the biggest British army ever seen on the field of war, the cases of disease were often less than in time of peace. There was no great plague in the West. For the first time in war disease was kept in check, and there stands to the credit of science stupendous conquests that can only be compared in a state of war with the conquest of cancer or consumption in a state of peace.

How many people in Little Treasure Island know that science makes our soldiers typhoid-proof and cholera-proof and tetanus-proof? These three enemies are now beaten for all time. The prick of a needle and a little discomfort guard the soldier from the danger of typhoid fever; tetanus, for centuries one of the most dreaded human ills, was abolished in the first few months of the war; and early in 1915 a man went out from London to Galicia, found some germs of cholera there, put them in a tube, and took them to laboratories behind the firing-line, where vaccines were prepared from them to deal with cases of cholera that might have led to terrible catastrophes. They are three immense achievements,

comparable with discoveries that have made men's names immortal, but they are only three of many great accomplishments on the peaceful side of the war.

Science, the science that British Governments have so long scorned and starved, paid the nation back a millionfold in those five years. For every shilling we gave it, science gave us back the precious lives of men; in one little hospital where only severe cases were taken, all but forty in over a thousand men were saved. It would be a poor enough reward if there could be, now that those dark days are over, a tax for Science of one penny for every pound of the income of the British Empire. With that, Science could transform the world.

Europe is falling to pieces. The great institutions set up by long years of toil are breaking down, and the spectacle of crumbling thrones and ruined peoples and dishonoured kings is too deep for words or tears. But it is not all loss, this tragedy of Europe. The old world is passing, and a new life will be built up on its ashes. The great brotherhood of Europe will be a fact and not a dream.

It is something that out of the Great War should come one great foundation-stone for this new age to be. If we can drive back disease in war we can drive back disease in peace; and the nations that have seen the wondrous things that science wrought in France will not be willing, in the years to come, to let their people die when they might live. The greatest victory of the Great War was the victory of Life on the field of Death, and no man can say how many precious lives will be saved in the future by these new powers that Science found on Europe's stricken field.

A MESSAGE FROM MARS

Borne on the wings of Imagination
at the dawn of the New Year 1919

A LONG time it seems since we heard from you, dear neighbour Earth; twice Mars has been on her journey round the sun since there came to us from the depths of your world the cry that your civilisation was breaking down, that war was creeping on, that the treasure and glory of a thousand years were overthrown.

And all through these two years of ours—four years they have been with you—the instruments of science that reach around our world have brought strange stirrings from your Earth. Dark shadows we have seen, perhaps of those vast moving masses of mankind upon your battlefields; far distant rumblings has the ether brought to us of the great artilleries of Earth; and those of our wise men who for a thousand years have peered into the throbbing heart of space, and sent their signals out into infinity, have felt strange beatings in the heart of matter and read strange signs that seem to portend woe.

And one or two there are among our seers who read in these signs the fear that your Earth is breaking up, that all the powers Life has built up there are crashing toward some dread catastrophe. These signs, they say, are failing now, and all is quieter after these past years. What is it, O people, that has come to an end? What is it

we should gather from this sudden quiet about Earth? Is it, indeed, that a calamity has overwhelmed you, or is it that your race has gripped and overthrown its foe?

Ages have passed since Mars stood on the abyss of war. Far back the early records of our Martians tell how men would fight with beasts, and then at last how men would fight with men, but as time passed, as men explored our planet, and settled down in cities, and fathomed the mysteries of natural law, and created great engines of power, they spent their strength in these things and ceased to fight. For war, you must know, had lost the chivalry of ancient days.

The appeal of the natural power of one man against another, or the pitting of the shrewdness of a man against the cunning of some creature of the wild, has in it something we can still admire in Mars; but when men took a piece of matter and made it throb with power so that it almost seemed to be alive, when a man could hide behind a piece of matter and kill another man far away, we lost all pride in war, and there seemed something mean in it for most of us—for, you see, there never could be justice in war when battles were won by those who had the heaviest weight of metal or the biggest guns. There would be a little people sometimes who wished to be peaceful and free, who did no harm to any one, but tilled the ground and educated their children and lived in happiness and usefulness; and suddenly a mighty people would come with scientific powers to make war on these, coveting their land and caring nothing for their virtues. We saw that a little people in the right and a mighty people in the wrong could never reach justice by war, and without justice there could be no peace.

PETER PAN, THE SPIRIT OF ETERNAL YOUTH, AT HOME TO HIS FRIENDS NEAR THE FIVE PONDS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS FROM 5 TO 8.45

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THE SOLDIER WAS THE SENTINEL OF EUROPE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

From the painting by Meissonnier, reproduced from a photograph by W. A. Mansell & Company

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And so we put an end long, long ago to that practice of physical war which had grown with time into a great system of scientific killing. It had become destruction without reason. It was madness. Every day and every hour the precious lives of men were flung away and were lost to Mars. We would train up a man in our universities and workshops, we would train his brain in complex sciences, so that his life became a service to the whole of Mars, and then we would send him to war to be blown to atoms by a gun. I could tell you of hundreds of such men, who had in their hands the secrets of untold benefit for our people.

There were chemists who would have given us new sources of food, who would fertilise our fields so that our harvests yielded more and more precious food. There were engineers who would give us machines that would save the labour of millions and set men free for nobler things. There were inventors who were planning new instruments by which Mars would have soon controlled the weather. There were discoverers who peered into matter and brought out its secrets, and seemed to be knocking at the very door through which Life comes. There were surgeons who could take a poor idiot child and touch its brain and save it. There were artists with the beauty of heaven itself in their souls. There were poets whose songs are sung all over Mars. There were musicians whose melodies stirred thoughts too deep for tears.

They were the flower of our manhood, and suddenly war would come and take them. It would pick them up and put them on a battlefield, and some mechanical thing would raise its head and swing aloft and blow them into dust. So long ago is all that now that it seems incredible it

should have been. Is Earth still in that senseless grip of war?

Through great instruments erected on our mountain peaks we look across space and see a thousand million stars, but they are far away, so that their light does not reach us for hundreds of years. Not even yet, after thousands of years of science and invention, do we understand the stars, but Earth is not so very far away. You pay your tribute to our sun; you sweep the heavens with our family of worlds; we pass each other by as neighbours in our corner of the boundless universe. You are almost our next-of-kin, and it is more to us that some calamity should overtake your Earth than that a star should perish.

The Earth is full of life and power; she marches in the path of Mars to her eternal destinies, though what they are she cannot know. How small an affair is Earth among these myriad rolling worlds! But a speck she is as we look at her, a bit of light like a candle burning across a million miles of dark. Have you heard on Earth of those worlds on worlds that lie beyond, of the everlasting powers of God that roll and roll into infinity? Have you dreamed that somehow they are one with us and we with them, links in the chain that binds a million million worlds and holds them in their path?

For what great purpose are you there, on that spot of light up in our sky? Ah! Men have asked the same of Mars a million years, and they are asking still. We do not know. We can but hold our planet as a sacred trust for some mysterious purpose in the mind of God. But what a treachery is war, what a murderer of brothers, what a plunderer of Nature it is—as if a man should put his pocket first and his planet last! Strange that there

should be men with all our human powers who think nothing of the wonder of our life and the marvels of our world. We had such men as these on Mars. They would stand up for themselves alone, whether right or wrong, and then it came to be "My family, right or wrong," and then "My country, right or wrong," and out of all these doctrines war would spring. It was not till we remembered that we were a planet that we got rid of it, and now there is no man on Mars who does not seek the interest of the planet first. Wrong done to one is done to all, and we have long agreed on Mars that, should any enemy appear, should a man pursue any selfish purpose, he shall be denied the use of natural instruments of power. The gates of science shall be closed to him, for in Mars we hold science in trust, and knowledge for the good of all.

How many things there are that hold us all together, and how few things there are worth quarrelling about! We linked ourselves together long ago in Mars in one great League of Peoples, bound in common bonds. We fixed one language for all our planet, though men still speak their own as well, when and where they please. We made travel free from end to end of Mars, so that our people journey where they will. Our commerce runs wherever it can go, and nothing says it nay. Science is open to all, and knows no boundaries. Inventions and ideas are free for all. Art and music and books go everywhere like the sun.

The whole of our wide planet has one code of laws, with liberty for every man who leads a useful life and lives in honour with his neighbour. The planet has one set of common schools, and all through Mars the boys and girls are taught to love God and honour men, to be worthy of

the noble gift of life, to seek knowledge and pursue it for the good of Mars. The planet has a common standard of health, and the welfare of each is the interest of all. The appearance of a single case of foul disease on Mars would alarm and terrify our people, and all the energies of Mars would be harnessed to destroy it. A pure and healthy life within the reach of all, the pleasures of art and music within the lives of all, useful work available for all, the gates of knowledge open to all, justice assured for all—such is the common security of Mars.

It must be so, and now that war has gone there reigns on Mars a peace that passes all understanding. The common life grows more and more, the little interests pass away. We are one and indivisible. We are a race of planet patriots—brothers, comrades, and neighbours. Our conflicts with each other are behind us; our fighting henceforward is on behalf of all. We contest with the elements; we wrestle with natural powers to harness them to our well-being. If war was a great world business so must peace be. Something there is in a man belonging to the soul of all mankind. It is the universal spirit of man, and it cannot live in conflict with itself. It must have peace to flourish and grow strong in.

Your Earth has been out on a wild and angry night; let it stand still and look at Nature, silently moving on. Think of the mighty power the ether holds, and it is everywhere, and free to all. Think of what light and heat and air can do, and all mankind is rich in them. Think of that power which will send a message anywhere in the twinkling of an eye; it exists on every inch of your planet. You are waking up on Earth, you are coming after us, you will arrive where Mars already stands.

Your world is growing smaller as science draws its parts together; let your mind grow bigger as science binds your interests in one. We are one in our interests and one in our dreams; above all, we are one when we look up into the stars at

> The world above man's head to let him see
> How boundless might his soul's horizons be.

There are, be sure, incalculable forces awakening on Earth—powers that will work for you if you will use them; but you must control them or they will control you, and sweep you to your doom. The solemn forces that have brought you thus far will lead you to the end, but the universe has no room for war between its children. Bind yourselves in a Covenant of Nations, sealed with the seal of the planet, and march together to your destinies. Nature and all her powers are on your side, but Nature expects that, in this great hour of the Earth, each one will do his duty.

Follow her, set your faces to the Sun, and He who has brought you thus far will lead you farther yet.

ALL'S WELL

Behind us lies the Great Adventure; before us lies the Better Land.

For ever we shall remember those years—those five years of the life of the Island. We who have lived through them have lived through the greatest years that Time has ever known.

Five times round the sun, five years of the life of the earth! Sit and look in the fire, and think what it means.

Five years of winter snows, of daffodils and roses, of autumn leaves; five years of wind and rain and sun, of storms and quiet nights, of silver moons; five years of growing trees and rolling seas; five years of little lives coming into the world, five years of lives going out; five years of thinking and toiling and planning, of finding out new things; five years of hope and prayer and faith.

Never have there been five years like these since man began his journey on the earth. How high he has climbed! How low he has fallen! He has spread his power throughout the earth; he has grasped at the secrets of Nature and mastered them. Mystery after mystery that lies behind Creation man has fathomed and unveiled. He has magnified his powers and mocked at time and distance. He has lifted himself up in majesty above all things, and today the human race lies stricken, torn to pieces by the civilisation it was so proud of. Man in these five years

has fallen from the height of power to grovel in holes like the beasts of the field.

We saw a hundred things, on these five journeys round the sun, that history will hardly believe.

We saw the German Emperor walk out of civilisation and bring his nation with him. We saw the fall of proud thrones and ancient empires. We saw the whole continent of Europe in the grip of barbarism and death.

We saw nation after nation first holding aloof from all this terror, dreading to be drawn into the maelstrom of death, yet coming in at last, unable to stand as spectators with Liberty trembling in Europe and civilisation in peril throughout the earth.

We saw the everlasting spirit of man rise, now in a boy like Jack Cornwell, now in a woman like Edith Cavell, now in a man like Captain Fryatt, and all the earth over, in multitudes that no man can number, to vindicate the right of all mankind to the enjoyment of this world.

We saw the flag of Freedom wave over Calvary and Bethlehem and the Garden of Eden. We saw the spirit of Joan of Arc in France again. We saw America give up —for a few red years and we hope for ever—her isolation, her years of abundance and peace, to send her hosts across 3000 miles of sea to make Europe safe to live in.

We have seen the world in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. We have seen mankind knit in deep sorrow, the mothers of all nations weeping for their sons, yet vowing that their sacrifice shall not have been in vain. We have seen the dark days of despair; we have suffered defeat on defeat; but we have seen the powers of good gather from the ends of the earth and grow mightier than the powers of evil.

We have seen the hope of the world kindled anew in a grief that has brought together the myriad children of men. We have seen the Vision Splendid, the light beyond the gloom. We in this Island where Freedom dwells have felt again the pride and power and honour of our race. It was not for nothing that, before he died, the great American Wilbur Wright gave the supreme work of his brain as a free gift to Mother England; it was not for nothing that, before he died, the great Frenchman Rodin gave the supreme work of his hand to England. We have to be worthy of it all, of this love that thrills hearts everywhere when the name of England sounds.

Once in those five years there came through space a cry from the Antarctic, from men cut off from civilisation since the war began, and the message rang out from the ether: *Is all well with the Old Land?*

The light is still dim, the night has been long, and the road is hard, but we know in Whom we have believed, and out to all the world, to men everywhere, living and dying, we send the answer back that All is Well!